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**WOMEN'S WEEKLY**

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PRICE 3<sup>D</sup>  
48 PAGES

FREE NOVEL

Vol. II. No. 34.

Registered at the General Post Office, Sydney, for  
transmission by post as a newspaper.

SATURDAY, JANUARY 26, 1935.

24 JAN 1935

SYDNEY



## Sand Man

By Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

You want a bedtime story, little one?  
Shall I tell you of Cinderella,  
Who lost her slipper at the ball?  
Shall we sing of Baby Bunting,  
Rabbitskin and all?

You want a bedtime story, little one?  
Then I'll tell you of the sand man,  
Who comes along at night  
When little boys should be in bed  
With their eyes shut tight.

The sand man carries star-dust, little one,  
And he creeps along so gently  
That we can never hear his tread.  
He throws his dust in children's eyes  
Who should be in bed.



# DOCTORS' £2,000,000 Pill for the PUBLIC

## National Health Bill will Jump if Free Hospital Services are Wiped Out

By Our Special Commissioner

The public will view with grave concern the strong attack on our hospital system made by Dr. Duhig, of Brisbane, in his presidential address to the Medical Science and National Health Section of the Science Congress at Melbourne.

Dr. Duhig would like to abolish the present system of free, or partially free, hospital treatment and condemn as an anachronism the practice of doctors working in an honorary capacity in hospitals. A few days ago, Sir R. Cilento, Director-General of Health and Medical Services in Queensland, made a similar attack on the honorary system. Doctors, in their public utterances, rarely run counter to B.M.A. views, so that the position is disturbing indeed.

According to Dr. Duhig, State-subsidised services make a serf out of a free man.

"I want to see the springs of pauperistic charity dried up by a permanent political drought," he said.

A SUPERINTENDENT of one of our leading hospitals estimates that if the honorary doctors' system is replaced by a system of stipendiary doctors, it will mean that about 3000 doctors will go on the national payroll. "They would have to be paid between £500 and £700 per annum," he said, "which, with the extra administrative charges, means a total cost of something like £2,000,000."

In addition, under Dr. Duhig's proposal, a good deal of the work now handled in public hospitals would revert to private doctors, which would mean that indirectly, too, the public would be paying a whole lot more to the doctors.

IS the hospital system, indeed, as Dr. Duhig in his forceful attack on it avers, "A gigantic Frankenstein?"

Certainly it has a monstrous habit of swallowing the fees which would otherwise go to doctors in private practice.

Is it fair to conclude that a man given free hospital attention is being morally relegated to serfdom, and that hospitals can be classed as "pauperising charities?"

Every man rightly feels that, to some extent, at least, hospitals are being kept up as the result of his labor. Every wage-earner helps to support State institutions. When he falls on bad times, he can reasonably expect some assistance from the institutions in which he

naturally feels he has a certain proprietary interest. Why should he feel "pauperised" when receiving free hospital treatment?

For the poor man overtaken by sickness, the alternative to the present system of free, or partially free, hospital treatment is a system run on lines similar to the present lodge system—call it whatever you like.

This ensures doctors being paid out of a reserve fund. It cannot mean that the sick man is able to pay personally for his medical attention. One wonders how Dr. Duhig can acquire it, too, of the taint of pauperisation.

### The Well Pay

Suppose Mr. Smith gets sick. He has paid the fund £5 in fees. He gets £50 worth of doctoring. The fund, contributed to by Messrs. Brown and Jones who stay well, pays the £50. Look at it whatever way you will, Mr. Smith has got £45 worth of treatment for which he didn't pay out of his own pocket, and there's your "pauper" taint—or isn't it?

Dr. Duhig calls the honorary system an anachronism. But what kind of an anachronism is he guilty of when he revives the term "pauperisation" and attempts to infuse into it the same significance it held a century or so ago?

The war and the depression have made some strange "paupers"—and given the death-blow to the particular form of snobbery that shudders at the

thought of the "pauperising" modern trend which provides free hospital treatment for the sick poor.

In the matter of making a sick man into a well man, there should be no question of "pauperisation." Unhappily, in some public hospitals many of the sick poor are subtly made to feel they are being stigmatised as paupers when they are receiving free hospital treatment. That, however, is only a sad commentary on the administration of the hospital guilty of adopting such an attitude.

Dr. Duhig asserts, "the training of doctors is defective in scientific outlook and group psychology. Many medical men still entertain the fantastic beliefs carried over from past ages. They are still no less gullible than the rest of the community, and are no better trained to criticism." Therefore, goes the argument, spend less public money on the sick and more on training doctors.

In short, Dr. Duhig has advanced arguments for finding from some source more money to train doctors better and to pay doctors at present doing honorary work. But could anyone believe that it would be a good thing to take these moneys from the already inadequate funds now being used for the purchase of medicine, bandages, beds, and other hospital equipment?

From the serf and pauperisation phase, Dr. Duhig passes on to another menacing aspect of the hospital "Frankenstein"—its dangers to private practice.

NOT only are the sacred rights of private practice threatened by ultimate nationalisation. State subsidised services are subtly gnawing holes into it. Dr. Duhig cites among the dangers "school inspection, maternal and child welfare, dental treatment, diphtheria immunisation, vaccination, psycho-analysis, nutrition, regulation of fertility, and possibly many other things. All services of this kind could and should be part of a private practitioner's service."

BUT the large public hospital is the most serious menace to private practice, according to Dr. Duhig.

He says the public have the hospital habit, and half the money spent on hospitals should be spent on an inquiry as to how and why people get sick. Also, people should be made to look after themselves, and cultivate habits that will avoid sickness.

All very fine and large, but, nevertheless, a dose of castor oil the public will not readily take into its system.

Who has "the hospital habit," anyway? Is it so easy to get into a public hospital, or so pleasant a place in which to dally that well people covet a spell in it?

Does John Brown, who isn't drawing sick pay, want to prolong his illness to keep his family longer on the dole; or Mrs. Brown, with the cares of a young family on her mind, want to leave the children longer than necessary to the good offices of a kindly neighbor?

Is it not rather the case that John Brown and Mrs. Brown find it almost as hard to get into a public hospital as it would be for John to get a knighthood and Mrs. B. an O.B.E.?

### Not So Easy

If Dr. Duhig did a little masquerading in the role of a poorly-off citizen in need of medical attention, he would find out that it's not so easy to get "the hospital habit," even if one has a positive passion for being an inmate of a crowded hospital ward, and all the discomforts necessarily associated with being incorporated into the hospital regime.

As to disciplining people into acquiring habits that will keep them healthy and teach them to avoid illness—excellent!

But will that be accomplished by handing over a monopoly of medical services to doctors in private practice?

Does anyone believe that all doctors discourage paying patients from seeking their advice? When the millennium arrives it may bring with it doctors who say frankly to Mrs. Moneybags, "Madame, why do you come to me? Your whole trouble is that you have too much money. You are an idler, a petter of poodles, a thoroughly selfish and useless woman. Go home, madame. I refuse to accept your paltry guineas!"

But, till the millennium happens along, there will be doctors who will go on in the same old way and "that will be half a guinea, thank you!"

It would be difficult to overrate the services done by the medical profession, as a whole, to the community, or to praise too highly individual doctors whose spirit of public service has upheld the highest traditions of the profession. Many doctors will disapprove the move to abolish honorary services to hospitals, but, if the B.M.A. as a whole decrees it, they will have no option but to obey in silence.

### Not Perfect, But—

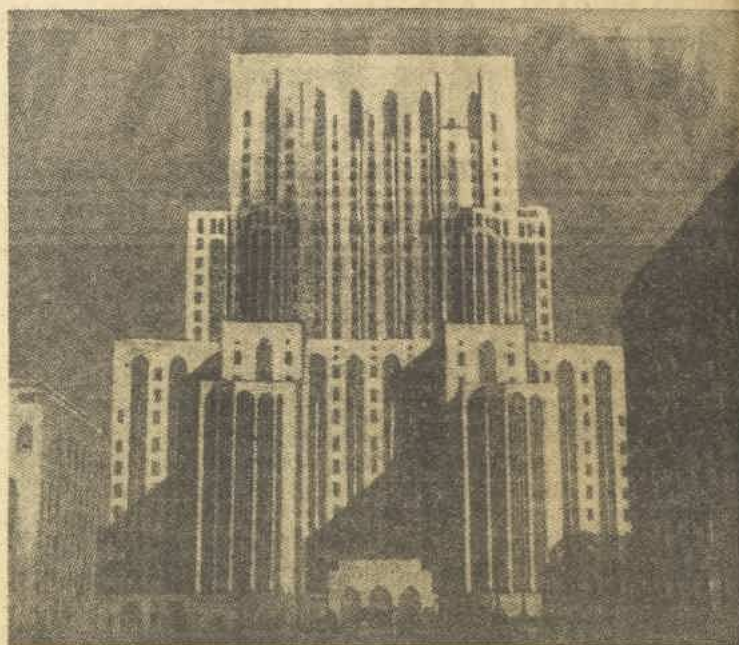
OUR present hospital system is far from perfect. We lag behind America and England. Last month the Prince of Wales laid the foundation stone of a hospital in Birmingham which will cost £1,250,000. When completed, it will combine a hospital for the treatment and cure of disease, a medical school for the training of doctors and surgeons, laboratories for research work, and a nurses' home.

Two years ago, a hospital was opened in East Side medical centre, New York (the first medical centre in the world), which cost £5,000,000, and consists of eleven separate buildings covering six and a quarter acres. It has 1007 beds, 26 operating theatres, and 264 laboratories. It can deal with 1000 out-patients.

THE whole world, in short, is coming to believe that every human being has the right to the best of medical and surgical attention. If he can pay for it, he should certainly do so.

If he can't, it pays the community to pay for him. Still more richly does it pay the community to guard the health of its children.

It will take more than the moving oratory of Dr. Duhig to put back the clock to the extent of handing over to private practitioners the inspection of school children, child welfare, diphtheria immunisation and other items on Dr. Duhig's index.



NEW YORK'S big medical centre which cost £5,000,000. It consists of eleven separate buildings covering over six acres and contains over 1000 beds.

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## ROMANCE up ALOFT ... in an AEROPLANE!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

A regular air passenger service from England to Australia will soon be an established fact.

How soon will it be before women will fly across the world as easily as they now hop off for a cruise?

And what result will air travelling have on the social life of the rising generation?

THINK of the prominent part romance has played on the long sea trips. The hundreds of women who have married as a sequel to a boardship romance.

In the old days it used to be a sort of unwritten law that a shipboard romance was never taken seriously. That a most unhappy marriage always re-

sulted when the glamor of idle days and tropical nights had worn off.

But in modern times it is the most usual thing in the world to hear of marriages which have sprung from a five or six weeks' constant companionship aboard ship.

Now, I wonder, how will it go with the eternal Eve when, instead of spacious decks and sunlit seas and nights spent dancing under tropical skies before

wandering to less public nooks, she will find herself in much more restricted circumstances.

A dozen days spent in a liner which is a miracle of convenience to be flying through the air, but only a fraction of the size of a sea liner. No swimming, no deck-games, no dancing, no wandering off from the others to the seclusion of the upper deck.

What social assets will the debutante of 1940 have to attain in order to be the " belle of the air-liner?" Chattering is never very easy in a plane.

Will she concentrate on bridge or chess? Will her looks stand the strain of such continual "close-ups" with few changes of clothes? The very sudden changes of climate?

Will she bemoan the weeks of leisure when she had long days before her to charm her victim, be he the spark of the flapper's choice or the big banker so alluring to the lonely widow?

Well, girls, you'll have to get air-minded on a new line in romance



## Let's Talk Of Interesting People



WELL-KNOWN DANCER

MISS VERA VAN RIJ, who ranks as one of the finest teachers of classic dancing in Australia, is a South African by birth. She began her career in Africa, later studying with Idzikowsky in London and Alsand Volinine and Madame Egreva in Paris. She toured Europe and Australia with Anna Pavlova, and returned to Adelaide four years ago, under contract to a well-known dancing academy. Later she opened her own studio in Adelaide, where she is now well known.

In private life Miss Van Rij is Mrs. Spruhan Kennedy, the wife of one of South Australia's most brilliant musicians and composers.



MISSIONARY IN INDIA

MISS MARJORY BUSH, of Ascot, Brisbane, is at present engaged in missionary work at Chandpur, East Bengal, to which she proceeded under the auspices of the New Zealand Baptist Missionary Society in the spring of 1931.

Miss Bush was trained in the New Zealand Bible Institute and Auckland University College. After coming to Brisbane she took special courses at the Ascot Primary School and the Lady Bowen Hospital.

Since her arrival in India Miss Bush has attended classes at the Language School in Darjeeling, and passed examinations in Bengali. She has also made two expeditions, and photography and writing being her hobbies, both have been written up and illustrated.

She is also very interested in the Girl Guide movement, and at Darjeeling took charge of a company of Blue Birds.



DANCERS' PRESIDENT

ADELINE GENEÉ, world famous as a dancer, is now president of the Association of Operatic Dancing of Great Britain, which is sending examiners in ballet to Australia at present.

Genée is as sweet and dainty still as any of her youngest pupils, and recently asked an interviewer to tell Australians that she is planning to revisit Australia very soon herself, having longed to return ever since her last visit.

Genée now has under her care students ranging from Peona Gillespie, who is already famous although only five years of age, to a little Australian dancer, blonde and dainty, who is one of the leading exponents. Laurel Gill, the Australian dancer, has won the choreography scholarship and is much admired.

# DO Married Men REALLY KNOW What THEY WANT?

## Second Shots at Marriage are Illusions!

BY KATHLEEN NORRIS

The World-famous Authoress

Exclusive to The Australian Women's Weekly

Isn't there something pitifully simple, fatuous even, in the complacency with which a man discards the woman who has been plodding along beside him, building up the home, the family, the associations and traditions of married folk—building life, in a word—and turns towards some other woman of whom he knows comparatively nothing?

Why is it that so many men never seem able to get it through their solid cement-like heads that they have what they want, and all they have to do to be perfectly happy is to appreciate it?

IT is a very usual situation to-day to meet a man who, thirty and more years ago, married a woman whom he never ceases to praise as a fine mother of their children. It is hard to understand why ten or fifteen years later he believed his happiness would be enhanced by a divorce and a second marriage.

To me this is always a confession of weakness, a childish admission that the man who does it still believes in fairies and Peter Pan and kisses and Ozma of Oz. He wants to be petted, flattered, spoiled. Instead of living for his family, giving all that he can to them, he wants to go on taking, to start all over again with the glamorous love-making he knew at 22.

It is never surprising when the second marriage fails. Built upon completely unreliable foundations, it has to fail. And then the man, twice unsatisfied, announces marriage plans for the third time.

### Seeking New Thrills

SERIOUSLY, how can men, who sometimes show odd flashes of intelligence in other matters, who give the world the beauty of music, drama, poetry, fiction, history, machinery, science—how can they make themselves so completely ridiculous? So many of these men constantly seeking new thrills have in generous abundance what most men work for and so few gain—lovely wife and children, success in their professions, fame, money. They have all this and exile themselves voluntarily from it. And then descending into those lonely, empty, aimless years that come to men who never dig into their own souls and get at the true values of life at all, they want it back.

They want domesticity, children and grandchildren, perhaps books, garden, a quiet bridge game, quiet country walks. After years of trying other paths they would like to come home.

"For the sake of the children!" you are apt to hear them say. Some of them may be married, presumably they don't need him quite as much as those who are at home. Even those at home

are at least half grown. Or did their respective fathers leave them when they were quite small babies, leave Mummy to do all the petting and teaching, the loving and planning, and educating and advising; Mummy to trim the Christmas trees and count the candles for the birthday cakes; Mummy to worry over the teeth that had to be straightened and the tonsils and the school-work?

### Without Father

THEY managed without father—perhaps they missed him; perhaps the woman who married him years ago missed him. It isn't comfortable for the mother of small children to run her home entirely without a man. If she dines away from home the hostess says to her, "And I'll have some man for you, Jo—maybe I could get old Judge Smith or the Browns' grandfather."

Attractive men don't pay eager, gallant attention to the mother of small children; if a woman is thinking of croup and top-milk spinach and corrective shoes and schooling bills, she isn't particularly attractive to men herself.

MORE than that, it is bitterly humiliating to have one's husband quite frankly tire of one. It doesn't help one's courage or self-esteem. The new favorite may be lovelier and younger, and usually is. It is a hard thing to find oneself close to forty, greying, pulled down with maternal cares, burdened, and to have to say "Yes, she's lovely. She seems to adore him. They're marvellously happy together."

Bitterness will rise in a woman's heart when she has to live through this time of change and shame. She went through months of physical misery for this man; she faced death for him several times. Of course, she wanted the babies, adored the babies, but it was because she loved him and her home and the little sons and daughters growing up in it that she formed her life that way.

TO have him turn to another woman, and later on to still a third, and then suddenly decide that his heart



MEN AND THEIR TOBACCO—much smoking and deep thought and a good deal of apparent concentration—but do they really know what they want, and are they really any more logical than women in the long run?

calls for the affection of wife number one—well, you can't blame the woman for rejecting him.

What proof, to begin with, would she have that he really was ready to settle down and content himself in one domicile the remainder of his life, and surely, having gone through the humility of releasing him once, she would not, if she is sane, inflict the agony upon herself again.

Well, it would all be funny if it didn't cost men and women so dear. The wife goes through an actual hell when her home breaks up about her and the hard-won fruit of years of companionship, common interests, parenthood is swept away. And later the man goes through his different sort of hell when he realises that all love affairs begin the same way and end the same way, and that until men and women learn to put something more solid than court-

ship back of their sex relationships they will continue to flit wretchedly from one affair to another, never finding happiness or stability anywhere, never finding anywhere that sense of security and of being loved, companionship and pleasant custom that after fifty is the whole essence of happy living.

If a man could be married to a beautiful devoted woman for a number of years, leave her, have other affairs and marriages, and then return to model domesticity, ideal husband-and-fatherhood, companionship with his boys and girls and their mates and their children, self-respect, comfort, good meals, peace and love, then all these good things wouldn't be of the spiritual value they are, wouldn't be worth what they inevitably cost in working and planning, suffering and rejoicing, forbearing and enduring, waiting and hoping and praying.



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## Enter Marriage Menders to the Social Field!

From MURIEL SEGAL, Our Special Representative in Europe.

Seven men and two women form the committee to be known as "Marriage Menders." This committee is seeking means of preventing the breaking up of seventeen thousand British homes every year, this seventeen thousand representing the number of marriage wrecks that are marked by separation and maintenance orders.

THE committee has been set up in special rooms in the Home Office in Whitehall to inquire into the application of conciliation methods to matrimonial disputes. Although actual court procedure does not come within the range of the committee, it will decide whether arrangements should be made for hearing matrimonial cases separately from ordinary charges in the police courts.

There has been great pressure on the part of high authorities urging that domestic cases should be heard in secret as in France.

An important part of the work of the "Marriage Menders" will be the investigation into the probation system and the work of probation officers with regard to Children and Young Persons' Welfare as well as matrimonial cases. It is hoped eventually to appoint "Marriage Menders" on the staffs of police courts.

The committee of "Marriage Menders" question as witnesses social workers, doctors and magistrates. The task is so huge that it will probably be many months before the committee publishes its first report.



# STAR-GAZERS who WANT to Solve CRIMES

## Albury and Inverloch Tragedies Attract Clairvoyants and "Seers"

Every unsolved murder brings to light a crop of clairvoyants, teacup readers, dreamers, astrologers, and so forth, who claim to have gained, through occult powers, possession of clues which unravel the mystery. The Police Department is inundated with letters from them.

"It's wonderful how they keep coming in," a detective-sergeant of long experience in murder cases told *The Australian Women's Weekly*. "Because the writers are not encouraged, and in no single instance known to me has anything of value come from them."

FOR nearly five months, the police of Victoria and New South Wales have been receiving letters from clairvoyants in reference to the Albury murder at the beginning of August last year. Some of these letters are from persons who profess, while in a state of sleep, or coma, to have seen the crime committed.

There have been descriptions forwarded to the police of the person, or persons, alleged to have been seen by the writers disposing of the body of the unknown girl.

Another crop of clairvoyants has come to light as a result of the Inverloch tragedy in Victoria in the first week of January. A girl of 12 was spirited away from a picnic party and done to death. Efforts to find the slayer have so far been unavailing—but a weird assortment of letters has reached the Victorian

authorities, some tendering advice, some professing to describe the killer, some giving the locality where he is to be found.

Australian detectives are hard-headed men who have neither the time nor inclination for chasing chimera. But no letter in relation to crime goes unread. No matter how fantastic the statements, there is always the chance of something actual emerging.

### An Astrologer's Prediction

ONE of the letters received by the Victorian police came from a Mr. E. V. Siepen, a professed astrologist. He has lately been elected president of the Astrological Society of Australia. In December last he wrote an article in

which he predicted a mysterious crime against a child early in January.

The crime has been committed, and it must have seemed to Mr. Siepen, as a good astrologist, that he should probe further. Last week he forwarded to the Victorian police a description of the slayer of the girl. The description was compiled from the dead girl's birth chart!

Here is the description as it has appeared in Melbourne and Sydney newspapers: "Medium height, straight backed, long thin face, high forehead, long nose, thick brown or black hair." The above details are precise; it is added that the murderer "may" be swarthy, that he "may" have long arms and hands, and "may" be a man "whose most solemn protestations cannot be believed."

THE whole of Australia was stirred by what was known as the Hornsby murder, in 1919. A bank official was killed in a train proceeding from Sydney to Hornsby, and the slayer was never brought to book.

But quite a number of clairvoyants professed to have seen him, a photograph of the hammer with which the deed was supposed to have been committed appeared in the papers, and a clairvoyant wrote to the police to say that he had seen this hammer transmuted into a likeness of the murderer's face!

### Tea-leaves, Too!

"ONLY a few days ago," a detective informed us, "a woman asked me if she could see the body of the Albury girl whose identity we are trying to establish. I asked her her reason. She said if she could see the girl's face she would be able to help the search by consulting tea-leaves! Needless to say, I told her she need not bother."

## SEE-SAWING PRICES Affect the Family MENU!

### Potatoes and Sardines Dearer: Other Commodities Fluctuate

The problem of arranging the daily family menu is somewhat complicated at the present time by the scarcity of good potatoes and onions, the higher cost of butter, the scarcity of eggs, tinned fruits, and sardines.

POTATOES are just one of the housewife's worries to-day in Australia. Good potatoes are not only scarce, but practically unobtainable, and produce merchants are asking £14 a ton for varieties that look more like a piece of soap than a potato when cooked and served.

The trouble is due to the partial failure of the Tasmanian crop last year owing to the prevalence of "blight." All the best "apud" come from the little island below Bass Strait, and from New Zealand but, owing to a trade agreement with the Dominion, New Zealand potatoes are not being imported into Australia.

Until the autumn crop comes on the market there is no better prospect in sight, and prices are likely to remain at the same high level for some months.

When the potato fails we have to look round for other vegetables in substitution, and the season has been a wonderful one for green vegetables, lettuce, beans, and peas being cheap and plentiful.

The continued wet weather has played havoc with local tomato crops, but there are still plenty on the market at from 1/- to 3/6 a half bushel case, with better varieties running up to 5/- a half-case. They are being retailed at from 4d. to 6d. per lb.

Onions are very hard to get, the only variety on the market being Victorian Colons at £12/10/- a ton, and there is no prospect of any reduction in price in the immediate future.

Butter is considerably dearer than at the corresponding period of last year, owing to the introduction of the Equalisation Scheme which fixed the wholesale price at 1/3 1/4 a lb. Supplies are plentiful owing to a bounteous season for dairymen, and a fair retail price this week is 1/8 a lb.

It is worth noting that many women purchase butter labelled as "first grade" at 1d. and 2d. a lb. less than this price, in the belief that they are getting the best quality on the market. Many housewives do not know that in the official grading of butter by the Department of Agriculture "choice" is the first quality, and "first grade" is really a lower grade butter.

WITH Easter in sight, the hens are beginning to go slow as usual, and during the past week the egg production fell off considerably. In the course of the next few weeks eggs are sure to be very dear, and now is the time to put a few dozen away in water glass for Easter.

The bacon market is very quiet, a fair retail price for middle rashers at the moment being 1/- to 1/0 1/4, and there is little prospect of any change in the coming weeks.

### Tinned Fruits

TINNED fruits of some varieties are very scarce this month, as the unsettled weather over the fruit-growing areas of the State has seriously affected the summer fruit crops. The new season's apricots are just coming on the market, however, at the same price as last year, and new season peaches will be available in March. Although there is a temporary shortage there has been no increase in price.

The new season dates arrived at the end of December, with no variation of the opening price from last year.

There has been general gratification at the recent announcement of the leading tea importers of a reduction of 1d. a lb. in the price of all the best brands of tea.

There is a tendency to increase in the prices of several Eastern lines, such as pepper, ginger, sage, and tlapoca, but coffee has not altered in price, and there is no anticipation of any increase.

Owing to the partial failure of the Norwegian pack sardine contracts have not been completed, and there is a distinct shortage on the market with advanced prices.

Tinned sheep's tongues are also very scarce, owing to the export trade in frozen tongues that has grown up in recent months.

## New Picture of Australian Film Star



THIS PICTURE of Merle Oberon, Australian film star, was received from Muriel Segal, our London representative, in this week's air mail. Merle will be seen here shortly as Lady Blakeney in "The Scarlet Pimpernel."

## How Do You Shape at the Gentle Art of Repartee?

If you excel at bridge these days your popularity is assured, and not so many years ago it was the person who cultivated the art of repartee and wit who was invited out everywhere.

THERE are many different forms of repartee, one of the most common in use being that of making a sentence completely change character.

The famous remark of Whistler is an example of this. Whistler, a brilliant wit as well as being one of the great artists of his day, had said something very clever, and Oscar Wilde, who was well known for making use of other people's dinner conversation, burst out, "Heavens, I wish I'd said that!" Whistler replied, "You will, Oscar, you will."

This subject of "Wit and Repartee" will be an afternoon-tea topic during the Australian Women's Weekly sessions at 2GB next Tuesday, January 30, at 3.30, when Dorothea Vautier will introduce some clever present-day patter.

There are two Australian Women's Weekly sessions daily from 2GB, given by Dorothea, who introduces bright new topics, personalities, fashions, and modern music.

For readers of *The Australian Women's Weekly* there are two special sessions during the week-end, taking place at 9.15 p.m. on Saturday and Sunday. These half-hour recitals are given entirely to entertainment, the world's greatest artists being heard. Tune in to 2GB daily at 11.45 a.m. and 2.30 p.m. for bright news sessions, and on Saturday and Sunday nights at 9.15 for entertainment that equals any being broadcast in England, America, or on the Continent.

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"They have not provoked a single Cough from me"





# In Another Woman's Place

Had she been mistaken for Mrs. Trent in the twilight, brought to Mrs. Trent's house? But surely Mrs. Trent's husband knew his own wife. Or did he . . . ?



ANN was not yet ready to wake. She resented having to wake before she was ready. That dependable clock-work brain of hers just wouldn't stay asleep. "It must be seven o'clock." The long day ahead of her at Russell and White's was not an alluring prospect. Tappity-tap, rattle, tingle. Scra-ape! And gentle, fussy, pompous old Joseph Russell mumbling dictation: "In regard to yours of recent date, I would say—"

All day. Every day. She put out a hand towards her watch without opening her eyes. Instantly there was a stir in the room, the rattle of a skirt, a step. A hand closed over hers. "Better now?"

There was no mistaking the inimitable cheerfulness of the voice. A nurse. Nobody on earth but a nurse ever achieved such sweetness of tone. Ann opened her eyes. Sure enough—a nurse.

But why? She had no need of a nurse. And why was she in this strange room—this mauve and green and silver room?

She let her lids droop in instinctive self-protection as the feeling that something was wrong slid along her nerves.

"Don't want to talk?" came the nurse's smiling voice, out of the foggy panic that was crowding closer. "Just don't feel like talking? Very well."

Retreating footsteps. Ann lay, eyes closed, feigning sleep. Where was she, and what was the matter with her? She realised with terrifying certainty that she not only did not know where she was, but that

## My Favorite Poem

### Tasks

The man who builds with his two hands

His own home-shelter will be warm.

And it will be a gracious place To him in any storm.

The man who wrestles with the sod

And in due season harvests wheat,

And mills it—he will find at last His loaf is strangely sweet.

The woman keeping her small house

For Love's own sake is happiest; And she who meets a child's dear need

Will find her own heart blessed.

The ancient, homely tasks of earth Have ever brought the deepest rest;

Will ever bring reward to him Who, serving—serves his best.

—Grace Noll Crowell.

Sent in by Mrs. R. Hooper, Menin Rd., Corinda, Brisbane.

she did not know why she was wherever she was. Her feeling was like the nightmarish sensation of groping for the right or touch of some familiar thing in the frightening darkness.

How had she come here? What had brought her from her dingy bed-sitting-room to this beautiful sun-flooded apartment? What experience—

"Was there an accident?" She was startled at hearing herself speak, asking aloud the question that was giving her such torment. "I seem to remember a smash—a sort of a tumble."

"Yes, quite a tumble," the nurse who had come again to her side answered promptly. "But don't worry about it, Mrs. Trent. You weren't badly hurt. A scratch or two—"

Cool fingers touched a sore spot on Ann's forehead. "Want a mirror to see your neat bandages?"

"No—I think not."



There had been some sort of an accident. Brakes shrieking in the drizzly spring dusk, lightning-swift pain stabbing her head.

Illustrated by FISCHER

"You needn't be afraid of seeing yourself. You aren't a bit disfigured. Your husband stood over us last night and wouldn't allow us to cut off your hair."

"My husband! Last night—?"

Breath failed her. Her head was whirling. For the first time in her life she was gripped by a sudden doubt of her own sanity. Her husband. Certainly somebody was insane. She or the nurse.

"You've been in bed since last night," the cheerful voice was going on reassuringly. "You've been getting a nice rest—just sleeping away all day like a baby!"

Ann closed her eyes again. The rush of conjecture that swept through her mind left her limp and weak. Was she a prisoner in this lovely room—the victim of some outlandish prank? But who would play such a prank?

No, there had been some sort of an accident. Brakes shrieking in the drizzly spring dusk, lightning-swift pain stabbing her head. And now, the awakening. In a mauve and green and silver room. With a trained nurse in attendance who called her Mrs. Trent and spoke of her husband. Ann's husband.

Had she been mistaken for Mrs. Trent in the twilight, brought to Mrs. Trent's house? But surely Mrs. Trent's husband knew his own wife. Or did he—?

She smiled wryly at the absurdity

melodramatic turn her thoughts were taking.

Ah, well, it would all straighten out presently. No use making her head throb by puzzling over it.

And no use to let the nurse know anything. All her life she had feared and distrusted nurses. There had been a red-haired nurse with her when her tonsils were removed—oh, years ago. And a boozey, spectacled nurse had attended her when she had pneumonia once. No, she put no confidence in nurses.

"Bring me that mirror," she called abruptly. "I'd like a look at this bandage."

There was no answer. She was alone.

Seized by a sudden impulse, she threw back the light covering and swung out of bed on to her feet. Giddiness toppled her backwards for a moment, but did not conquer her. She drew the silky green wrapper that lay across the footboard around her shoulders and pulled herself determinedly upright again. Then, swinging round, she faced the full-length reflection of

herself in the long mirror that hung between two lace-shrouded windows opposite.

Was it the background of the exquisitely colored room that gave a new sheen to her pale hair, a new glow to her white skin? Against the silvery green of the negligee she seemed to sparkle and glow. For one breathless moment she saw herself—beautiful.

And laughed.

Of course, it was only a trick of softened light falling across rich-hued fabric that had created the illusion. Ann Lamar had never been beautiful—and it would take more than a green kimono to make her so.

But there was a choke in her laugh, a hot ache in her throat. She loved beauty, loved it and desired it with all the passion of her lonely, thwarted heart. And there had been none of it in her life. No ease, no leisure, no beauty. Just work, poverty, loneliness. She had never even seen such an apartment as this one she now stood in. The silver and gold trinkets that strewed the dressing-table were such as her fingers had never touched. Silk of texture like this had never caressed her skin. Until now. Through some blunder, some grotesque mistake in identity, all these things were hers—for the moment.

Presently someone would come in. There would be an explanation—

She took up a tiny pair of gold scissors from the tray, a nail buffer, and studied them idly. There were

Long Complete Story

By... Lois

Thompson

rings, too, on the tray. A beautiful solitaire and a narrow, thin band of yellow gold, engagement and wedding rings.

Four or five letters addressed to "Mrs. Carey Trent" lay in a neat pile at one end of the table. All were unopened.

A DOOR clicked open behind her. The sound of the nurse's voice—"Just a little while, Mr. Trent—if you're very quiet"—swung Ann round in her tracks.

A man was standing inside the room, was closing the door, a tall man in a grey suit. A man dark of face and hair, with an arrogant nose and a straight-lipped, stern mouth. An ugly man, with an ugly temper. And Ann was glad, meeting those keen black eyes, that it was through no fault of hers that she was here in his house. She waited for him to speak.

"Well, Nancy," he greeted her, and her heart seemed to stop. No one had ever called her Nancy. "You're all

right, I see. Sure you're able to be up?"

She nodded. It was all the response she could make. Her tongue felt leaden, her throat frozen. Again cold waves of terror set her trembling. Was she mad?

"Here, you're weak. You mustn't stand." He caught her elbow and pushed her unceremoniously into a deep, silk-cushioned chair. "You were pretty badly shaken up last night, you know. The taxi-driver had to help you in, and then you fainted dead off. Good thing Aunt Cecilia's nurse was handy. Better be careful."

"I—yes, I'll be careful," she said in a whisper.

"If you are," Carey Trent returned, "it'll be the first time you were ever—careful!" Then he added almost at once: "I suppose I shouldn't bring that up now." He smiled, his eyes sombre. "Not

very nice of me, eh, Nancy?" Automatically she shook her head, not trusting herself to speak. She could not let her attention wander from the supreme effort she was making at playing this part. She must not give herself away. She must guard speech and glance and gesture—lest she spend the rest of her days in a madhouse.

"Not chivalrous, eh?"

She felt the rising storm, even though his voice did not rise, and her own nerves tightened to meet it. The anger in his eyes both frightened and exhilarated her. She felt her head clear. The murky fog in her mind was swept clean away before the blazing white wrath in his face.

"Fine words to come up between us, Nancy. When have you deserved chivalrous treatment from me? I was a fool, no doubt, to believe that you would keep your word. But it didn't seem impossible—not entirely impossible that you'd keep this one promise. I really thought you meant to stop running about with Vincent Hughes. You said you would, and I believed you. Can't you see that it's your good name I'm thinking of, Nancy? Oh, of course, my name, too." He shrugged, lifting an impatient hand as if to stop her protest. "My name, too."

Ann couldn't keep back an indignant exclamation. Surely no woman deserved this.

"How unfair."

"No, not unfair." He went even paler in an evident attempt at self-control. "You know it isn't unfair. Wasn't it in the bargain that there was to be no more seeing Hughes until you were free to receive his attentions—if you chose to receive them? And did you keep to your agreement? No.

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# HONEYMOON HOUSE

By  
**ELISABETH  
WILDING**

ILLUSTRATED  
BY  
**FISCHER**



**CONFUSED**, and a little angry with herself for being caught so neatly, Linda had to enter the house with the distracting young man at her heels.



LINDA, hurrying out of the Bond Street office into the warm brilliance of spring sunshine, made straight for the maroon-colored car, all glitter with nickel gadgets, which was waiting alongside the kerb.

The man at the wheel appeared to be asleep, he sat so still, his face a mask-like profile, his half-closed eyes staring ahead of him at the colorful bustle of the traffic. He seemed quite oblivious to Linda's existence until she spoke impatiently in her soft, throaty voice.

"You must be waiting for me, I think."

"He... Am I?"

He was alert now, obviously rather taken aback. His shrewd, dark eyes, widening in their gaze, studied her with slow, appreciative glances—from her charming little face, with its aureole of red-gold hair vivid beneath a small black hat set at a daring angle, to her slim figure, the youthful lines of which were emphasised by her simple coat frock of navy-blue.

"I'm from Wallace and Bigwood, the estate agents, and have been asked to go down to the Courteney Pleasure property near Derking. I was told someone would be waiting in a car to take me."

The man was about to open the door to the seat next him, then he hesitated, smiling at her.

"Probably you'd prefer to sit behind, though? It's more roomy there."

"Do I look as if I wanted a lot of room?" Linda laughed, not exactly anxious for solitude during a longish drive. "Unless you'd sooner I sat behind, I think I'd be quite all right next to you."

"Just as you wish."

He helped her in at the open door, carefully covered with a rug her knees and slender silk-sheathed legs. Then, touching the automatic starter, he swung the car into the traffic.

"You must please excuse me appearing so surprised when you spoke to me first." He looked down at her presently as they were driving along Piccadilly. "You see, I'd been told your firm were sending a man along to run the rule over Courteney Pleasure. When you appeared, I thought there must be some mistake."

"There was. Mr. Bigwood made it," Linda explained. "He had overlooked

the date, had forgotten to warn the clerk who usually attends to such important properties, so that he had been sent out somewhere else to-day. So—I got rushed off instead at a moment's notice."

"A fortunate mistake for me!" laughed the other. "It has provided me with a most charming companion at least."

Having said so much, her companion devoted himself to steering the car through an awkward jumble of buses, lorries and other cars at an equally awkward junction of many streets. Linda made no response. She did not know how to take that remark, so she commenced a slant-wise study of her companion.

Quite passably good-looking, she found him at close quarters. A little hard at the mouth perhaps; and his eyes—even when he had smiled—suggested a spirit inclined to suspicion and discontent. But she liked the healthy tan of his skin, and the crisp curliness of his dark hair beneath a broad-brimmed hat of black felt. He had really beautiful hands, too, for a man, she considered as she watched the play of the long slender fingers on the rim of the wheel.

But they did not persuade her to

"If?" He changed gears, answering then without even looking at her. "I drive his cars for him, if that's what you mean."

Linda felt properly snubbed, though not properly in the sense that she deserved snubbing. She was sorry now that she had not taken up that doubtful remark of his about her being a charming companion. She withdrew a little from him, and leaned back in her seat, contentedly letting the strong, cool breeze ruffle her red-gold curls, enjoying the freedom from the heat and noise of Bond Street.

She was happy and excited, too, at being so unexpectedly entrusted by old Mr. Bigwood with this job on which she was going. Courteney Pleasure, a country-seat of the Courteney family for generations, and now owned by the rather renowned Randolph Courteney, was to be let furnished as soon as possible. Linda's task was to go over the place for the firm, taking particulars for record and the information of prospective tenants.

Nothing particularly difficult about this, but a chance to show herself capable of more responsibility than usually came her way, with an eye to possible promotion and a more liberal wage. Also, as it happened, she knew Courteney Pleasure quite well—from

## Complete Short Story

overlook the somewhat doubtful remark which had been his last effort towards conversation. So long was she silent as the car hummed along at high speed through London's outskirts that Linda wondered if he feared he had given offence. It was she who spoke next, partly to put him at his ease.

"Is this Mr. Randolph Courteney's car?" she asked casually.

"One of—yes, his eleven cars."

"Gracious. What can he do with so many?"

"They all get used."

"Of course, he's tremendously rich, and can have lots of everything, if he feels like it, I suppose."

No response to that. Linda looked up sideways, frowning a little impatiently.

"I take it you're his chauffeur," she suggested, wondering if perhaps he was a secretary. He swung the car furiously round a corner.

the outside, and had long been interested in it, ever since a couple of years ago, to be exact, when she had spent her summer holidays at a farmhouse on the estate.

She had often wondered what the interior was like, though she knew from accounts that it was very beautiful, and packed with valuable works of art. But the house had been closed while she was there, had been closed mostly ever since, for the late owner, old Mrs. Courteney, had been an invalid living in the South of France where she had died.

The new owner, it seemed, had no wish to live at the Pleasure, and was letting it. That might be good for Wallace and Bigwood, but Linda thought it a shame for the house. The very memory of it stirred emotions in her. To own it, and live there! Yet the owner—Randolph Courteney—had so little feeling for it that he was

"Listen," she said firmly but quietly, "you'd better put those things down. You're not going to take them from here!"

anxious to have strangers in possession. It seemed like sacrilege. . . . But then, apparently, he thought more about cars, since he kept and used eleven. . . .

THE one carrying her down there, Linda suddenly discovered, had ceased to carry her. She discovered, too, cheeks hot with embarrassment, that the strong, wine-like breezes and the warm sunshine of the country must have combined to send her unwittingly to sleep.

The car was motionless on the gravel terrace running along the grey stone facade of the proud, turreted old house. Linda's companion of the journey had alighted and was at a distance, talking to an old woman who had opened the front door.

As, confused at having slept, she hurriedly left the car, he came towards her, the old woman disappearing inside.

"That was the caretaker's wife," he explained. "Her husband has gone into Barchester for something, and won't be back till afternoon. Not that he's wanted here."

He broke off, looking down at her flushed prettiness with amused eyes, smiling.

"That sleep did you a world of good!" he informed her. "It's the air here. Wonderful. You've some real healthy color in your cheeks, for a change."

Instinctively Linda's palms flew up to screen her blushes. Then she froze. This chauffeur-person badly needed putting in his place.

"My color is always healthy!" she observed coldly.

"It's certainly very attractive—quite peachlike!" he said. She turned, with a sudden little flash of anger in her eyes.

"Your opinion on that," she retorted over her shoulder, "was just as certainly not asked."

Mounting the stone steps to the front door, she looked round at him as obviously he proposed following her in, and she was not anxious for his company after this little exchange of pleasantries.

"There's no need for you to trouble

yourself," she told him curtly. "You'd better wait for me in the car. I shall only be about half an hour, if that."

"It won't be the slightest trouble to show you round."

"I prefer to be alone, if you don't mind."

"Sorry, but it isn't a question of—minding!" His brown eyes glittered with growing amusement. "You see—I must go with you, Mr. Courteney wishes certain things made clear to your firm before the place is let—rooms which are to remain locked, and so on. If I don't pass on those wishes to you, how can your firm get the real hang of the business?"

Confused, and a little angry with herself for being caught so neatly, Linda had to enter the house with the knowledge that this distracting young man followed at her heels, closing the door behind him. But once she was inside, she almost forgot all about him in the pleasurable excitement of her task, to say nothing of her delight in at last seeing the interior of this—to her, at least—fascinating place.

It was not at all an immense place, being very compactly built in such a way as to give a sense of intimacy. Even the roomy entrance hall, lit from stained-glass windows half-way up the broad oak staircase, and with an immense old fireplace and sparse, if dignified furnishings, struck a homely note. Linda could imagine it, logs blazing in the big grate and casting glittering reflections on the amossed suitings and hunting trophies on the carved oak walls.

Only the chill of the uninhabited dispelled this illusion swiftly, and became more and more pronounced in her mind as she moved on, opening up the ground floor rooms in turn, drawing-room, library, dining and breakfast-rooms, simply crying out to be given the warmth of fresh life. And upstairs, presently, the bedrooms, a large number, of course, but each somehow quite different and intriguing. There was a picture gallery, too, small, but with its walls lined by heavy-framed masterpieces in oils.

All the while as she passed through these, taking little pencil notes here and there, her unwanted companion interjected running commentaries on this and that lovely art treasure, as

By a Girl of 17—

### New-born

Who is this that wanders through the street  
In silent fear?  
Who is this stranger walking here?  
He comes in search of mirth on eager feet.  
Oh, foolish search and vain,  
For even now this year  
Bears on its new-born brow the stamp of pain.  
His wandering feet but find again  
Old griefs to meet.

—Evelyn Webb.

he seemed to feel necessary. At first, Linda had paid little heed to him, looking on him as a disagreeable necessity; but gradually, despite herself, she began to realise that he was actually interesting, her even more than the place itself.

His nonchalant, casual words were giving life to these chill rooms, picturing them to her as they must have been when people moved about them. Uninvited and apart from those instructions he had mentioned earlier and eventually watched her note down, he related little anecdotes about the Courteney family, and the past history of the house, which made her feel more than ever the heartlessness of leaving it to be inhabited by strangers.

"You must have been with Mr. Courteney quite a long time to know so much about this house?" she suggested to him as they were descending the staircase to the ground floor again.

"Quite a long time," he said. "He can't be very nice," she reflected, more to herself than to him. "Because I've been with him so long?" He laughed drily, and brought a rich color to her cheeks again as she realised the awkwardness of her remark.

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# Beggars' HORSES

By . . . . .  
P. C. WREN  
Author of "Beau Geste"

How a man's wish for happiness came true...  
P. C. Wren's splendid story takes an unexpected twist this week.

**H**ERE is the story of six men and their wishes that came true with dramatic and far-reaching results.

The six men, brother officers on a hunting expedition in India, encounter a mysterious Holy Man, to whom each confides the secret ambition of his heart.

Captain Hazelrigg desires Courage; Colonel Harrington-Spens, Wealth; Captain Wogan, Happiness; Major Wallingford, Long Life; Captain Burlestone, Health; and Lieutenant Easterwood, Great Strength.

The Holy Man assures each officer that his wish will be fulfilled, but hints that the attainment of their desires may cost them dear.

Thereafter the whole life of Colonel Harrington-Spens is haunted by the fear that a vast fortune will come to him through the death of his wife.

Easterwood falls head over heels in love with the wife of a caveman boxing champion whom he kills in fair fight. The nobler half of his love for the widow dies when she at once welcomes him to her arms—but he marries her as in honor bound.

In Switzerland Easterwood and his friend, Stacey Burlestone, are mountain climbing together, when Burlestone slips on the edge of a precipice. Easterwood sacrifices his own life to save his friend.

When the world war breaks out, Hennessy Wogan, who has fallen a victim to Daphne Easterwood's fatal charm, becomes a flying ace.

## CHAPTER 18.

**MAJOR MORESBY** WALLINGFORD, of the Royal Flying Corps, as the Royal Air Force was then called, was quickly justified of his belief that his old friend Hennessy Wogan would prove to be an ideal airman, the right man in the right place. Not only was he devoid of nerves, absolutely fearless, and as cool in the air as he was hot-tempered and rash on the ground, but he had the gift: hands, quickness and air-sense. Moreover, he was invaluable in Mess when nerves were taut, tempers frayed and uncertain, flying-field casualties high, and a full amount of gloomy depression resultant.

Then it was that Happy Geoff Wogan was worth a squadron, priceless and invaluable, a heart-warming tonic. No "mouldiness" could survive in the same atmosphere as his unfailing infectious laugh, his irrepressible bubbling joie-de-vivre, his joyous grin, his incurable optimism and unfailing cheerfulness, his jests and jokes, his genuine, unforced, unaffected, sheer happiness. Never was man more popular with all ranks.

And, for the first time in his life, he was popular with all those set in authority over him. Superiors, suffering from war strain and from the threat of depression and morbidness due to the repeated sight of the deaths of promising pupils, sought him out, insisted on his company for a trip to town, and declared that an evening with Happy Geoff Wogan was the finest change, rest, tonic, bracer, cure, that an over-worked, over-anxious, nerve-thrashed man could have.

Not that it was always easy to get hold of Happy Geoff Wogan for an evening's time or a week-end bend, for he had a girl tucked away somewhere. He had been seen with her once or twice, in town, and she was



Illustrated by WEP

reported to be . . . well . . . worthy! A lovely lass—the sort of girl that Wogan would get . . . and thoroughly deserved.

At the other extreme of popularity, in fact, most definitely and markedly unpopular, was a wretched fellow, a Lieutenant Brettel, who had transferred from the Infantry to the Royal Flying Corps because he knew he simply could not stand a second winter in the trenches. The cold, the sodden misery, the mud, the stench, the hellish racket, had all but broken him. A short life and a merry one in the Flying Corps, where men slept in beds; ate real food; did not sit, stand, or lie, in oney mud; did not have to march, march, march, in rain and snow and sleet till they wished they were dead; and did not live in the midst of a perpetual hell of slaughter and suffering—that would be the place for him.

But the poor chap found that life in the Royal Flying Corps was much more likely to be short than merry—for his nerve had gone. Shell-fire, influenza, deaths of his men and his brother officers, and horrible, unbearable sights in the trenches, had afflicted him more seriously than he knew until he had to fly an aeroplane solo.

And then, promptly he wished with all his soul that he was back in the trenches. He had no head for heights, he was not "air-minded," he was not interested in machinery, and, alone in an aeroplane, his nerves took charge of him. He was in a state of abject fear, almost paralysed with terror.

Oh, for the blessed solid earth, terra firma, firm beneath his cold, cold feet; the good earth, solid, steady, reliable . . . no height from which to fall. He'd love to lie flat on it for the rest of his life. Lying flat on the ground, one could not even fall down, let alone fall from giddy heights. . . . "Giddy" indeed.

And this creature professed to be sick, sorry and tired of what he had the impudence to term "Wogan's eternal braying"; declared that his cease-

less, senseless laughter got on his nerves; and that if he had to stand much more of it, he wouldn't be able to stand it at all—he'd go mad, and either shoot Wogan or run away.

Geoff told Daphne all about him, and she was quite interested. So much so that she made Geoff introduce him to her, the kind-hearted woman. . . .

Possibly there were one or two who agreed with Brettel just to the extent of feeling that, at four o'clock in the morning—routed from their warm beds and cosy tents by a raucous-voiced Sergeant-Major, to fly solo, with empty, sinking stomachs, dry tongues, and shivering nerves—they did not particularly desire to hear loud bellowing laughter from someone who apparently enjoyed learning to fly at four in the morning, in spite of seven deaths in eleven days.

For laugh, at that terrible hour of the morning, Wogan did.

He laughed when he panicked; he laughed when his engine began to splutter and cough; when his plane rose so slowly from its taxiing run that it only cleared buildings by inches; when he came down with a palloping-goose run and crashed his undercarriage; when he had to make a forced landing and the machine turned turtle on top of him, caught fire, and he scrambled clear with his

He made a great hit; a most attractive woman with the curious name of Mata Hari.

wet clay, fell and—as Wogan said—dirtyed his clean pinafore.

Whether Happy Geoff's constant laughter really had anything to do with it, is not known, but Brettel's nerve suddenly failed. Called as usual at four in the morning, for another solo flight, he found that he could not do it. Simply he could not climb into the plane, call "Contact," and take off. Flatly he refused to obey orders, and, before he could be reported and put under arrest, he disappeared. He did not go mad, or shoot Wogan, but ran away.

And, curiously enough, in frantic headlong flight, he went to see kind Mrs. Easterwood.

And she showed him how to get out of the country, helped him to do so, enabled him, in fact, to get to Holland.

**I**N due course, or, rather, in record time, Wogan was sent out to France, whither his reputation had preceded him; a reputation for skill, coolness, and courage that he proceeded to justify; a reputation for un-

firmation" and a marriage. A confirmation is an officially-admitted victory over an enemy aeroplane, and a marriage is an unofficially-admitted and temporary wife.

Of fighting enemy planes, Happy Geoff never tired, and, whenever he tired of his marriage, who owned and ran an estaminet near the squadron's base, he could wangle leave to Paris, where Daphne could always meet him.

She was now a kind of private secretary to a kind of philanthropic and ubiquitous American millionaire deeply interested in Red Cross work in general, and the cure and cure of wounded officers in particular—apparently a good, kindly woman who had the highest regard, affection, and admiration for Daphne.

And the interest that Daphne took in Geoff's doings, in those of his squadron and of the Royal Flying Corps, naval and military, British, French, and Belgian, was wonderful and delightful.

Before long, Geoffrey Hennessy Wogan was a recognised "ace," and had ten confirmations and three decorations.

Successful, praised, courted, decorated, in his element, he had all the fighting that he could want, and unlimited scope, power, and permission for destruction. The joy of taking out a D.E.2 bomber and smashing things; of wiping out whole railway stations; wrecking crowded troop trains; scattering great banging, popping, burning, exploding dumps; bombing batteries of artillery, jostling about a road; battalions of marching infantry; observation balloons; camps of weary Hun; villages which were crowded enemy billets; huge factories and munition plants; aerodromes with hangars full of Fokkers, Aviatiks, Pfalzers, or Albatrosses; cross-road tangles of transport and troops; and, best of all, raining ruin and destruction upon great industrial towns.

What he really wanted a go at was a Zeppelin.

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"If wishes were horses beggars would ride," says the old saw.

clothes smouldering; when, in a fog, he came down straight into a tree and fell out of it, cut about the face, bruised, shaken, and unhurt; when, learning bombing and machine-gunning, he dived at the target and found he had a "dead stick." He hit the ground and was unconscious for forty-nine hours.)

Always he laughed—and admittedly it was unfortunate that, at a funeral, the ninth that month, in the little Flying Corps cemetery near the training ground, he should have burst 'tup a loud and hearty peal of laughter when the Chaplain, slipping on the

quenchable joyous high spirits and happiness that he more than justified. If he were a real accession to the fighting-strength and hitting-power of the squadron, what a priceless accession was he to its morale; its cheerfulness; its social amenities; its ability to forget the war, haste, slaughter and sudden death, for a few hours. Indeed, when the Squadron Mess entertained French and Belgian squadrons, and the American airmen of the Lafayette Escadrille, he notably added to the gaiety of nations.

No man more popular with all who knew him than Happy Geoff Wogan. And quickly he gathered in a "con-



# The Fashion Parade

by Jessie Tait.  
sketched by Petrov

HERE is extraordinary variety to be found in the new autumn and winter mode. No one silhouette rules. Side by side with bouffant picture frocks you see streamline models. Directoire suits rub shoulders with pencil-slim modernities. Cossack hats tower opposite shallow pill-boxes. There are bustle effects and tightly moulded bodies. Freedom of choice prevails in this new mode, and every woman can choose for herself.

## FROM the Autumn GLORY BOX! Milady Can Ransack a Richly-Variied Store of Chic Styles

FOR the day dress the basic silhouette is as narrow as a whistle, but this straightness is a foundation for enthralling variations. Tunics, peplums, capes, bunched collars.

The skirt is always straight and narrow, and in nine cases out of ten split at either side or in front. It is slightly longer than that of last year.

Little peplums come from the waist, and there are scores of tunics of every length.

There are many simple dresses that have their interest in fabric rather than in complicated cut or trimming. These are straight up and down, with long, tight sleeves, high, softly draped necks, and wide belts. Often the dress is composed of two pieces—the skirt and hip-

length jumper—but made so that it gives the appearance of an all-in-one.

Bodices are slightly draped to accentuate the bosom. Necklines are mostly highish, but softer and more becoming. Any trimming is placed above the waist, the only exceptions being the peplums and tunics. In all instances the skirt is plain and almost always cut on the straight.

There are lots of scarves tied at the throat to soften the neckline, made of velvet or brightly-colored crepe or plaid taweta.

SUITS all show straight skirts with splits or pleats. Great variety is seen in the jackets.

There are tunic-length coats fitted snugly to the waist that flare out from the waist and are finger-tip or knee length. Equally new is the loose, straight-hanging coat that has replaced the swaggar (it is fitted in at the waist, but hangs open). It varies from finger-tip to seven-eighths length. There are cut-away Jacobin jackets that are double-breasted, and coat-tailish behind.

Then there are the ever-popular tailored suits with short jackets finishing below the waist. These jackets are

fitted tightly and just meet in front, or they are box jackets, that is double-breasted with a square look in front. This latter style is very popular in Paris just now.

Schlaparelli shows a suit of black wool with a narrow band of Astrachan around the high neck and down the side. These box jackets are worn a great deal over plain simple dresses that are often unbelled.

One of cinnamon velvet coats over a cinnamon sheer wool dress. The jacket has eight buttons four at each side of the front. Molyneux shows red and green jackets to be worn over black dresses.

Many of the bottoms of jackets and the hems of skirts are fringed about two inches wide.

The use of different woollens in the same color (one with much surface interest, the other plain) is evident everywhere. Also the use of contrasting woollens (one plain, the other striped or checked).

### Your Ensemble

COATS and dresses are very useful for the time between summer and winter. Light wool coats over crepe frocks, or the two pieces in sheer wool.

Coats have slightly fitted bodies about the same length as last year, slim and sleek as possible. Sleeves are definitely straighter and simpler. Lots are belled. There is a revival of the double-breasted line.

Have your fur collar separate. Stole collars that come off, fox capes that are detachable, fur scarves that tie round the neck.

Your coat may match the dress in color, or be entirely different. Some combinations are: A black velvet coat over a green dress; a grey coat over navy-blue; brick-red and dark blue; yellow and brown; yellow and black; black and tan; green and brown; navy and red; navy and green.

### Smart Colors

BLACK is used for half the autumn models seen in Paris. It is often relieved by a bright color in the shape of a brilliant red, green, or yellow scarf or vest. Navy-blue is still used a great deal, especially when combined with dark red.

Green is the most favored color after black; bright bottle-greens, strong, dark ones, and rather bright yellowish ones. Leaf-green and tan are combined. Brown has stepped into the limelight once more.

The new shades are coppery, cinnamon, and tan. Gloves and shoes have been created to match these light brown fabrics. Bishop's purple is used for formal afternoon frocks. Bright yellow tweeds and sheer wools, old gold and tawny-yellow, port wine-red, prune-brown, purplish-blue, and blackberry make winter top-coats. Grey is used a great deal for dresses and suits.

THERE are smooth, sheer wools and rough, dull crepes. Silk materials are firm and heavy, and there are silks with long, sleek hairs growing from them like fur.

Hairs sprout from nearly all the heavy wools—they look so furry you want to stroke them.

### OUR PARIS SNAPSHOTS

YOU will see many muffs next winter. They are long and thin when made of flat fur such as Astrachan, or short and fat when made of fox. They match little fur turbans.

NEW colors for evening wear are either very pale or very strong, such as the palest of blue or mauve or bright green and tomato-red and purple. Black is first favorite for day and winter evening styles.

TAILORED bags in gold lame or silver kid match evening slippers.

THERE are many off-the-shoulder evening frocks with a huge tulle frill sticking out all round.

A BLACK and white ensemble is finished with target buttons, which are really three buttons in one. They are typical of the modern trend to make accessories an essential part of the design.



• GREY sheer wool is used for this dress and jacket. The edges of the collar, cuffs, and hem are fringed. A touch of color is added by the wine velvet bow and bag.

• A BROWN crepe afternoon frock has the new peplum effect with tiny pleated godets let in. Coffee-colored lace makes the cuffs and two copper clips trim the neck.

• A NAVY-BLUE slim-fitting wool coat has the appearance of a dress; it buttons at the left side. The navy-blue fox collar is detachable.

• THIS smart afternoon frock is of string-colored crepe. The sash and lining of the cowl neckline are of nigger-brown satin. The sleeves are split and piped with brown.

• ONE of the new hairy woollens in a tawny yellow shade fashions this dress and coat. Brown velvet for the coat lining and bow.



# HATS ... and THINGS!

From Muriel Segal

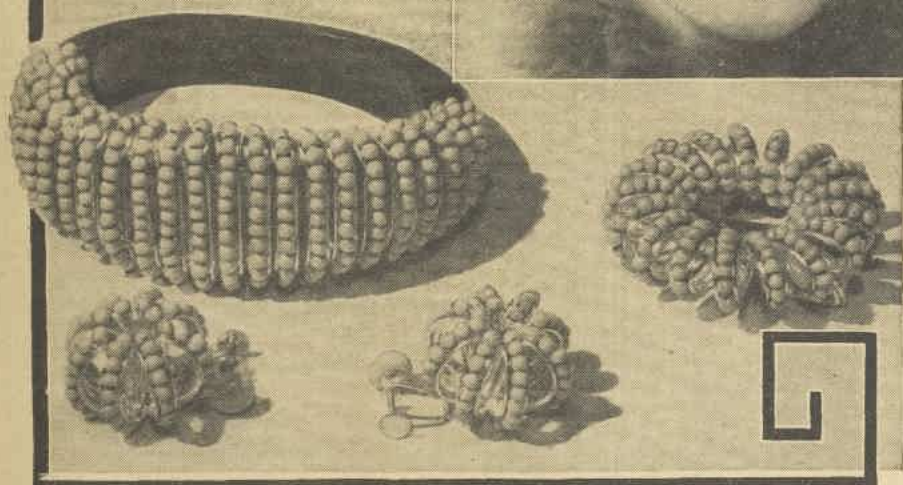
Our Special Representative in Europe



● HAT in black felt with funnel front in which is placed a gardenia. It is worn with a simple black dress which has a wide patent leather belt.



● ABOVE: One of the sensations from the Schiaparelli collection with a conventional lily motive carried out in paillettes.



● ABOVE (centre): An entirely new form of beret cut in front. It is in blue felt and is shown by Madame Schiaparelli in her midwinter collection.

PHOTOGRAPHS reproduced on this page were selected in London by Miss Muriel Segal and sent by air mail.

● NEW accessories in costume jewellery from Schiaparelli's collection of turquoises and gold. Note the matching design carried out in the bracelet, brooch, and earrings. The turquoises are set in gold, and backed with marquisite. The earrings are the new heavy clip variety, which completely cover the lobes of the ears. The whole effect is one of barbaric splendor.

## Tea and Gossip Chez Schiaparelli

"Chaste Lady" Hats, Glass Belts, Hobble Skirts and Other Excitements!

When Madame Schiaparelli gives a party, all the gossip-writers in London gate-crash because there is likely to be just as much social interest attached as fashion news.

LAST Thursday was no exception. I sat next to Lady Dunn, who seemed more amused than piqued that Lady Jersey was wearing a hat identical with her own, a very becoming black felt with brim turning away off the face. Mrs. Reginald Fel-lows caused a stir wearing, for the first time, a fringed feather on her hat which fell right down almost obscuring one eye, and a caped "coachman's" coat.

Other society women in the audience were equally interested, but one simply had to concentrate on the exciting fashions Schiaparelli is launching for 1935. Luckily, many of the styles were intended for Riviera and cruising wear, so they fitted in well with Australian summer, although we, over here, have resigned ourselves to fog and frost.

### Harlequin Frocks

FOR instance, the harlequin cotton frocks would be adopted with alacrity by smart Sydney girls. One of these in pale string-colored cotton material has a two-colored bodice rather

like a jockey's, one-half in cherry, and the other in bright blue. Linens and cottons are used in white, natural and string color, or in vivid colorings or prints.

The glass belts which are used on every sort and kind of garment constitute one of the main style points. These belts, wide and semi-transparent, give a sort of celluloid effect, and come in varied colorings. They look just as novel on wash frocks as on evening gowns.

### Tube Skirts

ANOTHER interesting feature was the tube-like skirt, especially on evening frocks; these are almost sheath-like in their clinging narrowness. They are, of course, slit up the side in order that the wearer may walk, and the kilted frill of a silk petticoat shows beneath.

Then there are the hats which everyone is talking about. The most aptly described of these is the little nun-like affair called "Chaste Lady." The brim is cut away from the front of the ears, instead of going right round to the back and these ends are sheared down and

brought forward to be tied under the chin.

This particular model, in black, with white linen under the front of the brim, looks so reminiscent of a nun that the demure title of "Chaste Lady" is particularly appropriate.

Bonnet-like effects predominate as far as Schiaparelli's new chapeaux are concerned. White panama rules out everything else in popularity for summer wear, and especially for natty little sports models worn with string-colored linen frocks, and the wide glass belt as a finishing touch.

### The Glass Frock

THE glass frock which Schiaparelli presented last season, to the great excitement of the couture world, has been developed this season until it reaches the sensational, and has been featured in every fashion paper and woman's page in England and America during the last few days. Instead of the whole gown of woven glass as in the first experiment, Madame Schiaparelli has used the glass material for jackets or aprons on a satin foundation.

The little jackets which are made of glass weave are sure to be enthusiastically received as something quite new and very wearable. One glass weave jacket gave a rainbow effect, being made of stripes of lavender, yellow, green, brown and pale cyclamen. It was a very effective finish to a black gown which has one of the new skirts so narrow as to be almost a "hobble".



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Australian Agents, R. G. TURNLEY AND SON, Melbourne.



# An Editorial

JANUARY 26, 1935.

## IS CHIVALRY DEAD?



IS chivalry dead? Many people believe it is and deplore its absence from modern life.

A notable clergyman has made the arresting suggestion that young men should form themselves into a league of chivalry to safeguard young women against the evils of drink.

Too much liquor is bad for young women. It is also bad for young men. Equally bad—unless you believe in a double standard of morality. That is a dangerous belief. It traps you into the pitfall of actually having a triple standard—one for men, one for sheltered women, and a third for the bleak remainder of women.

That was the trouble about the old chivalry. Its chief concern was to shelter a privileged class of women who were already sheltered by circumstances.

A modern male league of chivalry would work in a similar circle. Intemperate young women are usually accompanied by intemperate young men. If the bibulous young woman could be relied on to select a chivalry leaguer for a playmate and if the wild young man chose as companion a woman who knew how to discipline him it would all work like a charm.

Human nature being what it is, the League idea doesn't go far enough.

The root of the trouble lies in the fact that you can't make people virtuous merely by surrounding them with regiments. The only effective protection against the vice of drinking or any other vice must come from within. Character, not chivalry, is wanted.

Nevertheless, chivalry is not dead. It existed before knighthood was in flower and fayre ladies stayed put and protected, and it will keep on keeping on.

For the basic idea of chivalry is that the strong should protect the weak. That is a good idea, and once a good idea is let loose in the world you simply can't kill it. Good ideas laugh at Father Time.

That phase of chivalry which did so much limelighting in troubadour times made it a one-sex affair. The modern woman will have none of it. She believes that muscularity is not necessarily morality. By all means let the stronger brother help both the weaker sister and the weaker brother. Let the stronger sister do likewise.

Neither sex can have a monopoly of chivalry. The modern woman is merely insisting on a closer comradeship between human beings, which, though the trappings are changed, still sustains the true spirit of chivalry.

—THE EDITOR.

# POINTS OF VIEW

## Women on Committees

"Of course, my dear, you will go on the committee!" How often does one hear this said when someone is getting up a charity fete, or a dance or a garden party. And the individual addressed, not liking to be disagreeable, usually murmurs a polite assent—sometimes intending to help, but, as often as not, making a neutral reservation.

Now, we have Mrs. A. C. Goddard, honorary organiser of Lady Game's farewell garden party at Government House, roundly condemning women who let their names go on committees, and then leave all the work to others.

The protest is timely. It is perfectly true that an enormous amount of work is done voluntarily by women who act on committees organised for both charitable and social purposes. But the "passengers" and non-triers seem to be on the increase—and they should be severely discouraged. They not only do nothing, but, because they have to be written to and telephoned, they increase the work of the others.

## Vanishing "John"

THAT friend of our childhood, the vegetable John, is in process of extinction, and the process is gradual but is none the less sure. Witness the figures to hand from Victoria. In that State there was a falling off last year of 25 per cent. in the number of Chinese market gardeners doing business in Melbourne. In the gardening areas of Victoria the Celestials who grow vegetables for sale now number 1900, whereas in the "sixties" of last century they were over 10,000.

"I have a great respect and affection for the Chinese market gardener," said the Chief Inspector of Markets in Melbourne, "and should be sorry to see him disappear altogether." The housewives of Australia will echo this sentiment, though, if they think for a moment, they will realise that the white man has also a living to make, and the more he does in this field the better for Australia.

## Motor Victims

EVERYONE wants a motor car nowadays, and as more people get them more people are killed by them. The toll of motor fatalities in England last year was 7273 persons, while the number of people injured reached the astounding total of 231,698. This means that out of every 1000 persons in England about six are doomed to be killed or injured by motors every year.

In Australia the yearly list of casualties is also mounting, though, relative to population, it is less than in the Old Country. Thus the figures for New South Wales, which may be taken as fairly typical of Australia, show 319 killed in 1934, and over 7000 wounded—roughly, four casualties to every thousand of the people.

Another interesting fact is that 85 per cent. of the fatalities in this country are attributable to "human failure"—that is, to someone's carelessness or worse. As between men and women the blame has not been apportioned, but it is certain that while men are the chief offenders it is the women who indirectly and mentally, are the chief sufferers.

## Lyric of Life

### The Deceiver

She walked with Love one summer day  
Along the road of laughter.  
He said that when he came to stay  
Sweet Wisdom followed after.  
Dulcet were the words he spoke  
And the tale he told was sweet . . .  
She did not see his gaudy cloak  
Was hiding his cloven feet.  
But Love, laughing, went his way  
And the years are flowing on.  
The hair he kissed has turned to grey  
And the summer time . . . has gone.  
—Phyllis Duncan-Brown.

## The Lost Summer

WHAT has happened to the summer of 1934-35? Everyone wants to know, and no one has an explanation. The Government meteorologists know no more about it than the man in the street. All they can do is to look up records and report that 50 or 70 years ago there was a summer something like it—just why, and because of what compelling factors they can't tell you.

The wet week-ends must have beaten all records in New South Wales, where the tale of washed-out cricket, tennis and race fixtures has been persistent since November. In Melbourne it has been a shade worse than in Sydney. The wet summer has upset more sporting fixtures than it has left standing.



A SMALL CHILD—a new toy and the rest is happiness.

After doing its worst in the south, the flood demon has had a great time in the north. Usually dry places like Orange and Boggabilla have become seas of water.

## Give Amateurism a Chance!

EVERY lover of amateur sport in Australia will say "Hear, hear" to the proposal to remove the ban of professionalism from tennis players who appear in movie picture films.

There is no sense or reason in the present mode of discrimination. A first-rank player can receive payment for himself and his wife in the form of travelling expenses on any scale that the controlling bodies like to sanction. He can spend his leisure time explaining in print how tennis should be played, be paid handsomely for the explanation, and yet remain a lily-white amateur. Let him give an illustration for picture purposes, and they push him outside the amateur pale. The whole thing is ridiculous, and the front-rank players who are the people that really matter have endured it too long.

## Tea Drinkers in 1934

AUSTRALIA is losing one of its claims to distinction. It is no longer the greatest tea-drinking country in the world! Once we got through 8 lbs. of tea per head per year; last year the most we could manage was 6½ lbs. a head. The net result is that, instead of being first, we are now fourth or fifth on the list of tea-drinking countries.

While tea has shown a decline, beer, on latest figures is about where it was last year. Coffee, on the other hand, was slightly less in demand in 1934. It is probable this dip in consumption is only momentary. For climate and other reasons, tea, as an Australian beverage, will probably always be popular.

## A Bright Girl's Letters

## FROM SUE TO LOU



Dear Lou—  
She's a  
smart girl  
I wish I  
was.

make her complexion  
taste as good  
as she  
looks.  
Yours,  
Sue.

# World Peace May Be Arrived at Through Wireless

By THE MARCHESE MARCONI

The recent proposal of the G.P.O. to take up extensive experiments with television in Australia lends interest to this article by Marconi on wireless and world peace.

BROADCASTING is the greatest asset in existence in the cause of world peace. Through it we assimilate the culture of other nations; we grow to understand their mode of life, and to comprehend their ways of thinking.

Travel is a help to understanding the people of other countries—but not everyone can travel. Listeners are universal. They belong to every country.

They involve an international interchange of culture, and form a solid wedge pushing in the direction of peace.

I think there is more peace value in a description of a football match, internationally broadcast, than can be obtained by almost any other sort of propaganda.

Broadcasting links the world together in true brotherhood. Music, too, is one of the strongest international factors. It has a subtle, unseen influence in the cause of peace.

It leads to a sympathy with the culture of others. Music properly understood involves a knowledge of the traditions of the country of its origin, of the legends of a race, of the lives of its great men and, above all, of its national character.

## Magic of Music

I LOVE music is common to all nations. I think this common love forms an invisible bond linking man to man and nation to nation. To listen to a musical programme from another country is to drink in its culture.

How can we think of going to war with, and killing people of a nation to whose music we have listened with glad enjoyment night after night?

To my mind, broadcasting is the greatest leveler in life. The true democracy of broadcasting exists to-day in our midst.

From end to end of this country, and many others, too, listeners enjoy the same programmes. There is no distinction between rich and poor.

In this form of entertainment there are no boxes and reserved seats.

The man of wealth in his mansion and the poor man in his little living room are transported to the same magic country of imagination.

Forgotten are the limits of time and space, the discomforts and the cold, as the poverty-stricken family soars aloft on the wings of fancy into the realms of romance.

Listening, it may be to a play, it may be to a concert or a musical fantasy, they are transported out of themselves into a land wherein they meet new friends and have gay adventures.

Quite apart from the enjoyment it gives broadcasting is the most powerful lever in the social and educational progress of the people.

It is engendering a deep and sincere love of music, and not only of music, but of beauty itself in the minds of people.

It is instilling culture and refinement into their lives.

## Knowing Our Neighbors

THE cause of world peace is dear to every scientist, because it is only in times of peace that progress can be made.

War is directly or indirectly the result of suspicion.

To know your neighbor is half-way to understanding him.

Wireless, by providing a cheap and efficient method of international exchange of ideas, has resulted in a better understanding.

When the science has been perfected the danger of war will have receded into the distance.

In times of war, scientists are forced, however much they may regret it, to turn their attention to the adaptation of inventions to war-like uses.

Some people are under the delusion that war helps progress, because it stimulates inventors and engineers to great efforts.

But this stimulation is merely apparent, and the increase in scientific and inventive activity that follows a war is due to the sudden freeing of great forces that have been hampered during the war years.

Many of my early experiments were carried out in England, and the recent completion of the world-wide broadcasting links is really an echo of that day over 30 years ago when I demonstrated wireless telegraphy for the first time in England on the roof of the General Post Office in London.



# WHEN COOK Called at the ROYAL GUNYAH

## Lower's Memories of Australia's Discovery

It was somewhere around about this date in the year seventeen hundred and something with an eight in it that Captain Cook landed in Botany Bay.

*Why he landed in Botany Bay when there is such excellent wharf accommodation in Darling Harbor and Woolloomooloo Bay or the river Yarra puzzles me.*

MY tribe was camped on the shores of Botany Bay at the time, and one of my men came running to me and said: "Chief! There's a white man who says his name is Cook—Jimmy Cook."

"Not the chap we used to see on the back of pound notes?" I asked.

"The same," replied the warrior.

"Well, bust my boomerangs!" I exclaimed. "Show him into the royal gunyah."

Cook and I got on very well for a start. Talking over a bit of boiled wombat, he told me of the hardships of his voyage.

THE only meat we've had for the past three weeks has been the weevils out of the biscuits, and they fry up to nothing, you know. I was very glad when we got here. As soon as I saw the place I said to Banks—the ship's gardener—you must meet him later—I said, "This looks like a good place to dump a lot of convicts."

"Serve them damn well right," I remarked.



Lower gets a snap of Jimmy and the boys.

"This is very mountainous country," he said, looking around.

"It'll be more so when your Water Boards have been here a hundred years or so," I told him.

"About this cottage of yours," I said.

"Is it your cottage or isn't it? There's been a lot of controversy about it in Melbourne. They've been slinging off in Brisbane and Adelaide, too."

"What about it?" he asked.

"They're going to bring it out here," I explained.

"Mortgage and all?" he asked, beaming.

"How dashed good of them! I never did like the place. It leaks. Just like that old tub out there. I suppose I'll have to cart her up the Barrier Reef somewhere when I get time."

"Carren?" I asked.

"You know; one of those things you put soup in," he said.

"I suppose they'll stock the cottage with some of your relics?" I went on.

"Relics?" he said with a puzzled frown.

"You know; those things on a rowing boat that you put the oars through."

By

L. W. LOWER

Australia's Foremost Humorist

ILLUSTRATED BY WEP

Which brought us out square at one all. "Would you like to see a bit of boomerang throwing?" I asked him, just to take his mind off things. He was looking around the country and mumbling to himself that he didn't think the convicts would stand for it.

"What do you do?" he asked.

"You just take hold of this," I explained, "and you throw it like that . . . and, behold, it comes back to you!"

"What the hell's the use of that?" he said crustily.

"Well, it saves you walking after it."

"Why throw it away in the first place?"

"Well," I said, scratching my head, "now you come to ask me, I'm durned if I know. Anyhow, don't let us quarrel about it. I suppose you want to plant a flag or something?"

"As soon as Banks gets through with his flogs," he said.

"He must be a gay old dog," I said, giving him a sly dig in the ribs with my nulla nulla.

"A nulla dig like that," said Cook, "and I'll take back the string of beads I gave you."

## The First Loan

I QUIETENED down after that and soon Banks came in sight. "Here," he said to me, "a little present from one naturalist to another," and he handed me two rabbits and a prickly pear plant. If I'd only known! Incidentally, I founded the present national debt by borrowing two bob from the Captain before he sailed away. I must admit that the present state of affairs is a credit to the borrowers who have since followed in my footsteps.

Shortly afterwards Cook planted his flag after which I decorated him with the Order of the Jew Lizard, and we all stood around and sang "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

I never saw Jimmy Cook again. They tell me one of the natives holed out in one on him in Tahiti.

If I'd known how things were going to turn out I'd have skittled him myself.

## SUCCESSFUL Stratagem ... in CONTRACT!

By ELY CULBERTSON, World's Champion Player and Greatest Card Analyst.

OFTEN, when a tricky or "psychic" play succeeds, it is largely due to the fact that an experienced player is trained to play certain cards at certain times without perceptible doubt or hesitation.

Particularly when a bridge player holds a queen and a jack is led through him towards the ace or king of that suit he will play a low card without thinking, especially if the play is made at the start of the hand when he has had no time to analyze the cards his partner and declarer hold.

He will want declarer to play the king instead of finessing for the queen, and he will not give away by any uncertainty the fact that he might have considered covering the card led.

Because of this long-practised ability to avoid hesitating, on the part of those who play constantly against strong opposition, a simple stratagem like the following will succeed as often as not:

West, dealer.

Both sides vulnerable.

S: 3  
H: A K J 3  
D: A Q J 9 7  
C: K 10 3

S: A K J 8 4  
H: Q 9 4  
D: K 5  
C: A 9 2

S: 9 6 5 2  
H: 8 7 5  
D: 8 6 4 2  
C: J 6

The bidding:  
West North East South  
1 S Dbl Pass 3 D  
2 S 5 D Pass Pass  
Dbl Pass Pass Pass

You can imagine the feelings of South when his partner, after doubling West's opening spade bid and receiving a flattering forced response of two diamonds, immediately jumps to five diamonds and leaves South, with his terrible hand, to play a doubled contract for eleven tricks. But, being a hero at heart, South, metaphorically speaking, rolls up his sleeves and prepares to do his best. West opens the spade king and, upon receiving the encouraging ten from East, continues the suit.

While there is scant hope that so much luck could befall any one player, South can nevertheless see that if all his dreams come true—that is, if West holds the diamond king, the heart queen, and the club ace—the apparently impossible contract may be made. But it will be necessary to lead from the South hand three times, and there is no possibility of an entry among South's hopeless assortment of rags except the diamond eight, which probably cannot be

established without the loss of a diamond trick, and thus of the contract.

The salvation lies in the hope that East holds the club queen, and, from force of habit, will not put it up if a low club is led from Dummy. In this case, South's jack will draw the ace, not only limiting the loss in that suit to the desired minimum of one trick, but also establishing a ruffing entry for South on the third round. So on the second spade lead Dummy ruffs with the diamond nine, and immediately the three of clubs is led.

## Clever Bluff

AT this point it would take a pretty good player in East's position to play the club queen. There is no guarantee that South does not hold the ace, since West could easily have enough strength for his bid with the other high cards that are out. South can be fairly confident that East will duck and that West must play the ace to win the trick. After winning the ace, West continues a spade and this Dummy must trump with the diamond jack.

Now the king and then ten of clubs are led, South ruffing the second. A diamond is led through West, the queen finessed, and the ace led, clearing the adverse trumps. Now South plays Dummy's heart ace, and on this play, East throws his heart ten, in a vain attempt to indicate that he has the heart queen-ten alone; but South has counted West for three clubs and two diamonds, and since his rebid of spades showed that he probably had five, West must have held three hearts at the most and East cannot have had a doubleton. So North's seven of diamonds is led and overtaken by South's eight. A small heart through West allows the jack to be finessed, after which the king clears the suit and the three wins the last trick. By making the most of fortunate breaks, combined with a very clever bluff "finesse," South makes five diamonds.

Next week's hand:

East, dealer.  
North and South vulnerable.

S: A Q 8 2  
H: 10 8 6 4  
D: A 8 2  
C: Q 10

S: 6 4 3  
H: 9  
D: J 7 6 5 4  
C: 8 7 3 2

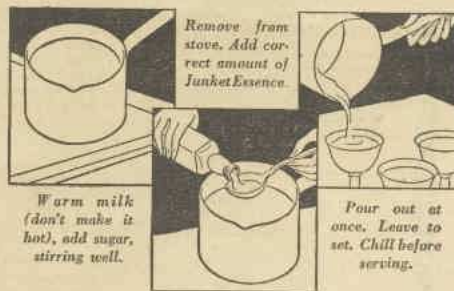
S: J 7  
H: K Q J 7 5 3  
D: 9 3  
C: A 6 5

This hand will be discussed in next week's article. (Copyright)

## Make a coconut surprise in 2 minutes!

TRUE! A delicious Raspberry, Lemon, Orange or Vanilla Coconut Surprise can be made in almost no time at all! A dessert rich with the flavour and fragrance of pure, ripe, fresh fruit—good for children as well as grown-ups, gay enough for a party!

Hansen's, makers of the famous Junket Tablets, now provide this new Essence for making Fruit Junkets. Fruit Junkets provide the important daily milk quota, and actually improve its health value. Include them in the family menu every day! Order some at once—keep a bottle of each flavour on hand!



HANSEN'S  
Essence for making  
FRUIT JUNKETS  
ORANGE-LEMON-RASPBERRY-VANILLA





# VENTURE for ONE



**G**EOFFREY went home, smiling with triumph. Brewster wanted him to go as photographer on a private enterprise up the Amazon. A whole, adventurous year away! Best of all, Peterson, another member of the expedition, was taking his wife, which meant that Sybil could come, too! The offer was manna from Heaven. Sybil would be overwhelmed by the news.

They had been married almost two years. He had succumbed to Sybil on sight. There was nothing modern or aggressive about her. Sybil was all daintiness and fragility, like a Dresden china figurine, the effect heightened by the clothes she chose. She liked delicate, pale-colored fabrics, with ruffles and frills of lace.

Sybil was the perfect home-maker.

He was happy to face the perils of the jungle... she stayed at home. But her courage was greater than his, as this charming complete story proves.

On his slender salary she worked miracles, surrounding them both with real beauty. Glowing bits of china, subtle water-colors, carpets and cushions in dim, exquisite colorings—and flowers everywhere.

She adored their flat, with an incomprehensible, clinging affection. She was never so happy as when she was adding to it, transforming odd corners. It astounded him that any woman should find such absorbing delight within four walls; possibly her bleak, rectory upbringing had something to do with it.

Life had been heavenly for eighteen months. Then, suddenly and inexplic-

ably, he had begun to chafe. When he came home at night he felt trapped, stifled. He was being slowly buried in flowers, cushions, good food. And year after year of the same life stretched ahead!

He had said nothing to Sybil. Only a fanatic could complain of perfection. But his irritation grew, badly suppressed. Sybil, with bewilderment in her blue eyes, went about the house more quietly than ever, and redoubled her delicate ministrations.

Now he had a chance to get away, to breathe a different air!

He broke his great news with rough excitement.

"Think of it, Sybil, Escape!" Like a great schoolboy, he picked up one of Sybil's lavender cushions and flung it across the room. She winced. "Escape from stuffiness! From monotony! All this—"

"Geoffrey!" Suddenly conscious of her widened eyes and fluttering hands, he forced himself to calm down. Sweeping the cushions aside, he drew her beside him on the couch. Then, ecstatically, he poured it all out, his eyes on her face.

**B**UT the response he had hoped for did not materialise. Sybil shrank back into the cushions, her face whitening.

"Oh, Geoffrey, will there be—danger?"

He blamed himself suddenly for his tactlessness. Women liked a subject to be led up to more gently. He tried to speak quietly, lightly.

"You little darling—of course not! Not real danger. No more than crossing Leicester Square, anyway! Of course it won't be like all this—but think of the fun!"

Sybil didn't answer. She didn't even look at him. Her glance travelled, in an almost hunted fashion, round the beautiful little room—at the fluttering gold-threaded curtains, the pictures, the scented geranium glowing in the window. She brought her eyes back to his miserably.

"I couldn't, Geoffrey! I—" She hesitated. Then she gave him a strange, questioning look. "You—you spoke of escape just now. Escape from—all this! What did you mean?"

Geoffrey started. How like a woman to pick up a man on his pettiest words! He wanted to discuss a miracle with her—and she preferred to start a squabble!

"Oh, just what I said," he answered, with some irritation. "Don't you ever want to get away from this place, Sybil? I do!" He laughed, a shade awkwardly.

Ten-minute Story

.. BY ..

**Dorothy LEE**

"Not that it's not a good little place, in its way—"

"In its way," Sybil repeated in a murmur. Her lashes trembled faintly. "But I'm too young to hug the fire-side," he rushed on eagerly. "Smothered in flowers and cushions. With you fetching and carrying for me! Look at our lives!" Sybil moved nervously. "We sit and listen to the wireless. Or we run round the corner to the flicks. Or we have the dear Simpsons in to bridge—with little sandwiches to follow. Day in, day out—"

Sybil didn't seem to be listening. She had an obstinate, withdrawn look. Suddenly she raised her eyes to his; they were frightened eyes.

"You go, then," she said. "I didn't realise you felt like that."

"Now, darling!" He hadn't really meant to hurt her. He had forgotten, momentarily, how devoted she was to their home. Almost madly devoted! "It's not that I don't appreciate it all! But I've got to get away for a bit. The pent-up irritation came surging back. 'I've got to get out somewhere before I get old and paunchy!'"

There were hours of discussion, but Sybil was obstinate.

"I couldn't," she repeated miserably. "Don't ask me Geoff. I just couldn't."

They fell asleep exhausted and estranged. Next morning he begged her to think it over again. He fancied he saw a weakening look in her eyes.

Please turn to Page 20

## Leading Shoe Stores ARE NOW SHOWING THESE New SPORT SHOE STYLES



**TRIUMPH**  
Brown trimmings. Heavy crepe sole, wedge heel. Also in all white. Men's



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White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's only.



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Sponge heel lift. Black or brown trim. Men's



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White or brown trimmings, crepe sole, wedge heel. Women's



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Black tough-broad sole, flat heel. Men's only.

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Silvafros saves you hours of backbreaking labour—for soap and a moist cloth will clean any metal that's painted with it! It's the work of minutes—not hours!

Silvafros stove fittings, pipes in the laundry, bathroom, kitchen, the gas copper—they'll stay bright and clean! Use it on metal gates and fences—in wire mattresses—wherever there's metal likely to rust or tarnish, use Silvafros.

It's a brilliant aluminium finish for all metal surfaces; it spreads easily, dries in half an hour—and it's durable, rustless, and protective! Silvafros is sold at all stores, in handy sizes.

**TAUBMANS**  
**SILVAFROS**

THERE'S A TAUBMAN PAINT FOR EVERY POSSIBLE PURPOSE



# The BURMESE Dragon



TOWARD the end of that year Miss Hibbertson knew that her project was doomed. It was a knowledge that hurt with a hundred different facets of memorised pain—something akin to the myriad tortures of grief for someone dead, beloved.

Each separate bit of furniture in her tall house overlooking the moors became an ally of that curious series of pains. Each had its separate and distinct association in her mind. . . and all would have to go.

There was the bureau that had belonged to her grandfather—the concert-grand on which her younger sister used to play. That carpet had come direct to her from India; the carved ebony elephants, too, and John had remembered her love of rarities, even in the sweltering heats of mid-Burma. . . that writhing and grotesquely warty dragon she used as a paperweight had come from there. It was very heavy, and its eyes gleamed redly. It was inlaid with soft grey native silver, and its scales were touched with coppery lights which sometimes impressed her as being of gold, but, on the whole, the serpentine horror was chiefly iron.

It would not bring a lot of money at a sale. And for all its wonderful significance to Flora Hibbertson, it could not fascinate a single shilling more from the pockets of the Smiths, the Browns, or the Jones who would receive it eventually at the fall of the auctioneer's hammer.

The pictures, the furnishings of her own private room. . . oh, things far too numerous for immediate inventory, all were part of the family. She was the last of that family, and her struggles to preserve its once proud identity had most miserably failed.

After her sister's death she had turned over her house to the mercy of paying guests. Someone had suggested to her that there, without any stepping down of proper dignities, lay her one chance of financial salvation, and the perpetuation of those decencies of middle-class existence she had always known, Miss Hibbertson came to agree. At first things went swimmingly.

But money became tight, and cars more prolific, which meant day-by-day visitors, not stayers. The marvellous spa waters were neglected and their curative properties ignored, for cool white tablets out of the bottles. The doctors were the first to sense the coming disaster. Like Arabs, they uplified their brass plates and stole away. Then an hotel became a "working man's holiday institute"—and, doomed was snobbish Carttrewen.

Now Miss Hibbertson began to take stock, she realised she should have got out with the medicine. Everyone warned her, but still she had hesitated. Over a year had gone past since then. . . and a dead loss of four hundred pounds confronted her muddled mind. Of course, she need not find it all at once. But where on earth was she to get even one quarter of that tremendous sum? Or, for the matter of that, one tenth?

The answer came the next day, in the curious way these things which are ordained of Providence will contrive themselves.

A Colonel Horace Wilton came to see her.

He had been in John's regiment, so he said. He had been with John—to whom she was affianced for four weary years—when the aforesaid John died suddenly of Burmese climate and overwork. Colonel Wilton might have been blunt and crude. He might have said, "Burmese climate, and too much gin and whisky." But he was not in

A COMPLETE SHORT STORY BY Vincent Cornier

Miss Flora Hibbertson's house to open cupboards and bare bones. . .

She would have been immensely surprised had she known his truest reason. In point of hideous fact, had she known his real business, she would have almost broken her still susceptible heart.

For, strange to say, immediately Miss Flora Hibbertson, aged 40, a spinster, of the parish of Carttrewen, saw Horace Wilton, Colonel, retired, she loved him. Queerly enough, momentarily, whole-heartedly, she fell in love with his grave grey eyes, and his serene, lean, brown face, and his handsome uprightness.

Starved, repressed, unfulfilled, lonely—poor Flora Hibbertson was only the victim of her life. But here, in Wilton, was the crown of it all. She knew instinctively and marvellously that, at long last, she was looking on her destined mate.

Could Colonel Wilton reserve her best rooms at her usual summer terms, for all the winter months? Colonel Wilton could have lived rent-free for ever for a look. Could Colonel Wilton be assured of absolute privacy, peace, and quietness during those winter months. . . while he wrote a book? Devoutly, almost, Miss Hibbertson vowed her household to dread silence—with the mental reservation that she could afford to board out Thomas Truffles, her cat, instead of having the vet to put it down.

Yes. Miss Hibbertson said "yes" to everything and smiled in splendor. The house, she told the gallant officer, was his. In it, his word was law. . . yes, a thousand times—yes!

Wilton sensed the fervour of all this and blinked a trifle uneasily. He thought there must really be a catch in it somewhere. But he had gone too far for withdrawal; now, suspiciously, but perpetual in his gallantry, he entered into a bond.

THE weeks fled by—at eight and a half guineas a week, too—and Miss Hibbertson began to bloom again. Her laugh was gay, and her eyes brightened. Many a time Wilton looked at her, impressed by what he mentally termed her "Sevres-look." Despite her forty years she had a fragile and a curious porcelain-like lustre of habit that was impressive. . . A purity.

Which made him seize up within his breast and sweat in unholly terror—a terror in truth, because he was set on the commission of the only dishonorable act in his life, and, in that commission, in that crime he could feel those trustful and adoring eyes the while. Then he shrugged his shoulders and convinced himself he had shrugged away conscience at the same time. What the devil. . . Here he was, in near proximity to an immense fortune. . . Why should he concern himself about a fool woman?

But he did. Day by day Horace Wilton discovered himself falling deeper into a morass of remorse, among stranger, lightning fires of self-abasement. The slim torso of the one was through the daytime. The smoulder and the darting fury of the other made his nights unbearable.

Please turn to Page 28

# RIGNEY'S SALE

## STARTS ON TUESDAY, 29th

It's Genuine. There is a Cash Saving of 2/- in the £ on Every Line Stocked

### OUR SALE TRADING POLICY

1. NO CASH ORDERS. Reductions are genuine from values that are recognised as the keenest in Sydney. We are sorry, but we cannot afford to take Cash Orders.
2. LAY-BYES. We accept Lay-byes at sale prices. We even go further in the interests of our cash customers. We give the 2/- in the £1 cash discount on every payment made during the sale. This includes payments on existing Lay-byes.
3. WE NEVER BUY IN CHEAP LINES to sell during our sale. Big Half Price Reductions are made on broken ranges that we wish to clear. Every regular line carries a cash discount of 2/- in the £1. THERE ARE NO EXCEPTIONS.
4. IF WE ARE SOLD OUT OF ANY line carrying the 10% discount, on payment of a deposit we undertake to fill your order at sale prices.
5. WE INVITE you to examine our window displays now before the sale and test the genuineness of our 2/- in the £1 offer.
6. WE THANK READERS of The Australian Women's Weekly for their support, and offer them the advantage of Sale Prices immediately if they mention this advertisement. PLEASE TELL YOUR MENFOLK.

### SPECIAL. Greater than 10% Reductions

#### MENS

We are cleaning up oddments and broken ranges in shoes selling from 16/11 to 21/-. All sizes, but not in all lines.

Now all one price . . . . . 12/6  
63 pairs only. Tan, Brown, and Black.

We have made another group of shoes that were 24/6 to 32/6. There are 75 pairs of these. All sizes, but not in all lines. For a quick clean-up.  
Sale Price . . . . . 20/.

Here are some bargains for men that appreciate good shoes. Discontinued lines that were selling at 35/- to 42/-  
All Out at . . . . . 29/6

SLIPPERS.—Bargains, 85 pairs remnants of Christmas gift slippers go at half price. Among these is a line of Grecians in Black or Brown. Were 4/6.  
Now . . . . . 2/3

SPORTSMEN. We are having a grand clean-up of broken sizes and oddments in tennis shoes, cricket boots, sport shoes, golf shoes. Many going at HALF PRICE.

#### WOMENS

GOLF SHOES. 46 pairs. All sizes, but not in each line.  
27/6 to 32/6.  
Now all . . . . . 12/11

WHITE SHOES. Black and White, Brown and White, Blue and White. All sizes, but not in all lines. These shoes ranged in price from 21/- to 32/6.  
270 Pairs Only. Now in 4 price groups:  
10/-, 15/-, 17/6, 20/-

SLIPPERS. Satins and Brocades. Cosy soles and heels. Feather trims. Beautiful slippers, remnants of our Christmas stock. Were 7/11 to 21/-.  
Now All . . . . . 5/11

SUEDE TIES AND COURTS. All sizes. Were 21/- to 35/-.  
Now All . . . . . 15/.

BLACK KID, BROWN KID. Ties and Courts. Low, medium, and high heels. 300 pairs; all drastically reduced. All sizes, but not in all lines. Included in this group are shoes by Parker, Sharwood, Paragon, Westbrook, Spencer.  
Sale Price . . . . . 21/.

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MR. BERNIE LYONS.

The Grand Hotel, Hunter St., Sydney

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Messrs. Lyons wish to announce that they are now at the above address, where they may be consulted Daily (except Saturday and Sunday).

Owing to the great number of people who have sought the aid of these Remarkably Gifted Men since their return to Sydney after an absence of nearly 8 years, they have now decided to give a further course of Treatment, and those who are desirous of availing themselves of the opportunity of consulting them while they are in Sydney, should CALL, WRITE or RING home, for an appointment for an interview.

There is no charge made for an interview, and an interview places you under no obligation whatever.  
This treatment is unique in the history of Australia, for there are NO DRUGS, LOTIONS, MEDICINES, THERM, DIETS, or any of the generally accepted forms of healing used. IT IS A NATURAL GIFT AT BIRTH, which is fully explained in their book, "The Reminiscence of the Naturally Gifted Men." This book will be sent without cost, and post free, on application to the above address.





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Summer meals  
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Cold is easily  
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milk and water,  
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TRIAL SAMPLE: A generous trial sample  
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## NEW BOOKS

CONDUCTED BY JEAN WILLIAMSON

### Book that Shared Prize in Centenary Novel Competition

Two novelists, Vance Palmer and F. S. Hibble, shared the prize in the Melbourne Centenary novel competition.

Vance Palmer's story, "The Swayne Family," was published about the same time as the result of the competition was announced, and now we have "Karangi," the other prize-winner, on our bookshelves.

"KARANGI" is a very powerful story, albeit a simple one. Mr. Hibble has the gift of creating atmosphere, and he has given a very true and arresting picture of life in a dairy-farming district, choosing the North Coast of New South Wales as his medium.

His characters, too, are well in the picture, and though the heroine is an exceptional type of girl she is not an impossible one.

The idea of a girl marrying a man she loathes simply because her parents have arranged it so seems rather far-fetched in 1935. But the author has sketched his background so faithfully and so well one realises that to a person with Mary's upbringing and environment the thing could quite easily happen.

Life goes according to a fairly ordered plan in the country. Routine for man and beast, season following season, childhood, girlhood, and later wifehood and motherhood. Mary's mind was attuned to routine, she had never come up against revolt in any form. Obedience was automatic.

If the author had given us a picture of this Mary only the book would be a dull one. Instead he has presented her as an interesting psychological study, her possibilities flashing here and there, but soon subdued by the repression which she had been so thoroughly taught was the correct attitude to anything that threatened to disturb her

parents' peace of mind or to interfere with the regularity of life they had attained.

Mary's father had flashes of understanding. But he was a Scot and disciplined most of his emotions. The most important thing about Mary was that she was his child. He loved her in his own way, but he was not able, rather than not willing, to mix understanding with that love.

MOREADY and his wife had worked hard and had been successful. In a district where so many were struggling, crippled with mortgages and bowed down with toil, a man who was rich, hard-working and "steady" was a desirable mate for their daughter.

They overlooked the fact of Adam MacKenzie's reputation as a tyrant, of his bestial sensuality, to which was attributed the death of his first wife, and of his meanness. He could keep their girl in comfort; she would be well provided for. In any case, they reasoned, love came to a woman after marriage, and Mary would soon forget her fear of Adam.

But Mary's suffering was indescribable. Adam was thoroughly repugnant to her, and though singularly innocent of the full extent of the intimacy he would be afforded by marriage, she had a certain consciousness of the horror that lay ahead.

To add to her suffering in the early days of her engagement came Philip



RICHARD ALDINGTON, whose latest novel, "Women Must Work," is being widely read. He is best known for his novels "Death of a Hero" and "Roads to Glory."

Jessop, a childhood sweetheart, whose memory had never been obliterated.

The memory of the little boy was oftentimes disturbing, for he had stood for brightness and joyous adventure in the days when they went to school together. Philip the man was even more intriguing. From him Mary gleaned visions of life as it could be lived, with happiness as a right, and not as something to be repressed and ashamed of.

She fell deeply in love with Philip the man, but it did not prevent her from carrying out her contract with Adam MacKenzie.

PLANS went ahead for the wedding, and Mary was duly married. She returned to the cottage with her husband after the ceremony, he half drunk and maudlin. She clutched at a straw—if she could get drunk. She had never tasted drink, but she knew it brought sleep and forgetfulness.

With new-found cunning she persuaded her husband to let her share a bottle of sherry he had brought home from the party. For him, she said, she would like to be gay, be silly, and she entered on the great adventure her parents had planned for her, dulled and stupefied by the anodyne of drink.

Mary's life in after years is not pleasant reading, but it is of the sort that provides one to pursue the pages of the book with eagerness to find just where it is going to lead to.

It ends, like so many false marriages do, in futility, unless the new life that resulted from it justifies it, completely or in part. (Endeavour Press 6/-)



### SHORT REVIEWS



"THE SHELTERING PINE." By John Angus. All one's youthful enthusiasm for the fairy folk is revived in this fantasy of the north. "The Sheltering Pine," by John Angus Pencil thoughts that have long since sunk into the subconscious mind of the reader are brought forth with startling suddenness. We find ourselves experiencing a responsive thrill as we think of the days when we, too, believed in the unseen powers playing upon us.

Bruce Carmichael felt the influence of the fairy folk as a reality very early in his life. When he planted a pine tree he unconsciously drew the spirit of the tree about him. Beneath its benign power he flourished, and all the good things of life came to him, love, success, happiness and wealth.

But the spirit of the pine came in time to demand its payment for services rendered. While yet guarding him with a wall of protection it threatened to take its just due, but withheld its power for a greater prize, that of Bruce's daughter. How the girl, Shula, felt herself being lured away from the normal course of life, her resistance, and how love, with its inevitable sacrifice and strength, came to break the spell of witchery, makes a delightful story. (Hutchinson. Our copy Swains.)

"GIRL OF THE WEST." Hubert H. (Baron) Parry. A book of verse, revealing on the part of the writer love and knowledge of things Australian, and an intimate acquaintance with outback conditions and people. In addition to typical bush ballads and narrative poems the author has given some attractive examples of poetic imagery, as in "Star Blossoms."

#### New Anthology

OLD favorites and new friends all mingle together in the new anthology of Australian verse that has just been published under the title of "The Wide Brown Land."

It has been compiled by Joan MacKinnon and George MacKinnon, and they have made a wide and discriminating selection.

Ninety writers are represented in the book, some by only one or two poems, and others by six.

The collaborators have apparently chosen the best-known from the works of favorite poets, such as A. B. Paterson, but readers will be indebted to them for their introduction to much that is new and very satisfying by writers whose names are not as familiar to the public. (Angus and Robertson. 4/6.)

"DAY OUT." Vivian Ellis. Alice Hawkins, a domestic servant in a London household, is setting off, without any particular plans, to enjoy her day off. The "girl" from next door meets her as she goes down the street, and after informing her that she has "quitted her job," persuades Alice to join her in a trip to Brighton. The story concerns their day's adventures at the popular resort, which proved to be an important turning-point to Alice. (Hutchinson.)

### Let this FREE treatment Banish Your CATARRH



Ballade (Bad Breath) is caused by Catarrh. HEADACHES, "HEAD-NOISES," etc., can be overcome! FREQUENT NOSE-BLOWING (A symptom of Catarrh)

#### STOP YOUR SUFFERING!

If you have ANY of these symptoms, you have Catarrh! Coughs or Colds? Frequent Headaches? "Head-noises"? Influenza or Discharges? Hacking Phlegm? Nose Stuffed? Throat Ever Sore? Mouth-breathing? Tired all the time? Offensive Breath? Catarrhal Discharges? Constipation?

Remember Catarrh is a dirty and disgusting ailment, causing offensive breath, closed nostrils, sneezing, hoarseness and phlegm discharges, as well as maddening "head-noises," constipation, and other nasty symptoms which are fatal to health, happiness, and good looks. Moreover, if neglected, Catarrh paves the way for really dangerous functional diseases; so resolve to overcome it—NOW.

1000 TREATMENTS FREE! To further advertise and popularize my famous BASIC Treatment (the PROVEN Remedy for Catarrh), I have arranged to distribute 1000 of them FREE to readers of this paper during the next six weeks or so. To every reader who sends for this free offer I shall also supply a copy of my latest health book—likewise FREE and post free. ACCEPT THIS FREE OFFER, and banish your Catarrh FOR ALL TIME.

Just write your name and address clearly on the Coupon below, and send it, WITHOUT ANY MONEY, and without obligating yourself in any way, to H. L. ADAMS, 78 King Street, Sydney. But, to make sure of your free treatment, SEND WITHOUT DELAY!

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# Another Animal Picture Page for Animal Lovers



ALTHOUGH only five weeks old, life seems to hold a lot of worries for these three Irish Setter pups. They were not able to find anything to look pleasant about when the photographer snapped them at Wanstead (England).



"I AM A terrible mouse-eating lion," says this pussy cat as it creeps through the garden jungle, acting up to all the instincts it inherits from the great family of cats, of which the lion is supreme majesty.



ABOVE: Where do England's seaside donkeys go in the winter time? The answer is: To a farm in Sturry, Kent, where they are cared for by a Mr. Sneath, who runs a sort of donkeys' guest house.



LEFT: This Alsatian puppy has got something to look perky about because he is completely white, which is a very rare thing among Alsatis. "Tertius," as the puppy has been named, is valued at one hundred guineas by his owner in Somerset, England.



ABOVE: "The Duke of Wellington," a clever chimpanzee (California) has adopted a little fox-terrier puppy for his tight-rope walking act. The pup does not seem to be greatly interested in the proceedings.



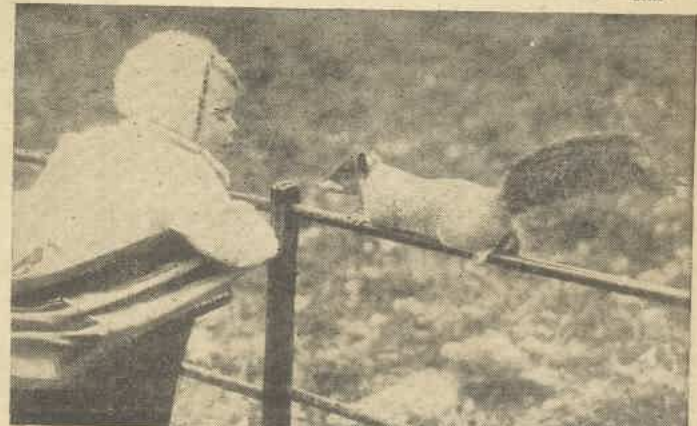
ABOVE: A superior little drawing-room dog looks down from his mistress' balcony at the mongrels playing in the street, and wishes he could join them in their canine pranks.



LEFT: If you have never seen a goat laugh, here is your first opportunity. "Bordeaux Maxwell," son of a world-champion goat, apparently thinks the camera-man is making a bit of a goat of himself.



"THANK HEAVENS I have found somewhere to have a drink at last," says this Australian horse as it dips its head into the drinking trough after a long morning's work on the dusty streets. There are not enough of these drinking troughs about the place in most horses' opinions.



THE SQUIRRELS in Regent's Park, London, were exceptionally tame last year, so our photographer was able to snap this unique picture of one of these furry little fellows accepting a nut from a young woman in a perambulator. Note the two pigeons in the background.







# Some NEW LAUGHS

Conducted by... L. W. LOWER

"Most jokes were old and mellow when we were seventeen.  
When we are old and mellow, they'll still be evergreen."



"George, you're late. What happened to you?"  
"Another car passed mine so fast that I thought I'd stopped, so I got out."



"What gear were you in at the time of the accident?"  
"Oh, I had on a red beret, tweed costume, and brown shoes."



"But professor, are you sure this is the stratosphere?"



FIRST ARTIST: I hear that you are giving up your studio.  
SECOND ARTIST: Oh, dear, no. Who told you that silly yarn?  
FIRST ARTIST: Your landlord!



HUSBAND: If you noticed the steak was tough, why didn't you put it through the mincer?  
WIFE: What, and break the mincer!



Three quarter-pint tins of ...

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are all you need, plus a little spare time—and you have a new breakfast-room set for about half the original cost of one chair.  
"QUICK" Enamel flows out evenly without brush marks; dries in a few hours and gives a lasting glossy surface. Made in 33 fascinating shades—all intermixable.

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Also "QUICK" Stain, "QUICK" Clear and "QUICK" Silver

## Brainwaves

A Prize of 2/6 is paid for each joke used.

MODERN MISS (admiring bowl of flowers): Aren't they beautiful? They are so natural they almost look artificial.

WIFE: What is it you are going to give my husband?  
Doctor: An anaesthetic. After he takes it, he won't know anything.  
"But really, doctor, he doesn't require that at all!"

SHE: George, dear, now do you like my new hat?  
He: Do you want my real opinion of it, Lucy?  
She: No, I don't, you mean thing.

"WHERE'S your pencil, Alf?"  
"Ain't got one, teacher."  
"How many times have I told you not to say that? Listen: I haven't got one, you haven't got one, we haven't got one, they haven't got one—"  
"Well, where ARE all the blinkin' pencils?"

"HERE! That mong of yours has taken a piece out of my leg!"  
"Has he? I wonder if it will do him any harm?"

A LITTLE boy was passing a church with his father when a married couple were just entering their car.  
"Dad," said the boy, "what does a man say when he gets married?"  
"I take thee to be my lawful wife," replied the father.  
When little John reached home he said, "Mummy, I know what to say when I marry."  
"What, dear?"  
"I take thee to be my awful wife," said Johnnie.

## Congested Livers

Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills,  
the Recognised Regulators

Many people contract congested livers at times. In fact, the liver gets out of order about as often as any other organ of the body. During that condition, life is unbearable for the sufferer, and anyone who comes near. No doubt this climate is partly responsible, but a frequently contributing cause is excessive eating and drinking, and lack of proper exercise.

In such instances something is necessary to cleanse that vital organ, and restore it to healthy action. As a remedy for this purpose, Dr. Morse's Indian Root Pills possess a world-wide reputation. They cause the liver to function in a natural manner, stimulate the kidneys, regulate the bowels, and generally cleanse the system.

DR. MORSE'S  
**INDIAN ROOT**  
**PILLS**  
MADE IN AUSTRALIA



## What does your child WEIGH?

Healthy development is shown by weight, and weight depends on appetite. If your child won't eat, if he is pale and sickly, or has a coated tongue, he is suffering from stasis. That means a sluggish, waste-clogged colon. No child suffering from stasis can be really healthy. "California Syrup of Figs" overcomes it in twenty-four hours. Then you will see the listless, cranky boy or girl begin to eat—and gain.

### Hospitals advise LIQUID LAXATIVE for children

Doctors and hospitals prefer a liquid laxative for all patients. For children they use nothing else. The reason is simple: a properly prepared liquid laxative brings a perfect movement without any discomfort. Liquid laxatives can be regulated to a drop; pills cannot.

Follow the hospitals' example. Give your child a liquid laxative. Give him "California Syrup of Figs". All children love its delicious fruity flavour. You have the assurance of knowing that "California Syrup of Figs" contains no synthetic chemicals, and is not habit-forming.



**IMPORTANT.** "California Syrup of Figs" is sold by all chemists and stores, 1/6 or 2/4 times the quantity for 2/10. Say "California" and do not accept any bottle which does not say "Califig".

## DETAILS of MENUHIN TOUR

### MUSIC of the WEEK



YEHUDI MENUHIN, the violin genius, who will commence his Australian tour in April.

### Dates for Ten Concerts are Now Finalised

Apparently we have to thank our kangaroos and native bears for clinching the negotiations which have secured Yehudi Menuhin for a concert tour of Australia. Messrs. J. and N. Tait announce that this great youthful violinist will open his Australian season in Sydney Town Hall on April 27.

THIRTY concerts are to be given in Australia and New Zealand, five taking place in Sydney and five in Melbourne. The first Melbourne programme is scheduled for May 18.

Now aged 17, Yehudi Menuhin can fill big concert halls in Europe and America, and the announcement that he would tour Australia caused no little surprise. It seems that the boy's father wants him to see the world, believing that travel develops character and broadens outlook.

When, however, an Australian visit was proposed originally the father was not interested. Yehudi, on the other hand, was enthusiastic. He told Mr. Frank S. Tait, at Naples, that he wanted to see Australia's kangaroos and native bears.

Accompanying Yehudi Menuhin will be his father, mother, two sisters, and a pianist. His 14-year-old sister, Hephzibah, recently made a sensational debut as a pianist, giving a sonata recital with her brother in London.

### Roy Agnew Here Again

THE talented Sydney composer-pianist, Roy Agnew, who has spent several years in London—he left Australia upon his second visit in 1930—is returning to Australia next week.

It was Mossewitsch who first introduced Agnew to the South Australian public when he played several compositions of his. These were written in a modern idiom with a typical Australian

care-free atmosphere. Agnew has developed far since then, and can claim a phenomenal success with the London publishers, who have accepted over seventy of his works in the past ten years. His compositions have been performed in Canada, the United States, and South America, besides several European countries, including Germany and Holland. Two great pianists, Cortot and Gieseking, have interested themselves in Agnew, and the former has performed some of his recent impressions for piano.

While there is much of Agnew's writing which will be styled "ultra modern" by the general public, he has some very simple melodic moments such as in the popular "Rabbit Hill," a small piano solo which has naturally proved his biggest seller.

### Kreisler's Works

KREISLER is undoubtedly the wizard of the violin. For many years now he has played to capacity houses all over the world.

It is interesting to recall that Paganini, early last century, so astounded people with his technique that he was accused of having been taught by the devil. Yet to-day there is hardly any advanced student who could not do as much technically as Paganini, and Kreisler's playing would be far beyond



GUS BLUETT and Noel Boyd in "Nice Goings On," the new musical show at the Criterion, which is particularly amusing and of special interest because Ruby Morris, the young J.C.W. ballet-mistress, who came out here with "White Horse Inn," has succeeded in introducing some modern choreography in her ballet.

R. J. Hood Photo.

Paganini's, though no one has accused him of trading with the devil!

So the world moves on, but whether Paganini or Kreisler be the greater player, no one knows. If you are interested in such problems, however, you may like to decide which is the greater composer.

Kreisler's works have been recently given an orchestral setting and you will hear three delicious trifles by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra under the late Henri Verbrugghen's successor from 2GB on Sunday, January 27, at 4.40 p.m.

### Opera Vagaries

WHY a show that succeeds in Melbourne should fail in Sydney, and vice versa, no one seems to know. As an instance of this vagary we have the case of the present Grand Opera Company. Sydney audiences have been enthusiastic with delight in spite of the dismal Melbourne season.

Our sister city might plead that it's only once in a hundred years that a city has a centenary, but one would think that an opera season with the merits of the present one would overcome the effects of the centenary, and differences of temperament sufficiently to please both Sydney and Melbourne—and Alice Springs for the matter of that.

On Sunday, 27th, at 9.15 p.m., from 2GB you will have further opportunity to judge the merits of the stars of the present company in a recorded celebrity recital.

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IT'S EASY! 6° PER CLIP. 2 CLIPS ON A CARD. Larger clips 9d & 1/- each.

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IT'S SURE! Ladye Jayne WAVE-CLIP AND RE-SETTER.

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**AND SO SMART! YOU NEVER TAKE CHANCES ON GETTING UNATTRACTIVE COSMETIC SKIN**

## Ruth knows a thing or two about LOVELINESS

She removes cosmetics the Hollywood way—guards against unattractive Cosmetic Skin

EVERY girl has a right to be happy about her skin—to keep it velvety smooth and soft. And yet many a girl is actually herself to blame for skin that is coarse—drab—unlovely.

She thinks she removes cosmetics thoroughly, but actually she leaves bits of stale cosmetics in the pores to choke them. Soon she discovers enlarged pores—tiny blemishes—blackheads, perhaps. This choking of the pores has caused the warning signals of Cosmetic Skin to appear.

Cosmetics Harmless if removed this way

To guard against this distressing modern complexion trouble, thou-

sands of women are adopting Hollywood's beauty care. Lux Toilet Soap is made to remove cosmetics thoroughly. Its ACTIVE lather sinks deeply into the pores, swiftly carries away every vestige of dust, dirt, stale cosmetics.

Before you put on fresh make-up during the day—ALWAYS before you go to bed at night, remove stale make-up thoroughly with Lux Toilet Soap. Then you can protect your skin—keep it lovely.



A LEVER PRODUCT



UNIVERSAL STAR

Of course I use rouge and powder, but I use Lux Toilet Soap so faithfully I'll never have Cosmetic Skin

**MARGARET SULLAVAN**

Shortly to be seen in "THE GOOD FAIRY"



Our special £5 Christmas box, now that the Christmas season is over, has been discontinued, and, as before, £1 will be paid for the prize letter, and 5/- for every other letter published on the page.

Letters must be endorsed "So They Say."



Letters sent to "So They Say" should be short and to the point. A heading describing the subject should be written at the head of each item.

Pen names will not be used, following the decision of readers given in the poll taken on this page recently.

### TIN-OPENER WIVES

HERE is something that puzzles me. Australian women are always being jeered at because they make so much use of the tin-opener. Why shouldn't they? After all, canning is a big industry in Australia, and in the case of fruit, at least, it seems to me that all the best fruit is canned. If one went to buy fresh fruit of a size and quality such as one finds in tins, it would be very expensive.

And another thing: At the Easter show, one sees exhibits of tinned stuff that one never sees at any other time. It is all exported. Is it any worse for an Australian woman to use a tin-opener than it is for women of other countries? And if so, why?

£1 for this letter to Miss I. Hutchinson, 32 Daniel St., Granville, N.S.W.

### JUST THOUGHTLESS

A GREAT deal of domestic unhappiness can be traced to the wife's want of thought when discussing home matters with visitors. For instance, many wives have the habit of referring to the household effects as MY wardrobe, MY new clock, MY bedroom, etc., quite oblivious to the fact that the husband, who provides all these things, is present. Apparently they do not think to refer to them as OUR clock, OUR room, etc., thus publicly acknowledging their joint partnership.

No wonder hubby kicks over the traces occasionally when publicly slighted like this. It is out of such thoughtless remarks that domestic discord arises, and often leads to much unhappiness.

Mrs. A. McCarthy, View Street, Paddington, Brisbane.

### FLAT ROOF-GARDENS

WHY is it that our Sydney flat-dwellers are not adopting the Continental idea of providing flat roof-gardens to each unit? It cannot be a question of cost, since no expense is spared in the newer buildings on such things as hot water service, refrigeration, heating, etc. Is it, then, because there is no demand for this relic of the private home—because people prefer an outlook of smoky blank walls to one of fresh green shrubbery, and on a sunny afternoon would rather sit and sip tea in a curtained room than on a flowery terrace? Or is it because such an addition would involve a little gardening and watering, and so encroach on the precious "spare time" which flat life is supposed to increase?

Personally, I think that flat-dwellers would greatly appreciate these small gardens, which are easily constructed by the setting back of portions of one story over another just where it suits the plan and design.

Do readers think that the art of domestic gardening is doomed by the modern manner of life?

Miss H. Sutherland, 32 Carlisle St., Rose Bay, Sydney.

### MEALS AT ALL HOURS

IS it selfishness or want of thought on the part of members of a family to expect meals to be ready for them at any hour? Surely a busy housewife should have some consideration shown her, especially in the matter of the evening meal! When a husband returns, tired from his day's work, he naturally expects his dinner to be ready. Other grown members of the family do not seem to realise this, and very often a meal has to be kept hot and ready for them whenever they choose to appear. It is usually some trivial thing which has kept them, and to the mother's sometimes anxious query there is an answer returned, "Oh, I just stopped to do some shopping," or "I met someone I knew," and mother has to be content with this or she is a growler. I wonder do the members of a family realise how tired mother is, at the end of the day, and how glad when the last of the dishes are done. Are they selfish or just thoughtless?

Mrs. H. S. Styles, 66 Story St., Parkville, Vic.

### Unselfish Mothers as Makers of Selfish Children!

RE Mrs. Tinning's letter of 5/1/35 regarding selfish mothers. I agree with her that a little selfishness on a mother's part is a great asset, as children then realise that mother is a personality in the home, not just someone there to do things for them, to cook their meals and know where everything is. Otherwise they do not think that perhaps mother would like a little done for her and the household problems made a little lighter.

Mrs. H. Allen, Box 57, Merbein P.O., Vic.

### Here's Long Life To Her!

IN reply to Mrs. J. Tinning. The unselfish mother who makes a doormat of herself, relinquishing all and expecting no return, is usually one of those "girls of womanhood" who delight in that sort of thing. She could not be happy any other way, and if her children's morals suffer thereby it is only because of her self-sacrifice which they learn to appreciate in later life. I think we were all more or less selfish and ungrateful to our parents. Who cannot remember the thoughtlessness of childhood? It is only human nature after all, and as such shall go on until the end of time. My best respects to the self-sacrificing mother with her ready smile and patient sympathy. Here's long life to her!

Mrs. L. Stanton, North St., Cleveland, Qld.

### Far More Appreciated

I AM of the same opinion as Mrs. Tinning re children's gratitude. My observation is that the mother who goes out and enjoys herself, leaving the children (not too young) to play games and amuse themselves, is appreciated far more than the mother who stays at home, sacrificing rest and pleasure, to cook and try to please all tastes.

Mrs. J. Cleary, c/o 7 Bruce St., Stanmore, N.S.W.

### Strike a Happy Medium

I THINK it is far better to strike the happy medium. Let the children understand that mother must be considered, too, and have fair dealings on both sides. This outlook must be instilled from earliest youth. Father's attitude has a lot to do with results.

In most happy homes he considers the mother, and the children follow his example. A wholly selfish mother is, however, to be deplored. No home can be happy or comfortable if mother does just what she wants to do. Someone has to bear the brunt of things, and children are only young once.

Mrs. Elsie Young, c/o Mrs. White, 6 Myall Ave., Kensington Gardens, Adelaide.

### Do Wives Regard Their Husbands as "Meal Tickets"?

RE M. Browne's letter (5/1/35). In my opinion it is very often the husband's fault if the wife regards him merely as a means to pay the bills, because only too often a man comes to regard his wife only as a housekeeper, who should have everything planned and carried out for his convenience and comfort.

Has it never occurred to M. Browne that a woman with young children about her, continually attending to their many needs, has a far longer and more trying day than the average business man who works from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.? There are always two sides to a question.

Mrs. E. Mack, G.P.O., Brisbane.

### "Only My Husband"

IT is quite true that many wives do think their husbands' only use is to pay their expenses.

In one of the big shops during the holidays, I heard a shop assistant ask a customer if she would like the men's handkerchiefs and braces in a presentation box or without, and she said, "It doesn't matter as it is only for my husband."

Mrs. Alma Small, Lucknow Rd., North Ryde, N.S.W.

### Just a Word For Wives

NO man's "trying day in the city" can equal to my mind the weekly "washing-day" of the woman down near the bread-line, especially when, as is often the case, there are half a dozen small fry to vex and harass her as the best of children will.

When all is said and done, it's mother who has 95 per cent. of the worry and trouble of bringing up the kiddies. Father should certainly do his little bit without grumbling.

A. Joerling, 33 The Corso, Paridade, S.11, Vic.

### Fault of Men

RE M. Browne's letter, 5/1/35, on wives' treatment of husbands. Are the wives entirely to blame? Do not the majority of men think that their responsibilities begin and end with the handing over of the housekeeping money?

And also does it never occur to them that wives are entitled to some peace after a trying day of cleaning, cooking and settling the children's quarrels? Then why not remember that a little interest from father now and again would go a long way towards making the children less quarrelsome and would be a wonderful recreation and tonic for him after his trying day in the city.

Mrs. E. Meikle, 3 Undercliffe Rd., Undercliffe, N.S.W.

### Screen Oddities

By CAPTAIN FAWCETT



### The Mysterious "Hush" Policy In the Hospitals

DOES such a policy exist? I think not, excepting in the minds of over-anxious relatives who are inclined to be suspicious of the actions of those in charge of their loved ones in time of danger.

My experience (and I have had some) is that patients in hospitals get unimpeachable attention and their relatives all the information that it is good for them to know, and which will also allay their anxiety.

Mrs. E. Small, 23 Orara St., Waitara, N.S.W.

### FILM ATROCITIES

YESTERDAY while in town I wandered in to see a show. Later I was very glad that my young daughter was not with me. In one of the news shorts we were shown one native crushed to death by a box-constrictor, and another chased and taken by a crocodile. Nothing was left to the imagination, the describer stressing the fact that we were viewing the actual death struggles. The effect on an imaginative child could hardly be exaggerated. Indeed, I myself have been haunted by the scenes. Surely these atrocities should be banned? What do other readers think?

Mrs. E. Robertson, 15 Stamford Avenue, Cabarita, N.S.W.

### Absolute Truth Best

I HEARTILY agree with Mrs. E. Waldron's statement that it would be wiser if doctors and nurses confided in the patient's friends and relatives and told them the absolute truth concerning the health of the patient.

The suspense of not knowing what the trouble really is often causes the watchers to imagine all formidable diseases, where there is perhaps no danger at all.

To wait until the patient is in a hopeless position and then to inform the anxious ones is sheer folly. It does no good whatever in delaying the evil hour, because they must know eventually.

What a comfort to us all it would be if doctors and nurses took us entirely into their confidence!

Miss D. Benney, 262 Napier Terrace, King's Park, S.A.

### Many Reasons For It

FROM many experiences of serious illnesses, I am certain doctors and nurses have no desire to cause anxiety to relatives of a patient in hospital; perhaps the case has not yet been fully diagnosed and is at a standstill; or if an operation, time is the acknowledged healer. The patient and relatives should know all this, and realise the utility of long explanations on the part of the medical officer, in whose knowledge more faith should be placed. There is also the great probability of a misunderstanding in regard to the exact meaning of certain medical phrases, which may cause a panic in the minds of the untrained. We should put more faith in the medical staff and help them by practising self-control, and not visit the patient when in an overwrought condition.

Mrs. J. Fraser, 75 Carabella St., Kirribilli, North Sydney, N.S.W.

### While There's Life—

MRS. WALDRON (5/1/35) has certainly raised an interesting point which has caused a great deal of concern to many people, but may it not occur to her that the "hush" policy, being universally adopted by hospitals everywhere, must be based upon the experience of people skilled in the knowledge of human reactions?

To laymen, such as the writer, it would appear that the "well as can be expected" reply to an inquiry or the statement that a patient is much better, is less likely to prove harassing to an interested party, than a plain statement that the patient's condition is worse, which certainly would not bring comfort.

While there is life there is hope. Besides, think of the hundreds of inquiries which, if accurately answered, would cause the hospital staff to be constantly reporting the changing condition of hundreds of patients to the hospital telephonist.

Mrs. E. S. Lloyd, Avoca, 33 Lindsay St., Toowoomba, Qld.

### MEN NOT WANTED

I WAS reading in one of the papers of the strange dearth of males at the popular holiday resorts, and the lament thereon. But is there need for such lament?

I don't think the average girl wastes many sighs over the absence of the men. Of course, there is the flower that only blooms and flourishes in male company. Then we all know how very nice and romantic it is to hold hands on a moonlight beach—but surely that's not an absolute necessity for a happy time.

It seems to me to be rather an insult, that implication that girls cannot find enjoyment in themselves.

Miss Peggy Trent, 2 Doon Rd., Horsham, Vic.

### TIME-PAYMENT

IS the time-payment system which has become so popular a good one? Can the advantage of having things while gradually paying for them outweigh the disadvantage of having one's money as good as spent before receiving it? Also, the disadvantage of having the articles half-worn out before the balance has been met? In my opinion people often buy things which they cannot afford and, incidentally, could easily do without.

Miss W. Powell, Overdean St., Yeronga, Brisbane.

### ETIQUETTE



DON'T PLACE parcels on the luncheon table whether there is room or not.

### THIS NEW CRICKET

WOMEN have now definitely adopted cricket as a game, and have already given to their expression of it an international flavor. This is shown by the visit of the English women's team. It will, therefore, be of interest to note whether, side by side with the consolidation of feminine support for the game, there will develop—and particularly in England—the system of amateurism and professionalism, with its fine distinctions, smacking so strongly of snobbery. This is quite a feature of the code that governs the game as played by men in higher grades of county and international cricket.

Mrs. L. Tyrrell, Alexander St., Kurri Kurri, N.S.W.

### PATIENCE IS A VIRTUE

THE impatience displayed by both sexes, particularly men, when making a call on the telephone, requires some comment.

Here are some instances: Repeatedly tugging the hook up and down if the exchange does not answer at once; nearly jumping down the operator's throat in the event of a wrong number (and considering the thousands of calls put through these are negligible); endeavoring to call the same number, which is engaged, every few seconds.

Miss Betty Wheeler, 334 Angus St., Adelaide.

### HATS OFF!

HOW often we hear the remark when speaking of air disasters: "Well, I have always said, and still say, if the Almighty had intended us to fly, He would have provided us with wings."

These people have been given two legs, but must these be their only means of getting about?

Do they not use every modern means—to get there quicker?

Then again, records show us that, compared with the number of miles travelled, there have been fewer lives lost in commercial aviation than any other mode of transport.

With such results, and with such wonderful progress made, I say, "Hats off to our commercial airways, and their pilots."

Mrs. E. Currie, 28 North St., Collinswood, Adelaide.



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These good Navy Kanebo Fuji Tunics are well tailored and finished.  
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Sale Prices, each 10/11 11/9 to 14/11

### 9/11 Blazers, 7/11

Smart school Blazers in all-wool Navy Flannel. Well bound with Red, Gold, Blue or two-tone cords. 24 to 34 inch busts. Price, each, 9/11. Sale Price, each, 7/11.

### 11/9 Blazers at 10/11

Only Blazers in best quality Navy "Doctor" Flannel. Bound in Red, Royal, Black, Navy, Blue or Gold braids.  
Busts, ins. 22 24 26 28 30 32 34 36  
Prices, each 11/9 12/11 13/11 14/11  
Sale Prices, ea. 10/11 11/9 12/11 13/11

### 16/11 Raincoats, 13/11

Girls' reversible rain coats with surface of Black rubber and reverse side of Navy Gabardine. Guaranteed waterproof.  
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Prices, each 16/11 17/11 18/11 19/11  
Sale Prices, 13/11 14/11 15/11 16/11  
28 30 32 34 36  
11/11 12/11 13/11 14/11 15/11

Maids' Clothing—No. 2 Floor, Pitt Street. Freight paid to all ports in the Commonwealth and Railway Stations in New South Wales.

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### School Panamas



College Panamas with under-lining lined Navy Blue straw. Bows, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36, 38, 40, 42, 44, 46, 48, 50, 52, 54, 56, 58, 60, 62, 64, 66, 68, 70, 72, 74, 76, 78, 80, 82, 84, 86, 88, 90, 92, 94, 96, 98, 100. Price, 2/11. Sale Price, 1/11. Genuine Panama, Price, 1/11.

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Black patent College shoes. Box or Tan yearling calf. Sewn soles.  
Size 7 to 10 2 to 5  
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Only 100 pairs offering at this price! These fabric Gloves with fancy cuffs are ideal for school wear. Black only. Price, pair, 1/11. Sale Price, pair, 1/4.  
1 dame fabric Gloves, in a quality that will wear and wear. Plain cuffs. In Brown and Navy Shades. Price, pair, 5/3. Anthony Horderns' Sale Price, pair, 2/11.  
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### 7/11 Black Box Shoes

Black box calf buckle bar shoe, made on extended toe last, leather sports heel.

Size 10 to 1 2 to 5  
Prices, pair 7/11 8/11  
Sale Prices, pr. 6/9 7/9

SEE DISPLAY IN No. 97 WINDOW, PITT STREET.

## VENTURE for ONE

Continued from Page 12

BUT she didn't change her mind. In the end he went alone; alone, and only a little remorseful at leaving her, practically friendless in London.

But man is a perverse animal. After about a year in the Amazon region, Geoffrey was grateful to turn his face towards home.

It had been glorious fun at first—until monotony set in. Month by month crept by, with its fevers, its smells, its mosquitoes, its bad water—until London and the flat looked to Geoffrey like beckoning Paradise!

He was glad enough, then, to think of Sybil, waiting, delicate and exquisite.

But underneath his longing for her there was another feeling. A persistent streak of resentment—almost of contempt. When he looked at that plucky little snip of a woman, Jack Peterson's wife, he couldn't help making unfavorable comparisons. Sybil had let him down—but you couldn't imagine Belinda Peterson letting Jack down! She'd follow Jack to the ends of the earth! And it hadn't been smooth going for Belinda, either! She had demanded no privileges on the score of being a woman—and she had received none. She had roughed it, made light of things, put up with insects and the fear of snakes. She had lost temporarily, such small good looks as she possessed. All with a courageous good humor that was irresistible. The result was that Jack adored her more extravagantly than ever. Nothing could separate them now; they had adventured together, shared everything together. If Sybil had done that for him, how he would have worshipped her!

As the ship drew alongside the dock, he picked Sybil out easily. Despite himself, his throat tightened. He had forgotten what a tiny thing she was! But then, Jack's wife was little, too—little and gallant.

"Sybil!"

Oh, Geoff, darling—

He hadn't realized how closely he was gripping her, how hungry he was for her—until she pulled away with a faint protest.

"Let's go home, darling!" Home still had its passionate attraction for her! In the taxi he told her, in little rushes, a few of the highlights of the trip. And she listened, a faint smile on her lips, seeming hardly to hear what he said. Not until the taxi drew up outside the grimy, yellow-brick building did she betray real animation.

"Here we are, darling—home!"

But in the vestibule she stopped suddenly, her hand on his arm.

"Geoffrey—" Her smile was somewhat troubled.

"Darling?"

"You are glad to be back. It is true—what you wrote. That you were satisfied to come home—longing to come home?"

She was so fragile, so lovely, with her mouth trembling and her blue eyes starry. He couldn't resist her.

"Of course, you sweet child. It was great while it lasted—but I've had enough. I don't care if I never smell a jungle again! The word 'smell' suddenly amused him. It was absurdly apt. He laughed aloud.

Sybil ran up the stairs before him and opened the bedroom door. Glancing through it, eagerly, Geoffrey saw a girl's figure in the armchair. A visitor! His spirits sank—he had wanted Sybil all to himself.

"It's only the neighbor's little girl," Sybil whispered.

The neighbor's little girl brushed past with a shy good night, and a sympathetic, understanding glance at Sybil. He followed Sybil into the bedroom.

It looked a miracle of comfort. "And what do you think of this?" Sybil whispered. "Four months! He's a giant!"

Something seemed to snap in his mind as Geoffrey bent over the cradle and saw a small, curled fist and a comical little face, puckered in sleep.

"Sybil!" he said hoarsely.

"Quietly, darling." She pulled him from the room.

"Why didn't you tell me—" The words came with difficulty from a throat suddenly dry and constricted. Sybil's eyes sparkled with tears.

"You wouldn't have gone then, dar-

ling. You'd have stayed to see me through—I know you! And I—I only wanted you to go. Feeling as you did, it was the only way to save things—"

In a sick spasm of self-disgust he caught the four significant words, "Feeling as you did!" How cruelly he must have hurt her.

"You had to take that chance," Sybil said quietly. "I—I wasn't resentful, Geoffrey. I understood." She took both his hands suddenly. "But, oh, Geoff, darling, I'd have given anything to come with you! I mightn't have been very brave—of much use—but I'd have come. Anywhere!" She smiled shakily. "I went in to the doctor next day and begged him! He said I'd be stark, staring mad! He wanted to tell you himself—but I made a scene and swore him to secrecy. I knew you had to go."

Geoffrey's arm tightened round her convulsively. Shame shot through him. This was the woman he had accused of cowardice. This understanding, gallant little thing!

"Sybil!" he groaned. "You little thing, you! You plucky little thing!" (Copyright)

### RESULTS

Popular Competitions No. 4.

CORRECT LINES:

I DRANK, BREATHED DEEPLY, AND STOOD UP—Book, MY FIRST TWO THOUSAND YEARS. Author, Viereck & Eldridge. Page 183.

THEY ARE NICE, CLEAN, FINE CHAPS—Book, UNDER THE TONTO RIM. Author, Zane Grey. Page 140.

AND THERE IS NEED NOW, IF EVER—Book, WESTWARD HO. Author, Charles Kingsley. Page 561.

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ANDREWS, W. G., Longueville; CLARK, K., Chudal; DAWSON, A., Newcastle; FIELD, G., Woodliff; JAMES, S. H., Yanderra; WADDER, F., Padstow; McKEON, F., Bradwood; TRIGO, J., Five Dock, Sydney.

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# Mandrake the Magician



Something quite different  
—and absorbing.

**THE ACTORS IN THIS STORY ARE**  
**AMBASSADOR VANDERGRIFF:** Who, having been robbed of important documents by  
**THE COBRA:** An arch-criminal possessed of magical powers, and head of a world-wide organization, calls in

**INSPECTOR SHELTON:** Of the U.S. Secret Service. Sheldon embarks on the trail of The Cobra, accompanied by

**BARBARA:** His daughter, and  
**TOMMY LORD:** His assistant. The trail has been pointed out by  
**MANDRAKE:** The Master Magician, The Cobra's deadly enemy. After many adventures, in which Mandrake and  
**LOTHAR:** His Nubian slave, overcome The Cobra's machinations, the liner is now approaching Tejel. Read on.

This week's thrill, "From Beauty to Ugliness."

TEJEL, AGELESS AND MYSTERIOUS WALLED CITY, KEY TO THE ORIENT AND CITY FROM WHICH THE COBRA'S COOK MESSAGES WERE SENT.

IT'S BEEN A LONG TIME SINCE I'VE SEEN THE WALLS OF TEJEL. IT'S ONE OF THE ONLY PRIVATELY-OWNED CITIES IN THE WORLD.

PRIVATELY OWNED?

YES, OWNED ENTIRELY BY ITS YOUNG RULER, PRINCE SAUD. HIS LATE FATHER, THE EMIR IBN-REHR, WAS A CLOSE FRIEND OF MINE. PRINCE SAUD WAS AT AN ENGLISH UNIVERSITY AT THAT TIME. I HAVE NEVER SEEN HIM.

SOMEWHERE AMONG THOSE MINARETS LIES A CLUE TO THE COBRA. PERHAPS THE COBRA HIMSELF. REMEMBER, UP TO NOW HIS MAGIC HAS BEEN POWERLESS TO HARM US. HERE IN HIS OWN REALM, HE IS A POWERFUL WIZARD, WIELDING BLACK MAGIC, THE MOST DANGEROUS MAN IN THE WORLD.

THIS IS A STRANGE CITY.

STRANGER THAN YOU THINK, SHELTON. IT'S RULER, PRINCE SAUD, HAS THE ABSOLUTE POWER OF LIFE OR DEATH OVER THE INHABITANTS.

IN THE STREETS OF TEJEL.

DID YOU SAY YOU KNEW THIS PRINCE SAUD?

I KNEW HIS FATHER, EMIR IBN-REHR, WHO DIED RECENTLY. PRINCE SAUD WAS AWAY AT OXFORD. THEY SAY HE WAS A RATHER WILD YOUTH WITH A FATAL WEAKNESS FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN.

I HAVE A MESSAGE FROM HIS EXCELLENCY, PRINCE SAUD, FOR HE WHOM MEN CALL MANDRAKE, THE MAGICIAN.

I AM MANDRAKE.

HIS EXCELLENCY HAS LEARNED OF YOUR RECENT ARRIVAL, AND KNOWING YOU TO BE A FRIEND OF HIS DEPARTED FATHER, MAY HIS NAME BE PRAISED-- WISHES TO SEE YOU AND YOUR PARTY AT THE IMPERIAL PALACE.

I AM HONORED TO RECEIVE A FRIEND OF MY FATHER'S.

AND I AM HAPPY TO KNOW THE SON OF THE GREAT EMIR IBN-REHR. PRINCE SAUD, THIS IS MR. SHELTON, MR. LORD.

I UNDERSTAND THERE IS ANOTHER MEMBER OF YOUR PARTY--A LADY. WHY HAS SHE NOT COME?

SHE WAS UNABLE TO, PRINCE SAUD.

IT IS MY WISH, SIR, THAT SHE BE BROUGHT BEFORE ME.

PRINCE SAUD, I'M SORRY, BUT----

OF COURSE, PRINCE SAUD MY DAUGHTER WILL BE DELIGHTED TO COME.

PRINCE SAUD HAS DEMANDED TO SEE BARBARA.

I WARNED YOU ABOUT SAUD'S WEAKNESS FOR BEAUTIFUL WOMEN. I DIDN'T WANT HIM TO SEE BARBARA. IT WILL ONLY BRING TROUBLE.

WHAT CAN WE DO? THIS IS HIS CITY.

WELL, I'M WILLING, IF BARBARA IS.

I BELIEVE IT WILL WORK.

WHAT ARE YOU TWO PLOTTING NOW?

YOU ARE TO MEET PRINCE SAUD, BARBARA. I MUST CHANGE YOUR APPEARANCE, TEMPORARILY. DO YOU TRUST ME?

OF COURSE, MANDRAKE.

ONLY FOR A WHILE THEN--I DO THIS.

OH!

I REPEAT, EXCELLENCY, SHE IS THE MOST BEAUTIFUL WOMAN IN THE WORLD.

GOOD, YOU SHALL BE WELL REWARDED, TURO. HERE THEY ARE NOW.

PRINCE SAUD, MAY I PRESENT MISS BARBARA SHELTON.

MANDRAKE HAS TURNED THE BEAUTIFUL BARBARA INTO AN UGLY "DUCKLING".

GUARDS! SEIZE TURO! SEIZE HIM!

TAKE THE IDIOT TO MY DUNGEONS. THERE AFTER FEELING THE WEIGHT OF MY WHIP HE WILL BE BEHEADED--AS A LESSON TO THOSE WHO WOULD TRICK PRINCE SAUD.

JUST A MOMENT, YOUNG MAN.

TO BE CONTINUED





MAE WEST with Roger Pryor in a scene from "The Belle of the Nineties." Roger Pryor plays the part of a boxer in the film; but the attitude in which he is seen with the heroine in this photograph seems, as far as one can judge, not to be a pugilistic clinch.

## MAE WEST Consults ASTROLOGER

### What Stars Foretell...

From Our Hollywood Correspondent

**MAE WEST**, who will shortly be seen in "The Belle of the Nineties," recently had her horoscope taken. What the stars had to say about her love affairs was naturally of particular interest. It appears that Miss West can look forward to arriving at marriage and at the climax of her professional career just about the same time.

**DESPITE** the phenomenal success that Mae West has been enjoying during the past two years, she will not attain the apex of her screen career for at least three years more, that is to say, she will not reach her highest point until 1938, and she'll be married then. So, at least, the stars foretell.

These prophecies and a host of other interesting predictions were furnished to Miss West by Stuart Holmes, who has been a motion-picture actor for 24 years and a professional astrologer for the past six.

Holmes, who plays a major role in Miss West's new starring picture, "Belle of the Nineties," which brings Miss West back to the screen as the love of the gay blades along the levees in the "Naughty Nineties," compiled Miss West's horoscope with the aid of his wife, Blanka Holmes.

### Will Be Married

**THEY** discovered among other things that Miss West would have made an excellent nurse; that her love affairs so far have been disappointing; but that she may get married within the next three years; and, finally, that Hollywood is the best spot on earth for her to reside.

Calculating on the basis of her birthday, Holmes and his wife explained to Miss West the things she might confidently expect from the benevolent rule of the planets.

"I was born on August 17 at 10:30 p.m.—on a cool night of a hot month," said Miss West to Holmes, "so I can expect anything."

"Len, the sign of kings, represented by the sun, is your sign," explained Holmes.



MAE WEST in one of the many costumes of the period, which she dons in "The Belle of the Nineties." There is great similarity of cut in all these dresses; but they achieve variety in the rich elaboration of their fabrics and applique trimmings.

"Your ruling planet is Venus, one of love and benevolence.

"**WITH** the position of the stars it is strongly indicated that you would have made a splendid nurse. You are influenced by impulses to care for people."

Miss West, listening to this diagnosis of her character, observed: "I could get a few witnesses to prove you're right there. Go on..."

"Saturn, the planet that delays and hinders love affairs, is in your house," declared Holmes. "But, from your aspect of Venus, four years from now will be a favorable time for matrimonial love affairs."

"Now you're interesting me," laughed Miss West. "Let's hear the rest."

"Well, it appears that the man will be dark, with curly hair. He will be tall, of course, and he will have dark eyes," predicted the star-gazing actor.

"Right down my lane," retorted the actress.

"You've been looking for THE great

romance all your life. All those with the sign of Leo do," declared Holmes.

### Stay in Hollywood!

"**BE** sure to stay in Hollywood," cautioned Holmes. "Hollywood itself is under the sign of Leo, making it, as far as you are concerned, the ideal locale for health and success. Although you are steadily rising now, you will not reach the peak of your career for four more years. And, in the meantime, you will not take any trips to speak of."

"Belle of the Nineties" presents Miss West as a glamorous burlesque queen who travels from St. Louis down the Mississippi to New Orleans, where she meets her Waterloo in the person of Roger Pryor, an up-and-coming boxer.

The film also has John Mack Brown and John Mullan in featured roles. Duke Ellington and his band play the musical accompaniment for several typical West songs which are introduced by the blonde actress in her well-known style.

## PRIVATE VIEWS

By SEATRICE TILDESLEY

### ★★ ANNE OF GREEN GABLES

Anne Shirley, Tom Brown, O. P. Heggie, Helen Westley. (R.K.O.)

**I**N this adaptation of a favorite story by L. M. Montgomery, we have a logical successor to "Little Women," marked by the same homely sentiment. Sticklers for accurate presentation of the original may point out that variations occur here. But there is no gainsaying that it is a charming production.

Anne Shirley has caught very well the attitude of her namesake, the naive orphan girl, whose hitherto drab experience had not quelled her confidence nor blunted the edge of her inquiring mind. As for her conversational powers—if sometimes the sentences, decorated with unusual expressions, seem to come by rote, this loquacity is more properly to be regarded as the even, unburied flow of your born talker. A delicious moment occurs when Matthew's present of the frock robe her, as she says, of words for the first time in her life. Her invented confession later on about the amethyst brooch flashes a light on her kindling imagination.

Both Anne and Gilbert (Tom Brown) very skillfully suggest the stages of growth from early teens through adolescence to coming of age. Helen Westley has not quite the face for Marilla, but she acts her part of dour strictness masking warmth of heart with touching fidelity, while O. P. Heggie is entirely lovable and true to life as old Matthew. This is a tender, unemphasized story, redolent of the countryside and of good, old-fashioned simplicities.—(State; com. Jan. 25.)

### ★ BRITISH AGENT

Leslie Howard, Kay Francis. (Warner Bros.)

**ADAPTED** from Bruce Lockhart's best-selling novel about an English secret service agent in Russia during the Revolution, this film has its quota of thrills and adventures. The atmosphere of tension at the British Embassy in Petrograd, where a reception is in progress just before the rising occurs; the consternation the news brings to the War Cabinet in London; the rushing mob in the streets being shot down by Cossacks—all this is realistically conveyed. Then, when the ambassador has departed and Stephen Locke (Leslie Howard), as unofficial representative of the British Government follows the insurgent leaders to Moscow and plants himself in the Embassy there, we feel his sickening isolation and the hopelessness of his attempt to delay the signing of a separate peace between Russia and Germany.

All this first part is good. But Kay Francis, looking beautiful as ever, is not convincing, apart from her inappropriate American accent, as the Russian aristocrat who throws in her lot with the Reds and is forced to spy upon and betray her Englishman. And we marvelled that a man in William Gargan's position should be so concerned about his supply of chewing gum. An attempted assassination of Lenin, his recovery and, on the firm establishment of the Soviet regime, the free passage of suspects over the frontier lead the story to its unlikely but cheerful conclusion.—Regent; com. Jan. 18.

### ★ GAMBLING

George M. Cohan, Wynne Gibson, Dorothy Burgess. (Fox.)

**ACUSTOMED** for many years to the acclaim of Broadway, both as actor and as entrepreneur, George M. Cohan here attacks the new medium of the screen with confidence. Nor is his confidence misplaced. This is an adroit, well-mounted adaptation of a stage success, the story a little thin perhaps, but maintaining a certain springiness till the end.

At the beginning Cohan takes pains to establish himself as a character of all-embracing benevolence, one of those amiable gamblers whose manifestations in films must now run into hundreds. He earns his living "in the only way he knows" by managing a high-class gaming club, and has a cherished daughter—a daughter by proxy, that is—who has been brought up unsullied by his mode of life. Wynne Gibson and Dorothy Burgess, as young women who know the ways of the world, and Theodore Newton, as a young millionaire too well known about town, spoil the family reunion and provide the material for a drama of mystery. The film must now run into hundreds. They play their parts with skill. So also the author-actor. But he will find it advisable to modify his stage technique and restrain those facial spasms.—Capitol; com. Jan. 25.

### ★ LADY BY CHOICE

Carole Lombard, May Robson, Roger Pryor. (Columbia.)

"**CAN'T** a woman change her mind?" say the two principal women as this picture nears its end. They proceed to switch backwards and forwards in a manner that would have left us baffled if previous experience had not taught us what denouement to expect. As it

### OUR FILM GRADING SYSTEM

★★★ Three stars—  
excellent.  
★★ Two stars—  
good films.  
★ One star—  
average films.  
No stars . . . . . no good.

is, Walter Connolly, the magistrate and general adviser of the piece, is justified in his complaint at being talked to first in one way and then in the other about the projected marriage of hero and heroine.

Carole Lombard, as a fan dancer who twice gets run in for her performance, acquits herself with grace and as convincingly as the story will allow. It is a pity that the tuition of the Shakespearean actor could not bring down the high pitch of her voice. May Robson, as a disreputable old woman who spruces up her conduct and her person with great rapidity, does a parallel characterization to her part in "Lady For a Day," and does it very well.—Plaza; com. Jan. 18.

### ★ I SELL ANYTHING

Pat O'Brien, Ann Dvorak, Claire Dodd. (Warner Bros.)

**A** PIECE of particularly slick entertainment, giving Pat O'Brien continual opportunities for that ready tongue and rapid fire delivery and the bland effrontery he knows so well how to assume. If he ever gave up acting, there is another profession right to his hand, we feel, as we watch this spell-binder hypnotising a crowd on Second Avenue into bidding for his junk and, later, repeating essentially the same process, but with more stylish trimmings, at an auction of fake antiques in a Park Avenue mansion.

Not that he accomplishes these feats entirely off his own bat. There are the three assistants pretending to be total strangers who whip up the bidding. These also, more artfully disguised, play their part when the high-class show is staged. In fact, by the time we have seen the company in action and have inspected the workshops where statuary is battered into antique torsos and furniture is provided with all the worm holes, dents and fractures that are to prove its hoary age, we resolve to avoid auctions unless we have previously inspected the goods.—Plaza; com. Jan. 18.

### ★ SIX-DAY BIKE RIDER

Joe E. Brown, Maxine Doyle, Frank McHugh. (Warner Bros.)

**THAT** engaging comedian, Joe E. Brown, here breaks out in a new place. This time it is trick cycling. In essentials the characters he plays are always the same. Whether he is, as here, a bespectacled employee at the railway depot in a country town, who spends his evenings at choir practice, or whether he is associated with the gangster element of a big city, as in "A Very Honorable Guy," he is always a good-hearted numbskull, whose single-mindedness leads him into trouble and out again.

The cycling demonstration he gives on the platform of the local hall by way of discrediting the professional who is flirting with his girl (Maxine Doyle) prepares us in part for what follows. But his hair-raising ride through city traffic to join his friend (Frank McHugh) for the six-day race and the spills and narrow escapes of the competitors as they scorch round the saucer track are immensely diverting. All sorts of absurdities give variety to the normal racing thrills. Brown, bereft of his glasses, rides the wrong way round the track, and a chaperoned pad blown astray has a slow motion effect upon first one rider then another. Excellent fun of its kind.—Regent; com. Jan. 18.

### THE POINTING FINGER

John Stuart, Viola Tree, Michael Hogan. (R.K.O.; British.)

"**RITA'S**" story of a legendary monkish curse on a line of English peers and of a missing heir, who is identical in appearance with his younger half-brother, may be a possible yarn to read, though how Lady Mary could have known of her nephew in Africa and his father have remained ignorant all those years is a riddle. Then, too, for the present Earl to be only eighth holder of a title founded in Henry VIII's reign seems queer. Anyhow, the film version of all this causes reason to totter on her throne.

The fault is certainly due in part to the production, which is weak all through and includes some laughably perfunctory jungle scenes. It hardly seems fair to the players, who are all competent, being able, as one expects of English actors, to present members of the nobility without covering themselves with ridicule.—Civic; com. Jan. 18.



# What Women Are Doing

## Writer Honored

MISS WINIFRED PENDER, who spent the winter months in Brisbane, where she did a considerable amount of broadcasting and lecturing on her favorite subject, "Java," has just been made a Fellow of the Royal Society of Arts, London.

Just now she is paying a visit to Angkor, the jungle city of Malaya, and will return to London in February.

## Free Lending Library For Children

MISS THOMAS, of Mosman, Sydney, acting upon the suggestions thrown out by Mr. Ralph Munn, of the Carnegie Institute, has established a free library for children.

The value of free libraries, especially for children, is being realised gradually, and it is contended that the establishment of these provides the best means of building upon the basis provided by free education.

Miss Thomas' library is as yet quite small, having a selection comprising 350 books, with suitable magazines and papers for children.

## Intimate Glimpse of Philip Hargrave's Guardian

SO much is written about little Philip Hargrave, the boy pianist, that it is interesting to hear something of his guardian. Miss Henriette Marie Garnaut, with whom Philip has lived since the age of five.

Of French extraction, Miss Garnaut has inherited the artistic talents of her grandparents, and is a musician of great ability.

As well as Philip, Miss Garnaut's proteges include many Elder scholars, and her niece, Helena Fisher, the well-known violinist, who was awarded a travelling scholarship while still in her early teens.

Miss Garnaut's charming home at Burdette, S.A., with its delightful old English garden, contains many beautiful pieces of china (Dresden particularly), and she has a special regard for water-color sketches. She appears to be blessed with extraordinary vision in seeing the possibilities of her pupils, and her greatest power lies in cultivating genius. Miss Garnaut will leave with Philip for abroad towards the latter part of the year.

## Talked to Them in Their Own Language

AUSTRALIA'S delegate to the recent Red Cross Conference in Tokyo, Mrs. E. D. Carlyle-Smythe, returned by the Manking after a most interesting stay in Japan.

Mrs. Carlyle-Smythe was rewarded for her arduous study of the Japanese language before embarking on her travels by being able to speak to the children in their own tongue. This was specially helpful, as the Australian delegate is keenly interested in the work of the Junior Red Cross.

During her stay, Mrs. Carlyle-Smythe was entertained by Prince Tokugawa, president of the Japanese Red Cross Society.

## She Loves Green, And Friday 13th, too!

DORIS LYNN, the English stage and broadcasting star who arrived in Australia by the Ormonde, reveals in two names—her own and "Patricia Raymond," using the latter for operatic vocal work, and her own for musical comedy.

Miss Lynn is young, very dark, gloriously sun-tanned, positively loathes wearing stockings, and has really made this trip to visit her fiancé, Mr. James Park Scott, who is at present living in Melbourne. But it is more than likely that we shall hear her very fine soprano voice over the air or on the stage before she returns home.

She has done a considerable amount of pantomime work, filling the roles of principal boy and principal girl, some film work, and has understudied our own Elsie Prince.

Miss Lynn began her career by singing at charity concerts when quite a child and made her official debut by appearing in the back row of the chorus in one of Frank Ladner's productions, but before the year was out she was filling the bill of second lead in one of his most successful ventures, and good luck has followed her ever since.

## Holiday for 700 Children Each Year

OF all the Ministering Children's Leagues in Australia, the Victorian League believes that it holds the record for doing good to the largest number.

Every year it provides more than 700 children with a fortnight's holiday at "The Cottage by the Sea." The cottage has accommodation for 36 children, and it is full up all the year round except during July and August, when it is closed for repairs, etc.

The only qualification needed to obtain admission is the fact that a child is sick and poor.

A large slice of the money needed to maintain the cottage is raised by the annual picnic to "The Cottage by the Sea" at Queenscliff, which provides city supporters with a day on the bay as well as a chance to attend the annual meeting of the league.

## Drama Work is New Addition to English Classes

DRAMA work is a feature of the English courses at colleges in Christchurch and Auckland," says Miss F. Ironsides, M.A., Dip. Ed., who managed to make her visit to Melbourne coincide with the Science Congress.

Miss Ironsides is about to resume her position as warden and lecturer in principles of teaching, hygiene, and health, at Christchurch Teachers' Training College, N.Z., after being supervisor of home science teaching in New Zealand for a year.

The Students' Drama Club at the college also comes under her control. It is an interesting experiment, so far. Every year a club is formed of new students. They study the production of drama from the teacher's point of view, and work out their own ideas in the way they consider best. They even make their own scenery, and some of it is remarkably good.

## Thirty Years of Service in Palestine

A SYDNEY woman of whom Australia has cause to be proud is Miss B. Hassell, who has been doing splendid work teaching and caring for the sick in Palestine.

Mrs. Stephenson, wife of the hon. secretary of the Church Missionary Society, Rev. T. Stephenson, just back from a tour that included a trip to the country of biblical history, was interested to meet Miss Hassell, who is in charge of one of the Church Missionary Society's stations there.

Like all the missionaries sent out by the society, Miss Hassell has a good working knowledge of medical work, chemistry and dentistry. She has her own dispensary in which to treat the natives. Here she cares for their eyes and treats their cuts and sores before she shepherds them into her little school for lessons. She is healer as well as teacher in their eyes.

## Completed Second Year Of the Elder Scholarship

MISS MIRIAM HYDE, a student at the Royal College of Music, London, has just completed her second year of the Elder Scholarship.



Miss Miriam Hyde.

Adelaide is the birthplace of this clever musician. At the age of twelve she won a scholarship which entitled her to three years' tuition at the Elder Conservatorium, Adelaide. She also completed the Associate of Music Course at the Adelaide University.

and at eighteen was the youngest Bachelor of Music in Australia. Since she went to London, Miss Hyde has composed a pianoforte solo, which she played at a big concert recently, supported by the London Philharmonic Orchestra.

## A Student of Social Study and Religious Education

MISS WINIFRED CARRUTHERS, who was in charge of study circles among the girls from all States assembled at the Y.W.C.A. conference at Geelong, Vic., is herself a keen student.

Her home is in Sydney, but before she left for England three years ago she was National Girls' Work Secretary of the Y.W.C.A.

On reaching England she took a course of social science and a special course of religious education at Selby College, Birmingham, and later was general secretary of the Nottingham Y.W.C.A. for a time.

Home again in Australia, this charming, grey-haired woman is devoting another year to study along the same lines.

## Warden of Training College for Missionaries

TO turn out fully-versed missionaries is the work of Miss Millicent Herring, B.A., who recently visited Brisbane. She is the warden of the Training Hostel for Women Missionary Students at Epping, New South Wales.

The hostel, which is conducted by the Australian Board of Missions, receives students from all over Australia, most of whom are technically trained as nurses or teachers. They live at the hostel, where they have a course of devotional training, and their practical courses include tropical hygiene, baby welfare, anthropology, etc.

Miss Herring is well-fitted for her task of organising and arranging courses, as she had at one time two schools of her own in Haimsdale, Victoria. Following this, she was sent to India to take charge of several high schools for Indian Christian girls in Madras and Tinaveli.

Miss Herring spent her last six years in India organising women's work in the towns and villages, under the auspices of the English Mothers' Union. Then her health broke down and she was forced to return to Australia after 21 years of difficult work.

Now Miss Herring is imparting her knowledge to others, and her students, who go out to missions in New Guinea and the South Seas, should benefit greatly by her vast experience.

## Fairy Godmother To Scouts

DANDENONG Scouts have a fairy godmother. She is Miss Ada Armytage, of Como, South Yarra, and Holm Park, Beaconsfield, after whom the 1st Dandenong Group is called Armytage's Own. She has always interested herself in their movement, and was largely instrumental in building the Scout Hall on the Princess Highway at Dandenong.

She wears "The Gold Thanks" badge. Though the hall has been built four years, the foundation-stone was laid during the recent jamboree in the presence of more than a hundred Scouts of 29 nationalities.

Miss Armytage was the founder of the Pass It On Club, and has always been busy with philanthropic work.

Early in 1914 she had innumerable tiny Belgian flags made and sold them in aid of the Belgians, and out of her charming idea grew the flag days, and later, the button days, that raised such huge sums during the war.

Miss Armytage, who was born at Fulham, Balmoral, had an aboriginal nurse, a daughter of the king of the tribe at Fulham, and the old queen remembered the landing of the first white men.

When the white men asked "What is that animal jumping about?" the king answered, "Kan ga roo," meaning "I do not know what you say," and, according to the story Miss Armytage heard, that is how the kangaroo got its name.



## Clever Composer Holidaying in Sydney

BRISBANE should be proud of Miss Meta Maclean, a clever Queensland composer, who has many writings to her credit, and had the honor of writing both the words and the music of the Queensland Farewell Song to Sir John and Lady Goodwin, which was sung by 3000 voices in the City Hall, and used at the State farewell at Parliament House.



The music to Brisbane's well-known songs to Lady Wilson, Kingsford Smith, Amy Johnson, and the late Bert Hinkler was supplied by Miss Maclean, who also wrote "Forward, Ever Forward," the official song of the Queensland Country Women's Association.

Miss Maclean is principal of Chelwood School, at Ascot. Children and music are the main themes of her life, and one of her ambitions is to have Australians singing happy, melodious Australian songs.

At present Miss Maclean is enjoying a holiday in Sydney with her sister, Dr. Alecia Maclean.

## Political Organiser For Six Counties

WELL known in Australia, particularly in Victoria, for her work with the New Settlers' League and the Country Women's Association, Mrs. Murray Waller, who returned to England last year, is now a political organiser for six counties, covering 53 divisions.

Her work carries her into the potteries in the north, over Copland's spade factory, and mining country where all the motors, beer and custard powders of England are made, then on into Shakespeare's country in the West Midlands.

Mrs. Murray Waller organised the Mallee holiday scheme, when hundreds of mothers and children who had not left the Mallee for seven years or more were given a free holiday, and later the Mallee Relief Fund for distressed families.

## Actively Interested in Home Science Training

BACK from representing New Zealand at the International Council of Women's Congress in Paris, Mrs. W. N. Benson is convinced that the New Zealand course of home science training compares more than favorably with that given at English domestic science centres.

Begin 20 years ago on the model of that at King's College, London, the home science department at Otago University, N.Z., now compares very favorably with the model.

Mrs. Benson, a graduate of Cambridge, came out to lecture in chemistry and bio-chemistry in the department, and later, before she married Prof. Benson, she became dean of home science.

The comprehensive four-years course includes such things as the basic sciences, practical dietetics, infant welfare, and a great many other subjects as well as house-planning and decoration.

"In extension work New Zealand leads the way," says Mrs. Benson. This work exists to help the country woman with advice, and the extension department has a staff that visits certain country centres once each year. She considers that such a scheme might well be adopted by Australia, in spite of the somewhat similar work being done by our Country Women's Associations.

## IN and OUT of SOCIETY --- By WEP.







**P**AUSING after a brisk canter in the morning sunshine on the horse she rides in "Grandad Rudd," Elaine Hamill, Cinesound's latest feminine lead, who was "discovered" by The Australian Women's Weekly through its recent Film Type Quest, makes a perfect study for the photographer. Miss Hamill hails from New Zealand, but no one will say she doesn't look good in the role of an Australian girl.

**THE MORNING**





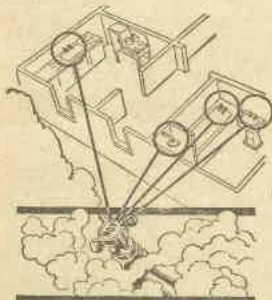
ING CANTER

HERE for the first time are the two physical culture Ednas snapped together in Melbourne. Edna Edwards, in the striped costume, is from Adelaide, and Edna Gaywood is a Melbourne girl. They won the South Australian and Victorian sections of the Ideal Physical Culture Girl Quest, conducted by The Australian Women's Weekly in association with the Institute of Physical Culture. As a result of the quest a large number of girls have been encouraged to take up physical culture.





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— 4 points

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BASIN  
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## DISCOVERING Noises is Her Pet HOBBY

Among the many strange professions which radio has introduced to the world, perhaps one of the strangest is that of Nell Stirling, at 2GB, who is Chief Noise-maker to the George Edwards players.

THE ability to find the wrong sort of noise to make the right sort of noise through the microphone is an art in itself. Apparently very few ordinary sounds bear any resemblance to what they really are when they have passed through the ether, so that it is necessary to discover an entirely different sound which will make a noise like the one the producer of the radio play wants.

Take a simple thing like a revolver going off—a most important noise in at least 50 per cent. of radio plays.

You might think that an ordinary sham revolver, as used on the stage, would be all that was necessary. Pioneers of radio plays tried them, and people used to ring up on the phone and ask if the studio had been blown to pieces.

Now a sharp whack with a stick on a cushion is the universal way of firing a revolver in a radio play.

Nell Stirling, besides acting very ably in the George Edwards plays, makes a hobby of discovering new radio noises and, during the performance of plays, looks after the miscellaneous collection of apparatus necessary for sound effects.

Go up to 2GB just before a play is due to start, and you might see Nell Stirling struggling down the passage carrying a hot water bottle, a venetian blind, a saucer of marble chips, and a round biscuit tin of lead shot.

The hot water bottle is for producing the sound of flesh being slapped. When the villain seizes the heroine in his arms and she cries "You beast! Release me at once!"... and smack!... she gives him a healthy whack across the face. It is the poor, harmless hot water bottle that gets the slap.

VENETIAN blinds are used to produce the effect of sea pounding on a beach. The blind is pulled up and down. The round biscuit tin of lead shot is used for the sound of rain.

It is a wonder no radio station has ever thought of running a competition about its "noises." Nobody could ever guess what the saucer of marble chips is for.

Nell Stirling was at loss to find a way to reproduce the sound of footsteps on a gravel path.

One morning she was discussing a play with George Edwards over a cup of coffee, and George started to play



NELL STIRLING

with the sugar—the way men do—crunching the contents of the bowl with a spoon. The sound immediately gave his colleague an idea, which evolved into the use of marble chips, pounded gently with the fingers, to imitate the sound of footsteps on gravel.

Another sound problem Nell Stirling solved was that of imitating the ticking of a clock.

A real clock was not at all suitable. Either you could not hear it at all, or it sounded like an army of men with electric drills smashing up the studio. The sound is now made by tapping the keys of a piano with a penny.

To Nell Stirling every noise has a double meaning. She is probably one of the few girls in Australia who is paid to make noises, and as she is always on the lookout for new noises with new meanings, if you know of any, send them to her.



**THINGS - that - Happen**

### A Novel Pin

ONE sees the latest fashions and styles of the latest hairdressing such as waves and pins, diamond clasps, and hold-bobs. The latest and most novel one I saw was a big safety-pin!—L.V.L.

### A Scarecrow

MY friend in the country some weeks ago put a scarecrow in the vegetable garden to keep the birds from the seeds. Now she finds that two small birds have made a most comfortable nest in one pocket, and are rearing a family of three. Instead of taking fright, they had decided to take up residence.—R.T.

### Peter Pan the Third

ON last Melbourne Cup day when Peter Pan won the Cup, a woman gave birth to a baby son in a dressing-room at Flemington. Mother and child received every attention, and after the day's racing they were sent home in an ambulance. The child was christened Peter Pan!—T.B.

### Temperamental Terrier

WE were extremely puzzled recently at the peculiar behaviour of our next-door neighbor's dog.

He had always been very friendly with mother, but suddenly he developed the habit of snarling at her one day, then being his usual friendly self the next.

Eventually we arrived at the conclusion that it was a new red dress of mother's to which he had taken an aversion, as it was only when she was wearing it that he was unfriendly.—I.F.

### Recognised the Family Voice

ONE day, entering the hall of an hotel, in a dim light, I met a gentleman who asked me a question about the landlady. Later on, the landlady said, "Mr. X, when I told him your name, said he once knew you and would like to see you."

I went downstairs and was introduced to Mr. X, but neither of us recognised the other after all. What had happened was that he had known my sister in Launceston 17 years previously and had thought he recognised her voice in mine. My name is a very common one.—A.E.P.

## BACKACHE

Makes you Look and Feel so Old  
HERE IS SOUND ADVICE

But act quickly. Get a box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills from your chemist, and take them as directed. This is the right thing to do, for De Witt's Pills contain ingredients which enable your kidneys to extract the harmful uric acid from your system—just as Nature intended they should—and when you get rid of this harmful uric acid, your back will cease aching.

Nothing else will do. You cannot obtain the same results by any other means. Rubbing with embrocations or liniments would probably aggravate the trouble, and add to your suffering. But relief quickly follows the use of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, and you know the pain is not likely to return, because, by taking De Witt's Pills, you have got rid of the cause.

### ACT QUICKLY

Don't wait, or the pain will get worse. Don't experiment with things you think may do you good. Get the remedy that has been used with success all over the world for nearly fifty years.

Heed the good advice of those who have already used the remedy.



Watch for such symptoms as puffiness under the eyes, heaviness of the limbs, swollen feet or ankles, foul breath, scalding pains, gravel or stone. These symptoms usually precede attacks of Rheumatism, Backache, Sciatica, Lumbago or serious Kidney Trouble, and much suffering and expense may be saved by quickly getting a box of De Witt's Kidney and Bladder Pills, price 3/6, or larger, more economical size, 6/6 from your chemist to-day.



### TAKE TWO TO-NIGHT

Take two of De Witt's Pills to-night, and in the morning you will see, feel and know for certain that they are doing you good.

**De Witt's Kidney & Bladder Pills**



# Intimate Jottings



Did you know, Juliet, that—

John Ruthven Buchanan is now ten days old and is the first grandchild in the J. L. Ruthven family?

## Joan White's Holiday

CERTAINLY Joan White shows much versatility in her capacity for amusing herself. It seems only a few days ago that she was assisting her parents in entertaining Prince Henry at her station home, Edenglassie. Well, my dear, I am sure she is just as happy in grey slacks and a becoming blue jumper dancing in a tiny cabaret at Terrigal, because I saw her there in the jolliest of moods.

Her friend, Jill Barnes, also looking most fetching in her seaside attire, also trod many a measure with members of her house-party at the same local resort. Jill wears the most topping surf clothes. Usually with a dash of royal blue about them. One suit is blue with red and white stripes on the sun top.

Mrs. John Keep motored to Terrigal during the week-end and is hoping for a heat wave in which to acquire her customary summer tan.

## Agnes Mackay's Plans

I KNOW few girls with such a host of friends on the other side of the world as Agnes Mackay, who is sailing for Europe next month with enough invitations to stay with friends to last her for several years. On her two previous trips Agnes accompanied her parents, General and Mrs. Kenneth Mackay, but this time she will deal with foreign languages, exchanges, and Customs by herself. Her plans include a stay of several months with friends in The Hague, and then she will make for London, where she will be the guest of General and Mrs. Home (Centenary visitors, you will remember), and General and Mrs. Pennington, before leaving for Scotland.

Many years spent in Fiji have spoiled Sir Eyre Hudson as far as wintry weather is concerned. He has just arrived at the Hotel Australia, where he will stay until there are no fogs left in London this year.

## Barbara Ramsay Engaged

A BEAUTIFUL diamond engagement-ring was sported by Barbara Ramsay at Romano's on Saturday night. The engagement is very new and comes as a great surprise, as Barbara and her fiancé, Alan Pitt, have been seen so little together in the few months of their acquaintance. Even at a recent dance given by Mrs. Archie Ramsay at her home at Rose Bay the attentions of the prospective fiancé were in no way remarkable. It's nice to think one can really be surprised with an engagement.

Barbara wore the most lovely ankle-length taffeta evening coat of sapphire-blue over her blue flat crepe evening frock of tailored smartness at the celebration party.

## Three Charming Sisters

VERY charming are the Broadway sisters, Joan and Bunty, of New Zealand, who have accompanied their mother to Sydney, where they intend making a stay of some months. At present the family are the guests of Mrs. Harry Rofe, who was formerly Roma Broadway, at her new and very modern home at Killara.

The visitors are busily flat hunting, and most chic and attractive the trio look as they turn out for the grand tours of the latest in "mod. cons." They have spent many years abroad, and Joan has studied interior decorating with the leading firms in London, so that she is not easily "put upon" with clashing curtains and carpets.

## Palm Beach Pirates

HAVE you heard the exciting whispers, Juliet, about the Palm Beach doings this week-end? Bold bad pirates with black eye-patches, skull and crossbones, and devilish daggers, will be much in evidence. In the garb of "Treasure Island" personalities, members of the Palm Beach Surf Club will greet their guests on Anniversary Night at their final flutter for the season. Visitors to this very private and exclusive invitation dance will be asked to walk the plank blindfolded or they will just go thirsty. The invitations, by the way, were sent out in the form of commands by Captain Blood and his merry men.

## Down from Moree

MEG BLACK is one of those lucky individuals who manages to combine the smartest appearance with sporting proclivities. Just at present she is enjoying country life with Mr. and Mrs. Gill at Walcha. Not that riding and shooting are any novelty to Meg, as she is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. J. Y. Watt, well-known identities of the Moree district.

## Governor Visits Africa

ARE you, Juliet, among the many acquaintances Sir Alexander and Lady Hore-Ruthven have already made in this State? Apart from those whom the Governor-elect and his lady have met on visits to Sydney, there are all the Australians in London who have assiduously attended parties given in honor of the distinguished couple. It looks as though they will be starting off with their visiting-list already complete. Sir Alexander, you know, is paying a visit to his brother, Colonel Malise Ruthven, in South Africa, while en route to Sydney, but Lady Hore-Ruthven is coming direct from London.

for her. She is looking just as lovely as ever, and, if possible, twice as nice.

Life in the west of Queensland in the most devastating of climates has not affected this charming young matron. It did not surprise me to hear that the Prince of Wales has not forgotten her and never fails to ask after her when he meets any Queenslanders. On her way home Mary will visit her parents, General and Mrs. Grant, in Brisbane, and will also attend the wedding of a brother while there.

## Young Scotch-Australian

THERE is a certain post-man in Edinburgh who will have the busiest time when the news I am telling you gets abroad. He will be the bearer of just lots and lots of letters of congratulation for Mrs. George Campbell, who is rejoicing in the birth of a son. The small boy arrived in Edinburgh, where he will no doubt learn the proper pronunciation of haggis and hogganay at a very early age. Mrs. Campbell was, of course, the popular Peggy Bullmore, whose departure for a life abroad left a decided rent in our social circles.



## H.R.H.'s Friend

I TOLD you, Juliet, that Mrs. Bob Sword was coming to town from the fastness of her home beyond Longreach. Well, she has duly arrived, and if you have a good, hearty cheer left in your box of tricks, just keep it

## Reviving Friendships

JUST masses of flowers were sent as gestures of welcome to Mrs. Peter Desborough on her arrival back in Sydney after an absence from her home city for six years. These same flowers were used for the decorations of the reception-rooms at Mr. and Mrs. Herbert Allen's home on Friday afternoon when they entertained at a large cocktail party in honor of their daughter.

Many old friends were greeted by Mrs. Desborough, who were just the smartest of spotted toilettes for the occasion. The background of the frock was navy, closely dotted with white, and white pleated organdie formed the becoming collar. Mr. and Mrs. Desborough will stay in Sydney for several months and then will see something of the country before returning to their London home.

Mrs. Hugh Cameron, of Queensland, with Anne and David, are perfecting their "shoots" at Collaroy. Mrs. Clive Robinson, of golfing fame, was recently their guest.

## Terrigal Goes Social

THOUGH still retaining an air of simplicity, Terrigal has definitely gone social. Thank goodness the bellbirds in the adjacent wooded valleys have not yet been scared away by lacquered toe-nails and the like, and still sing at the sunset hour. On the beach last Sunday I saw many members of the Mackay clan, some closely related and some just friends.

They were General and Mrs. Iven Mackay who have appeared to have forgotten that school problems ever existed, Mrs. Billy Mackay in the snappiest of Mexican sun hats, and Mrs. Keith Mackay who always looks so chic both in and out of the water. Dr. and Mrs. F. C. Thompson provided surf-planes and shade for their large house party, and the Wallace Bowmans did their surfing at the same hour.

Lorraine Smith intends having a jolly time in London before settling down to film-work. The trip over will be via the East, and Lorraine's distinguished father will return to Sydney within six months.

## News of de Chairs

I KNOW you will be interested to hear news of the de Chair family. Elaine, who enjoyed so much the social life of Sydney, has taken a much more serious view of existence since living in England again. I believe that her days, from nine to five, are occupied with secretarial work for a member of the House of Lords.

You might remember that Elaine occasionally answered some of her mother's correspondence while she was in Sydney, so I suppose she acquired the habit of usefulness. Sir Dudley and Lady de Chair spent their Christmas in Norfolk, and later intended visiting Switzerland. Their sailor son came home from the sea to add to the idyll of the holiday season.

## And have you noticed—

Nuttie McKellar in her diminutive car, called "Flo," dashing hither and thither on her manicuring business?



AN OUT-DOOR study of Hazel and Joan McGilvray, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. T. McGilvray, of Lang Rd., Centennial Park. Hazel excels as an accompanist, and her sister also displays marked musical talent.

Jane Anne



# SNOWS

# GREAT SALE

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Because it's not often you find such quality silks, such clever styling and such good workmanship, at even TWICE their price!

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EVERY PAIR GUAR-  
ANTEED PERFECT.

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## The Burmese DRAGON

Continued from Page 13

DEPIANTLY he persisted . . . in asking for the intimate history of every separate piece.

He put it to her that the very fact of her living in loneliness would accentuate for her mind all those recollections of days when she was not so lonely . . . when this bureau and that piano, those ivory-tusked ebony elephants, that picture, this table and yonder curious ornaments—all spoke to her insistently of a life of love and movement, affection, interest, color.

And she agreed. She fell into the trap as sublimely innocent of guile as a linné alighting on a linné twig. She recounted story after story . . . then came to the last pitiful story of them all.

Which concerned the iron dragon which John Morrison had sent her from mid-Burma.

"This, Colonel Wilton," her honeyed voice thrilled through Wilton's brain; for, at last, he knew himself at the end of his strange quest, "was the last present my fiancé sent me. It came from a temple, he told me."

"From the altar of M'hong Wa?"

Miss Hibbertson started. A wild and unreasoning dread had clutched at her warm heart. There was such a hungry note, a harshness of lust, in Wilton's voice—there was so much that was avaricious and sickening in his suddenly contorted face, that she was afraid.

"Y-yes," she concurred, "that was the name of the god John mentioned. I—I hope he did not come by it—er—by stealth?"

"I forgive me, Miss Hibbertson, I hardly understand."

"I asked you the plain question, Colonel Wilton—here was a dignity and a pride which was beyond Wilton's knowledge—for a set reason. You betrayed such a—peculiar conviction over the matter that I am half-minded to ask you to tell me what you know, rather than its having to be the other way about."

Woman's intuition, of course . . . but Horace Wilton shrunk from it.

"Wh-what should I know?"

"The question is, Colonel," very deliberately Miss Flora Hibbertson settled the iron dragon on the heap of papers again, "as I say—what do you know?"

After a while he shamefacedly blurted:

"It was stolen—"

"By John Morrison?"

"No!" The vehemence of that one word, one protest was enough. "No, Morrison would not stoop to such idiotic business as that! He bought it after it had passed through maybe a hundred different hands—paid a Dickens of a price for it, too."

"I should not be interested in the price," Miss Hibbertson had, in verity, become as the Severn figure he imagined for her. She was glacial and as still as death. "So long as he became its owner honestly, even though it seems to be but a very vicarious form of honesty, I am content. But, tell me, Colonel, don't the poor people who once worshipped at the altars of this god, M'hong Wa, miss the dragon? Did it form part of their ritual?"

Wilton looked her straight in the eyes. She flushed before the change in his demeanor—and mentally upbraided herself for detestation of him a few minutes previously.

"Miss Hibbertson, 'pon my honor no."

"The dragon was no object of veneration. The temple worshippers merely regarded it as one might regard a bunch of flowers in one of our churches; a passing thought—a slight gift. A Rajah made it . . . and died. They said—they said he was cursed, and in his desire to be relieved of the curse, he gave this dragon to the temple of M'hong Wa."

"Believing it to be the touchstone of his disasters?"

"Yes," Wilton eyed her curiously now. This seemed beyond all feminine intuition, and he was feeling somewhat scared. "Actually . . . a touchstone . . . watch!"

A small pocket compass hung at his watch-chain. He pressed it near the strange dragon . . . and its magnetised needle gyrated like something mad.

THEN, in a rush,

came fullest confession: "I believe I am the only one who knows its true secret, Miss Hibbertson. I—I tell you it now, by way of expiation for something not yet committed in fact, although a thousand times in thought."

"Your 'paperweight' is iron from the ruby mines of middle Burma—that peculiar magnetic iron which contains the finest pigeon-blood stones. Each one of those 'warts' you see on its back is—a big gem, lightly covered with native metal. Each excrescence is a fortune, lurking in its matrix as it has done from the day of all-creations."

"I am a poor man. I came into

your house not to write a book—but to wheedle my way into your confidence and good graces, until I tumbled on the secret of this hoard. Your fiancé, dying, told me in his delirium that he had sent you 'a present' worth a hundred thousand pounds . . . and had only discovered the fact when it was too late."

"What, exactly the present was I could not determine; he was too far gone to question, too. But," Colonel Horace Wilton, pallid and moist of eye, drew himself upright, "his last request was that I should one day seek you out and tell you his dying wish was that you should not remain a day too long in possession of the accursed thing but have it melted down after its 'hoard' was removed."

"And, Madame, I am sorry to say that I was tempted to ignore that and to become a—"

Her fingers were on his lips. Her eyes smiled. She never allowed him to utter the word "thief" . . .

But, strangely enough, he was a thief in every essence a moment later—he stole a kiss. She said she did not mind.

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for sample of Face Powder,  
tube of Face Cream (same  
colour) and Sachet.

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L.T. PIVER PARIS

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# THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY HOME MAKER

January 26, 1935.

A special section devoted to the interests of home-lovers.

29

## WHO will Deny the Beauty and Charm of PLACE-MATS....

Allied with gleaming silver, fine china, scintillating crystal ... and flowers on a richly polished table?

By OUR HOME DECORATOR

**DOUBT** if there are two housewives who agree upon the decoration of the dinner-table. There are those who will not dine without a cloth on the table, others who maintain that never again will they use anything but table-mats.

Far be it from me to settle this question. But, I must confess, I am conscious of an atmosphere of exceeding richness and charm when, with the use of the latter, the silver and glass, flowers and china, are reflected in the seeming depths of a highly-polished dining-table.

**O**f course, there are all kinds of place-mats, but to-day I just intend concentrating on the three lovely circular types shown on this page, and give directions for their making.

The smart table-mats featured—top

and twelve circles 6 inches in diameter for the smaller mats. You will find plates and saucers make very good patterns when cutting out circles.

Now for each mat tack two circles together. First lay the green bias binding round the edge of the mat. Sew or machine it on to one side of the mat,

cut six pieces of this shape from 1/2 yard of green linen, and bind the edges. Cut "sixpenny-sized" circles from the bias binding (opened and flattened out), three for each ring, and buttonhole them down, overlapping the two outside circles over the centre one.

The loop is made of a short length of binding, folded in half and sewn along the open edge.

Put the loop into position and secure; then roll up the ends (as shown) and fasten with a few stitches. Sew a button on each pointed end and, after carefully pressing on the wrong side, your rings are ready to complete your charming new table-linen.

**H**AND embroidery features in the lovely mat which is one of a novel set showing in the central photograph. Cut them out with saucers and plates



**ABOVE:** Very attractive are these table-mats of biscuit linen with bias bindings in orange, green and biscuit. The little napkin rings are green braid with biscuit to match.

**LEFT:** A richly polished table bearing a bowl of red dahlias, red candles, and quaint "cherry" place-mats as indicated embroidered in natural cherry colors, would be enchanting.

hand side, and the green for the leaves. Work leaves and stems of hollyhocks in dark green. Cut out orange roundels to the size of the transfer for the left-hand hollyhocks in velvet, felt, or cloth. Lay each one in place and secure it with a French knot in orange wool. French knots alone are worked for the four top roundels.

Work the right-hand hollyhock similarly, but in blue with orange knots. After this cut the paper and draw away. Make the place-mats in the same way but only using three transfers (though only one might be used if you wish).

The smaller mats each have one transfer only and a few leaves at the extreme end of the transfer are omitted. —E.E.G.

**Clever IDEAS**

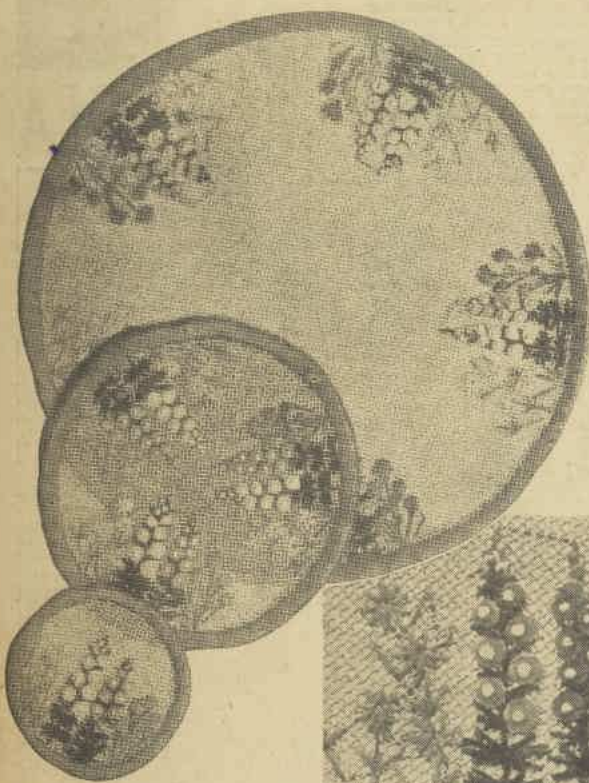
I HAVE found it easy to cut a straight edge on silk voile or georgette if you first dip your scissors into boiling water and dry. —Mrs. R. Johnson, c/o Post Office, Burwood, N.S.W.

**APPLY DRY** flour to tinware with a newspaper and you will find it cleans quite well. —Mrs. C. K. Twemlow, 7 Watson Avenue, Rose Park, Adelaide.

**IF BEDS** are of various sizes it is a good plan to list the beds on a small chart, allotting a number to each. Sheets and blankets should be marked on the bottom hem with the corresponding number in marking ink. Hang chart in linen press for reference. This obviates the unfolding of sheets of wrong size. —Mrs. R. Piper, 34 Lloyd St., Oatley, N.S.W.

**FOOD WILL** keep much better if stored on a shelf of stone or brick. If your pantry does not possess such a shelf a series of slates or tiles fitted over a wooden shelf will answer the same purpose and is an innovation well worth making in the summer months. —Miss M. Hargan, 48 Milton St., St. Kilda, S. Vic.

**WHEN SHORTENING** men's new, ready-made working trousers (these are often too long), cut off the ends, open up the pieces, and stitch one as a pad inside each trouser leg over the knee, thus doubling the strength of that spot. Sew all the buttons again with strong linen thread and machine along all the seams. The garments will need no further attention for months. —Miss Farnham, c/o Athol Post Office, Brisbane.



right—show the modern trend—simplicity and color. They are made of biscuit linen, and bordered with bias binding in orange, green, and biscuit. Make your set to match your china.

For a set of six large and six small mats you will require 1 1/2 yards of linen and 7 yards of bias binding in each color for the borders.

Each mat is made of two thicknesses of linen, so cut out twelve circles, each 9 inches in diameter, for the large mats,



**OUR HOLLYHOCK** transfer costs 4d. per strip, containing 9 motifs.



**LEFT:** Here you see the sweetest hollyhock table-mats especially designed for summer use. Our photograph shows how attractive they are, though you lose the effect of the gay color scheme of bright blue, orange and dahlia red. A close view of the hollyhock group is given, showing how it is worked.

used and then worked in colors to harmonize with your china.

A richly-polished table, having a bowl of red dahlias as a centerpiece, red candles, and these table-mats and china in cream or bearing any harmonising color motif would, I think, be just enchanting. —What say you?

### Joyous Summer Mats

**AND** now we come to table-mats with bright, herbaceous borders, worked on coarse brown canvas—a happy thought for summer-time meals.

They are worked very quickly with the aid of our "hollyhock" transfer in bright blue, orange and dahlia red. A close view of the hollyhock group is given, showing how it is worked.

To make a set consisting of centre-mat, four place-mats, and four small mats, procure one yard of brown canvas 27 inches wide, 1 skein each of four-ply fingering wool in cornflower-blue, light blue, dark red, and two shades of green and orange; also scraps of blue and orange velvet, felt, or firm cloth.

You also need three sets of the hollyhock transfer which, priced at 4d. per set, will cost you 1/-. For working, use a coarse wool needle.

**THE MAKING:** Cut a circle of canvas 16 1/2 inches in diameter for the centre mat. Turn back the edge three-eighths of an inch all round and buttonhole over closely with the darker blue wool. Tack five of the transfers round the edges, evenly spaced.

First work all the wool flowers and leaves, covering each line of the transfer with a stroke-stitch. Be sure to begin and fasten-off very neatly, and do not carry the wool across the back of the work more than is necessary. Use the lighter blue for the flowers at the left-

fold the binding over, and slip-stitch into place on the wrong side. The biscuit binding is laid on to the edge of the green and stitched on in the same way.

Then follows the orange binding, which completes the border. Press well the finished mats on the wrong side.

Important points to remember are: Join the bindings as invisibly as possible on each mat; keep each circle true and, above all, don't pick the mat or bindings.

Little napkin rings to match give the finishing touch to your table, and green linen would be a pretty contrast with biscuit binding if you followed the above scheme in table mats.

Each "ring" measures 7 x 1 1/2 inches; one end is pointed (see sketch). Cut

as a guide from natural or cream linen or any coarser material, as previously directed, but in this case do not have them double.

Blanket-stitch or buttonhole the edges in cherry color embroidery thread—or bias binding will serve to bind each mat.

Then, following the idea of the design given in the picture, pencil the cherry leaves in jade satin-stitch, the stitches slanting from the middle to the outside edges. Use the same stitch for the cherries, worked upwards, and do the stems in jade outline-stitch.

This is just a suggestion for a design—but it is a strikingly effective one. Any other "fruit" and a little foliage may be



# "AND now this damn-able publicity over last night's accident. How dared you go out in Hughes' car, and get our affairs on the tongue of every gossiping old woman in town?"

"Oh, gossip!" Ann repeated wearily. She was confused and frightened and on the verge of collapse. She clenched her hands hard, fighting the sense of panic that swept over her, then slowly opened her fingers. The two rings she still held had cut into her palm. She had forgotten them.

"What is it? What's the matter?" Trent's voice was startled. "Ah, I shouldn't have— He broke off to stare at the rings. "You want to return those to me? You won't wear them a few days longer? It might be better—"

She shook her head.

"Very well." He took them from her hand and turned them over in steady fingers. "Mother's rings," he muttered. "I've always prized them. So it's the end for us, Nancy? All right. Suits me. I've a bridge contract that will keep me in Northumberland most of this summer and autumn. It can gradually become known here in town that I'm simply not coming back. You see? Mo-

# IN ANOTHER Woman's PLACE

Continued from Page 5

Intyre will talk to you to-morrow about settlements. No use for us to fight over alimony, is there, Nancy? For Aunt Celia's sake, for all our sakes, let's keep it quiet."

Again she shook her head and found the gesture almost beyond her strength. Just to endure this scene—just not to make any slip—

"Here, you're tired out. White as a ghost. I'd better go. I'll just give you this." He put a silver case resembling an old-fashioned locket into her hand. "Perhaps you'd rather I didn't have it—now."

Her inept fingers fumbled at the catch. He took it again and snapped it open.

"See—there's the girl you used to be, Nancy!"

He thrust the miniature back into her unresisting hands, turned abruptly and left the room.

And Ann knew then that she was mad. Quite mad.

For the delicately-tinted face in the locket, with its halo of pale-gold hair and wide grey eyes, was her own face.

How she got back into bed she never knew. Perhaps it was with some idea of hiding herself that she crept down under the covers and lay there trembling. Her thoughts were tearing round and round in an ever-narrowing circle. What had happened? Where was Nancy Trent? Why was Ann Lamar here in Nancy Trent's house? Was it the result of some deep-laid plan, her being here in the place of her double? She had read of such things.

While her mind was still groping frantically for the answers to her own questions, a knock sounded; the door opened.

It was a woman—a young and pretty woman—who came in. Her arms were full of pale drooping lilacs.

"Nancy, my dear!"

Soft lips almost but not quite pressed hers. The flowers fell in a tumbling shower upon the pillow, the bedspread, the floor.

"Nancy, I've been simply wild. Carey forbade my coming, but he was out of the way just now—so I sneaked in. What a house. I found these flowers I sent last night still in the box downstairs. Have you no maids? No vases? I tell you I've been half crazy over your accident—and downright afraid of Carey! Here, hold these while I find a jar!"

She dumped the lilacs into Ann's arms and looked about for a vase.

"Bother! I've got my sleeve wet!" Her voice came above the noise of running water from the adjoining bathroom. "Where do you keep your towels? Never mind, here's one. And where is Vincent? I phoned his rooms, but they reported him out of town. Did he tell you where he was going?"

Ann said: "No, he didn't," easily enough, but she was pulling the damp card from under the green wilting foliage, was searching for a name.

Ah, here it was.

"Mrs. Arthur Woodson" was the engraved name; and "All my love, Babette," was scrawled below in blurred purple smears.

So, this was Babette Woodson. But

she resolved to keep to her non-committal silence until she was more certain. There must be no slips.

The caller gathered up the lilacs and tucked them into a pair of green pottery jars, continuing her queries meanwhile.

"You are all right now, aren't you, Nancy? Did you know that your husband simply bit my head off when I rang up to inquire last night? Well, he did. And I believe if you do decide to ditch Carey/Trent your best friend will declare it a good riddance. He's a pill!"

"And you're my best friend?" Ann asked lightly.

"Well, what do you think? Who else loves you like yo' lil' ol' Babette?" She was Mrs. Arthur Woodson then, Babette.

Ann studied her, the "best friend" of Carey Trent's wife.

Not exactly beautiful, not brilliant, she was somehow fascinating. A hip-pant little cynic, slim, suave, worldly—charming. That was Babette Woodson. Ann liked her—and feared her.

What if she should push back her covers, step out on to Nancy Trent's mauve rug and say: "I'm not Nancy Trent. I'm Ann Lamar, and I never saw you in all my life before!" What would happen? What would Babette Woodson do?

Ann shuddered down deeper into her alien wrappings. She could not face those green eyes with such an announcement.

"Oh, I know Carey and his Aunt Celia think I'm no real friend to you," Babette went on. "I know they think I've taught you a lot besides your Sunday school lessons!"

Ann smiled and touched a lilac-plume to her lips.

"Carey Trent is a bad-tempered brute—if you ask me," Mrs. Woodson pronounced, just as the door behind her opened and Carey Trent walked in.

"Thanks, Babette!" And inexplicably he was laughing as he said it. "Is that your honest opinion? Aren't you afraid Nancy'll scratch your eyes out for saying such a thing?"

"Nancy knows it's true," Babette asserted staunchly. "Everybody knows."

"You're down on me because I don't want my wife running about with the people you call your gang. Well, look here, Babette, if I'd liked that gang I'd have married into it, wouldn't I? Nancy married me the way she was—"

"Piffle!" remarked the unruffled Babette.

"We needn't quarrel, Babette. But you shouldn't stay any longer, really. Nancy's been ill, remember."

"I'll go—don't worry!" Babette conceded shortly. "Bye, Nancy—take care of yourself!"

She went out, followed by Trent. At the door the latter turned back for a word.

"I'm afraid Miss Talbot can't be spared to look after you to-day, Nancy. Aunt Celia's asthma took a bad turn last night; begins to look like heart trouble. Perhaps one of the maids can come in and stay with you."

"I'm all right," Ann said hastily. "I'm going to get up presently. I think."

"Don't be in any rush." And then with masculine perversity: "Everything's certainly going to the dickens, with you and Aunt Celia both laid up. Halls dusty. No clean towels. Cold toast. But don't worry. Things'll straighten out."

"How is your Aunt Celia this morning?" Ann ventured.

"Oh, holding her own, they say. She asked about you. She—she—" For some reason he did not go on. Ann waited, meeting the straight, keen glance of his dark eyes, for him to finish. But he did not continue. There was a look of profound discouragement on his face. "Aunt Celia loves you, Nancy," he said finally, and went out, closing the door.

LEFT alone, Ann hung off the covers and slid out of bed. Now was the time to go. There must be no delay. To remain here until her imposture became known meant endless trouble. Certainly the loss of her job if anything of this muddle came to the ears of pernicious old Joseph Russell. No, she must go, and quickly. She must get away and let Nancy Trent's husband solve the mystery of his wife's disappearance as best he might. For, of course, that was at the bottom of the affair: Nancy's disappearance.

And her own chance resemblance to young Mrs. Trent had complicated matters gravely.

Had Nancy Trent and Vincent Hughes eloped together?

Ann hoped that she might some day learn the end of the story whose heroine she had unwittingly impersonated for one strange day.

But now she must go.

Please turn to Page 36

HOT HOLBROOK says: I have a variety of Olives called Small Queens. They are succulent and tasty.

YOU'LL NEVER MISS  
4 MINUTES AT NIGHT...FOR

Clean Undies  
every morning

The  
Change Daily Girl

is always fresh and dainty...  
because every night she pops  
her undies into a freshening  
bath of Lux.

It's the happiest moment of the day when you step out of the morning bath into clean, dainty undies. A second day's wear is always risky, and there's no need for it. Four minutes a night with Lux leaves your undies sweet and fresh for the morning, free from all traces of unpleasant perspiration.

STOCKINGS AND UNDERTHINGS  
LAST TWICE AS LONG... TOO

You can almost double the life of your stockings and undies by washing them out with

Lux each night when you take them off. It's perspiration acid that rots silky fabrics and sends colours streaky and faded.

FOLLOW THE EASY 4-MINUTE LUX METHOD

One tablespoon of Lux does all of one day's undies... and your stockings, too. Squeeze garments gently in the lukewarm Lux suds. Rinse twice, roll in a towel and shake out... they're sweet and clean again. Don't use too-warm water—Lux makes lovely suds in lukewarm water.

RUBBING WITH CAKE SOAP WEARS FABRICS.  
STREAKS COLOURS... ALWAYS USE LUX

A LEVER PRODUCT



Lux your underthings every night... removes perspiration



## Weighed in the Balance ... and Found Necessary

Modern scales for the kitchen, nursery, and bathroom are by no means the "hit and miss" kind the majority of us have previously been accustomed to. In fact, they're scientific marvels.

HOW many cakes have surreptitiously gone their way to the garbage can because the bride has "guessed" the measurements for the various ingredients?

Lucky, however, is the bride who numbers among her gifts the "Cook Meter" illustrated here. Its capacity is 10 lbs. It is equipped with a movable dial that obviates the necessity for measuring all the ingredients separately. All one does is to place a bowl on the platform, turn the dial until the zero is under the indicator, weigh the first ingredient in container, and again rotate the dial until zero is under indicator, and so on, until all ingredients are added.

In addition, the dial shows a table of weights and measures solving the puzzle of just how much 1 ounce in the various ingredients is in tablespoonsful.

There is also a table for the periods required in roasting poultry and various



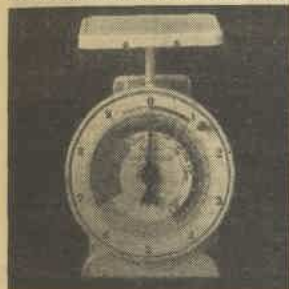
THESE bathroom scales may be had in any color. Capacity 250 lbs. On display at Grace Bros. Price £3/3/-.

cuts of meat and the temperature necessary; whilst on the back of this amazing device are scales for boiling poultry and meats—simmering or boiling—and the various periods required for the boiling or baking of vegetables.

An added attraction on the dial is a section marked off in "cups" for butter, flour, sugar, milk and water, and their corresponding weights—to say nothing of a section devoted to postage and letter weights.

Nursery scales such as Grace Bros. are showing would be a boon to the young mother who is rearing her child to a definite method. There are charts on the dial showing the average weight for boys and girls, according to their height and age, ranging up to 24 months. Price, 37/6.

With more people checking their health and dieting sanely these days, the petite bathroom scales, illustrated, have become a necessary feature to many bathrooms.



VERILY, the housewife's boon—these new kitchen scales. Price 25/-.

## In Beauty's Cause

### MAKE THIS DAINTY LIPSTICK WIPER!

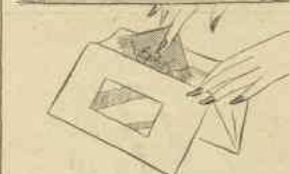
Your pretty little handkerchiefs may be saved much by the use of this ingenious "lipstick wiper," which can be slipped into your handbag when you sally forth to work.

JUST a scrap of lawn which is pliable and soft suffices to make it.

The one sketched here measures 8 x 5 inches.

Choose a color to match perfectly the particular shade of lipstick you use.

Pleat edging decorates two sides, while



A LIPSTICK wiper made of soft lawn in the color to match the particular type of lipstick you use saves kerchiefs.

hemstitched fringes finish the ends as shown.

Have the scrap of material hemstitched one inch from each end and then pull out the threads to form a fringe.

Your initials may be embroidered in one corner, in preference to the word "lipstick."



## When you cook by Electricity!

- \* If you want a fresh, cool, clean kitchen.
- \* If you want bright, clean pots and pans.
- \* If you want more leisure and complete freedom from kitchen toil.
- \* If you want perfect cooking always at low cost.
- \* If you want to save money and avoid waste and spoiled food.
- \* If you want to be free to enjoy life.

### YOU MUST COOK BY ELECTRICITY.

Any approved Electric Range may now be purchased from electrical retailers on the following EASY TERMS:

20% deposit. 2 years' terms.

Free installation (up to a cost of £6).

Users of Electric Ranges are supplied with ALL household electricity at a specially reduced rate.

## Cook by ELECTRICITY

The Electricity Department

Municipal Council of Sydney • • • Town Hall, Sydney EP-2



## OF COURSE YOU CAN MAKE Lady Betty Cake

Here is the recipe:

- |                   |                                       |
|-------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1 cup butter      | 3 teaspoons Aunt Mary's Baking Powder |
| 1 1/2 cups sugar  |                                       |
| 4 eggs            | 1 cup chopped walnuts                 |
| 2 1/2 cups flour  | 1 cup milk                            |
| 1/2 teaspoon salt | 3 oz. unsweetened chocolate melted.   |

Cream butter and sugar, add eggs, one at a time, beating well after each addition. Sift together flour, salt and baking powder; add nuts. Add to first mixture alternately with milk. Mix well. Add melted and cooled chocolate. Bake in well greased, deep round tin in moderate oven for about 1 1/2 hours. When cold, cover top and sides with icing, adding walnuts, almonds or crystallised cherries.

This quantity makes one 9-inch cake. For smaller cake use half the recipe and bake 50 minutes.



# AUNT MARY'S

CREAM OF TARTAR BAKING POWDER

### THIS IS IMPORTANT

More than 80 per cent. of food and health authorities are agreed that from a health point of view the best baking powder is "Cream of Tartar Baking Powder."

Aunt Mary's Baking Powder is a pure cream of tartar baking powder which for nearly sixty years has maintained the highest standard of quality and purity.

Ensure baking satisfaction—always use this high-grade leavener.

**Yes it is a Ladye Jayne**

YOU CAN TELL BY THE TAB

To retain the set and beauty of your waves, wear a Ladye Jayne Slumber Helmet, cut to a registered design. Fits perfectly and keeps waves firmly in position. Net 1/6. Lace 2/6. Art. 604 1/6. Manufacturers, Rainfords Ltd., 41 York St., Sydney.

*Beauty Sleep—EVERY NIGHT*

### "And So To Bed"

THE Independent Theatre Club has revived J. B. Pagan's amusing play about the famous diarist, Samuel Pepys, "And So To Bed."

A packed house attended the opening performance of the season at the Savoy last Saturday, and were duly amused by the capable acting of such excellent "amateurs" as Albert Collins, Samuel Pepys; Clarence Murphy, Charles II; John Stacy, Pelham Humfrey.

Norah Claxton made an attractive Mistress Knight, and Freda McGhee, as Mrs. Pepys, won the sympathy of the whole audience.—F. W. L. Esch.

The public meeting to be held under the auspices of the Women's Christian Temperance Union, at the Chapter House, January 31, at 5 p.m., to inaugurate an anti-cocktail campaign.

### Bermaline Loaves

THE reference in 'The Australian Women's Weekly' to the Bermaline malt loaf has brought the following comments from R. Orr and Sons, Hurstville.

"Bermaline bread enjoys at the present, and has done so over the past five years here, a very popular sale. Besides the city of Sydney and suburbs, the bread enjoys excellent patronage in Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth, Newcastle, and each of their respective suburbs, and in the United Kingdom, U.S.A., Canada, and other countries—huge sales are recorded."

"The process is an English patented one, having originated there over 50 years ago, and the bread has been manufactured without interruption ever since. Since the agency was obtained here in Sydney the manufacture in large quantities has also gone on without interruptions."

Messrs. R. Orr and Sons are the sole manufacturers in N.S.W. of "Bermaline" bread.



## BEFORE you SURF take this precaution!

Beaches—shower-baths—locker—rooms are teeming with the dreaded Tinea (Surfers' Foot) germ. Prevent infection by rubbing a little Tiger Salve into the danger spots—between the toes—under the arms—inside the ears—before you surf. Tiger Salve never fails! At all chemists and stores.

## TIGER SALVE 2!

## COCKROACHES CONTAMINATE

Filthy Cockroaches vile flies, mosquitos, fleas, bugs, ants and moths. All menace health or property; all should be killed, quickly, with genuine Fly-Tox. Refuse all substitutes.

## FLY-TOX



A NOVELTY in bias binding. LOOKING at the pretty sketch above, you'd never dream that bias binding could be utilised in such a fascinating way.

To-day, you can buy it in the loveliest shades—pastel blue to deep rich indigo; palest of greens to the brightest and darkest of greens, etc., also in the smartest of checks.

A linen or holland or crash cushion, carrying such a design as shown above in Berlet bias binding, would strike a happy, novel note.

Select your colors, tack them down in this fashion, and then—the machine does the rest for you!

## NEEDLEWORK NOTIONS, CONDUCTED BY EVE GYE

### A "Pyramid" Tea Cosy ... Showing an Unusual Border. Knit It in Colors to Harmonise With Your Tea Service.

THE cosy photographed here—which is an original design and exclusive to our readers—was worked in black, soft green, and white—a strikingly lovely combination.

Materials Required: 1 pair of No. 9 knitting needles; 3 ozs. of 4-ply green wool; 1 ball of 4-ply black wool; 1 ball of 4-ply white wool.

You will not require large quantities of either the black or white wool.

Abbreviations: K, knit; p, purl; tog.

together; g, green wool; bl, black wool; wh, white wool.

With the green wool cast on 90 stitches.

1st Row: Knit into the back of the stitches.

2nd Row: Purl.

3rd Row: K. 2 tog. bl. \* k. 5 tog. k. 1 bl. repeat from \* to within 6 stitches of end of row, k. 4, k. 2 tog. g.

4th Row: P. 1 bl. \* p. 3 g. p. 3 bl. repeat from \* to end, finishing p. 2 bl.

5th Row: K. 2 tog. k. 1 bl. \* k. 1 g. k. 5 bl. repeat from \* to end, finishing k. 2 tog. bl.

6th Row: Break off green wool, purl across in black.

7th Row: K. 2 tog. k. 3 bl. \* k. 1 wh. k. 5 bl. repeat from \* to end, finishing k. 2, k. 2 tog. bl.

8th Row: P. 2 bl. \* p. 3 wh. p. 3 bl. repeat from \* to end.

9th Row: K. 2 tog. bl. \* k. 5 wh. k. 1 bl. repeat from \* to within 6 stitches of end, k. 4, k. 2 tog. wh.

10th Row: Break off black wool, purl across in white.

11th Row: K. 2 tog. k. 1 wh. \* k. 1 bl. k. 5 wh. repeat from \* to within 2 stitches of end, k. 2 tog. bl.

12th Row: P. 2 bl. \* p. 3 wh. p. 3 bl. repeat from \* to end, finishing p. 1 wh.

13th Row: K. 2 tog. k. 3 bl. \* k. 1 wh. k. 5 bl. repeat from \* to end, finishing k. 1, k. 2 tog. bl.

14th Row: Break off white wool, purl across in black.

15th Row: K. 2 tog. bl. \* k. 1 g. k. 5 bl. repeat from \* to end, finishing k. 3, k. 2 tog. bl.



THE PYRAMID TEA-COSY makes an original and effective covering for the teapot. Knitted in soft green wool, with a smart black-and-white border.

16th Row: P. 3 bl. p. 3 g. repeat to end.

17th Row: K. 2 tog. k. 2 g. \* k. 1 bl. k. 5 g. repeat from \* to within 2 stitches of end, finishing k. 2 tog. bl.

18th Row: Break off black wool, purl across in green. Continue working in stocking stitch in the green wool, knitting 2 together at the beginning and end of each plain row, until only 2 stitches remain; cast these off.

Knit two more sections exactly the same as this first one.

Now knit three more triangular pieces, exactly like the first three, but without the black and white border, since these are for the lining. Be careful to knit 2 together at the beginning and end of every alternate row.

With a hot iron and a damp cloth, press the six sections on the wrong side.

You will now require a piece of canvas, buckram, or any other very stiff material. Cut of this cut three triangular pieces the same size as the sections of the tea cosy, and sew each of these respectively between one piece of the outside and one of the lining of tea-cosy. Finally sew the three resulting triangles together.



# SUCH Lovely

## WHITE TOWELS

THEY'RE Genuine Admiralty, as supplied to the British Government. So you can be sure they'll wear and wear. Fine large size, too—46 x 23 inches—and the thickly-woven kind that everyone likes to use.

FREE FOR 36 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS.

Sunlight's New Free Offer—  
Better Gifts Than Ever Before

FREE PILLOWCASE, TOO —  
LARGER SIZE, BETTER QUALITY.  
Best pillow cotton is used in this extra large Pillowcase, 31½ x 21 inches, hemstitched and prettily embroidered.  
FOR 27 SUNLIGHT WRAPPERS.



LARGE WHITE TOWEL—For 36 Sunlight Wrappers



EXTRA-LARGE PILLOWCASE—For 27 Sunlight Wrappers

### TEAR THIS OUT—NOW! How to get your FREE GIFT

Save 36 Sunlight Soap Wrappers for a Bath Towel or 27 for a Pillowcase. Cut off the required number of wrapper tops, the strips bearing the words "Sunlight Soap" (2 in each carton). Take these to: PARKES HOUSE, 6 HUNTER STREET, SYDNEY. If you cannot call or send someone for your gift, cut out this form, fill in the particulars and enclose with wrappers addressed to: "SUNLIGHT DEPARTMENT," LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED, BOX 4510V, G.P.O., SYDNEY. DO NOT ENCLOSE A LETTER.

FROM .....

ENCLOSED ..... WRAPPERS, SUNLIGHT SOAP

GIFT REQUIRED ..... BATH TOWEL ..... PILLOWCASE

(Cross out gift not required)

OFFER OPEN FOR LIMITED TIME ONLY



LEVER BROTHERS LIMITED

## SUNLIGHT

Lights Work . . . Whitens Clothes . . .

## SOAP

£1,000 Guarantee of Purity

With an  
**ELVY**  
**PIANO**  
...FOR ONLY  
**£2**  
DEPOSIT



## You Can Start Your Child on a Musical Education

What better way can a devoted parent make practical contribution to her children's development to happy manhood or womanhood than by the provision of a musical education?

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# For YOUNG WIVES & MOTHERS

Preventing Deafness  
in Children

By Mary Truby  
King

Daughter of Sir Truby  
King, the World-famous  
Authority on Baby Welfare.

The tragedy of deafness increases in proportion to the earliness in life at which it appears.

In the following article mothers are told of the precautions that can be taken to safeguard infants from the affection.

**D**EVELOPING in adolescence or later, the malady is less disastrous to the individual because he has by then learnt the English language pretty thoroughly and through force of habit will not lose the power of speech, even should he become stone deaf.

On the other hand, the toddler or young child who becomes so afflicted may turn into a deaf-mute unless the parents go to infinite trouble to teach the child daily while he still has some hearing by saying different words over and over close to his ear, at the same time showing him the objects or demonstrating the actions which the words represent.

Unless the little deaf-mute receives constant training and education he is liable to become violent and show very little self-control, thus becoming an increasing source of anxiety to his parents, and eventually a burden to the State.

In homes for the deaf and dumb, finger-falling and lip-reading are taught; the child learns to read by the Braille method, is given occupations and taught trades, and finally very often manages to become a self-reliant and self-supporting member of the community.

## Commonest Cause

**O**NE of the commonest causes of deafness is frequent colds. Indeed, it is claimed that 90 per cent. of deafness in children can be traced to the common cold.

The best way to prevent children catching cold is to keep their general bodily condition in as perfect a state as possible, summer and winter.

Insist on daily outdoor exercise, a daily cool sponging, plenty of fresh air in the bedrooms, and a diet of nourishing foods. Teach the children not to go near a person who coughs or sneezes, or shows signs of having a cold in the head.

Teach them also to keep their own hands well washed; not to bite their pens and pencils or "zip" them with their schoolmates; and not to use a handkerchief, drinking utensil, or towel belonging to someone else.

If a child comes home with wet feet

## COULD NOT KNIT FOR NEURITIS

If neuritis bothers you, deal with it as this woman dealt with hers—

"For years I was unable to knit," she writes, "owing to neuritis in my hands. Last year I started taking Kruschen, and now the knitting craze is on I can keep up with anyone. Already this year I have knitted about 12 pieces in all, including men's sweaters and ladies' fancy pillowcases, as well as several babies' articles. Naturally, I feel quite proud, and I owe it all to Kruschen. I have not felt in better health for years and will keep on taking Kruschen as long as I live." (Mrs.) A. S.

Neuritis is caused by deposits of needle-pointed, flint-hard uric acid crystals, which pierce the nerves and cause those stabbing pains. Kruschen breaks up these deposits of torturing crystals and convert them into a harmless solution, which is promptly removed through the natural channel—the kidneys. The six salts in Kruschen coax your kidneys back to healthy, normal action, so that not a particle of clogging waste matter remains unexpelled.

**FREE TO YOU!**  
Special purchase of entire mill output of the famous "Red Line" double dull silk stockings. All shades. This stocking is worth 5/- a pair. We offer it for three pairs for 3/-. Free Postage. Money-back guarantee. With 3 pairs we will include, absolutely free, a box of Genuine "La Poudre" Face Powder, worth 2/6. Don't miss this opportunity. This purchase will enable you also to a further free offer of a pair of silk Mittens. Mention "The Women's Weekly." Address only: The Salvage Stores (Reg.) 10 YORK STREET, SYDNEY.

and legs, take off his shoes and socks immediately and soak the feet in hot soapy water. Dry them thoroughly and put on dry clothing. If the child's body is cold, put on an extra garment.

If a cold appears, put the child to bed at once, giving a warm bath to open the pores, and keep him in bed for 24 hours if possible. Give plenty of warm water and fruit juices to drink. Keep the bowels well open, and consult a doctor if the cold is in any way severe or lasting.

Nasal inhalations may be given with benefit, and a mixture of vaseline and paraffin applied thinly to the mucous membrane of the nostrils.

The presence of adenoids in the nasopharynx also accounts for a great many cases of deafness, and the removal of these growths by operation is advised in order to lessen the risk of middle-ear trouble which frequently paves the way to permanent deafness. Removal of enlarged tonsils and adenoids also lessens the predisposition to colds.

The children of the poor suffer from ear trouble more than the children of the well-to-do because they are more subjected to scanty clothing, badly ventilated damp houses, and insufficient nourishment.

The abolition of our slums and the provision of playing areas for flat-dwellers should do much to lessen the unnecessary ill-health arising from our housing problem.

Cold has a very bad effect on the ear, such as the sudden entry of cold water when diving, or ice applied to the head in the region of the ears. One should be careful, also, when taking a cold bath or a cold shower not to let the water get into the ears.

Going out into a biting wind without a beret well drawn over the ears is also harmful. The result may be grave inflammation with impaired hearing.

In the foregoing circumstances the ears should be plugged with cotton wool, which has been soaked in fluid vaseline. When diving, wear a rubber cap in addition to plugging the ears.

## Don't Box Child's Ears

**P**EOPLE do a great deal of harm to ears by unskillful syringing. Syringing of the ear should not be undertaken by the uninitiated. Neither should one indiscriminately pour olive oil into the ear. Usually too much oil is used, some remains in the ear and may become rancid, thus acting (after a few days) as an irritant.

If there is an accumulation of wax in the ear, 20 drops of peroxide of hydrogen warmed to blood heat may be dropped into the ear from a pipette, and left in until the bubbling ceases. Sudden deafness is often due to this very simple cause.

**O**TH<sup>ER</sup> causes of deafness are hereditary deafness, deafness due to mental shock, physical shock, disordered nervous system, a blow on the head, worry, constant loud noises, and many other causes.

"Boxing the ears" may rupture the membrane, causing acute inflammation of the middle ear.

We hear a great deal about the effects of noise on the nervous system. Noise is definitely bad, also, for the ears. Disease of the ear can frequently be traced to sudden loud noises, such as the shriek of an engine. The blare of a wireless set turned on loudly, the sound of noisy toys (such as trumpets), and loud voices are all bad for the hearing. Children should learn to play their games without screaming.

Year by year more is being done for the deaf child. Muriel Segal, our London correspondent, tells us that when the Princess Royal opened the new Infants' Hospital in Westminster recently she was shown one of the most marvellous developments in scientific discoveries of the century. This is an electrical apparatus by means of which stone deaf babies may be made to hear.

The babies brought to this hospital would become deaf and dumb unless special steps were taken for their education. The toddlers' hearing is tested with amplified sounds, and for those who show no signs of being able to hear, this special instrument—the only one in Europe—is used.

Through vibration on the tips of the fingers what is being said to the toddlers is communicated to their brains.

**H**OST HOLBROOK says: For the unexpected guest a few tasty sandwiches can be quickly made with Holbrooks' Anchovy Paste.\*\*\*

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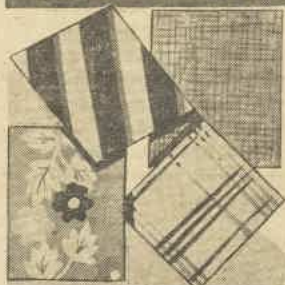
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# Modern Housewives don't serve dinner for Breakfast



THE fare at some breakfast tables would make a man-sized dinner! Heavy, cooked food which creates heat without energy, and overtaxes the digestive organs. No wonder such a meal leaves men and women feeling half-asleep in mid-morning—no wonder children aren't up to their best in school!

The day should start in the modern way—with light, easily-digested food that is full of nutriment and quickly converted into physical and mental energy. Kellogg's Corn Flakes provide such nutriment and energy. They make the perfect modern breakfast suited to our life and semi-tropical climate. And their delicious flavour is popular with young and old alike. Order some to-day!

## Read this

Kellogg's will solve your breakfast problem. There's a Kellogg food for every taste. Try them all—Kellogg's Corn Flakes, Rice Bubbles, Whole Wheat Biscuits, Kellogg's Wheat Flakes, and Kellogg's All-Bran, the health cereal and natural cure for constipation.



# Kellogg's CORN FLAKES

EAT A KELLOGG BREAKFAST—You'll feel better!



IT'S NOT OFTEN one sees such a picturesque effort as this rustic combination—fountain and rockery. And it was designed and carried out by an amateur gardener. If you look carefully into the picture you will discover all sorts of interesting figures—dogs' heads, gargoyles (see the rim around the pond), while growing in the most artistically natural profusion among the unconventionally placed rocks are all manner of rock plants.

## Cultivate the Glorious Cineraria Freely

For It Brings the Most Brilliant Colors—Deep Blues, Rich Royal Purples, and Glowing Reds... Says THE OLD GARDENER.

THE cineraria is an annual that is growing in popularity every year. It is such a beautiful flower, and by reason of its brilliant hues is particularly effective massed together in bed and border. The Old Gardener here gives you help in growing it. He advises growing from seed, and pricking into boxes or seed beds.

WELL, here I am again, visiting once more my gardening friends, and what a host of friends I have made in this last year!

I must tell you about a wonderful old garden I saw yesterday. It is well over a hundred years old. I saw rose-bushes fifty and sixty years old still producing wonderful flowers. I saw shrubs and trees that are approaching their century; quince trees fully a hundred years old and still bearing. It just shows you what care can do.

But come, let us go to the nursery and see how the seed-beds are progressing. Here we are—yes, they are doing well. Just keep them moist, not too wet, and when the plants begin to get their third leaf then is the time to prick them out into boxes.

If good-boxes cannot be had (and there are many people who cannot afford to buy boxes or even timber to make them) then just make up little beds and prick the plants from the frames into these beds, spacing them about two inches each way. Then, when transplanting time arrives, give these seedling-beds a thorough watering about half an hour before you commence transplanting.

Next, lift them one by one with a small gardening-trowel on to a tray made from several short boards nailed together. By this method you will find that sufficient soil will adhere to the roots without any check whatever in the transplanting, and the flat tray or board is ideal to carry them to the various beds in the garden.

I notice your cinerarias are beginning to peep through. Keep them moist, and place a little shade over them.

The cineraria in England is looked upon as a perennial, and is divided up from the old roots year after year, but in Australia it is much better to treat them as annuals. So we sow the seed each year, and, being so easily grown, a splendid early spring display is always assured.

## When to Sow

FEBRUARY and March are the main sowing times, although in well-sheltered spots even the end of December and all through January sowing can frequently be made. April is looked upon as the right time for transplanting.

The cineraria is a plant of rapid growth. It should have plenty of water and requires a generous amount of plant

food; it does not grow well in extreme heat nor in extreme cold. Frosts are fatal, so in cold districts plant it facing the north or north-east with a southerly protection.

When transplanting, don't be afraid to manure well; they cannot have too rich a bed. Careful cultivation and plenty of water, and you will not be disappointed, for they will give fine plants.

## Beds and Borders

WHEN transplanting into beds, space them from eighteen inches to two feet apart—so that the foliage of one will touch the other. A well-planted cineraria bed will be a mass of foliage and flowers, and no portion of the bed itself should be visible.

A week or two after transplanting, dust with bone dust and superphosphate. Work lightly into the soil, then water well. That is all that is required.

From the very beginning the aim of the grower should be to have the plants as robust as possible. Healthy plants mean success, because the stronger and the more robust and healthy a plant grows the greater the chance of combating any disease that may follow.

## Potted Beauty

CINERARIAS make wonderful pot-plants. So those of you in the city, living in flats and cramped areas, can also have a spring display. There is always one corner of the home where a sunny, sheltered spot can be found ideal for a few plants.

Pots, tins, wooden boxes, tubs, or casks can all be used to cultivate them.

Even in the cold climates and extremely hot places cinerarias could be cultivated in this manner, because they can be lifted from one place to another into suitable positions.

It is well known that insect enemies prey on the cinerarias, and mildew is more common in some years than others. A dusting with sulphur over the plant and on the soil will help to keep mildew in check. Also spraying with lime-sulphur occasionally, say, once every few weeks.

Leaf miners also are often troublesome, both in bush-house and garden. Spray well with nicotine (black leaf 40). It is a sure remedy. Just follow the directions given with it.

Well, I must be off again. I have lots to do to-day. So I'll see you next week.



To have and to hold...

## THE BODY BEAUTIFUL

That LETTUCE LOOK...  
Cool, Fresh, Immaculate!

REMEMBER . . . the Smartest Ensemble, the Loveliest Figure and Features can never, never Compensate for Personal Slackness!

ONCE heard it said that cleanliness is next to loveliness. As we full well know, we aren't all born beautiful, or even pretty, but cleanliness, good grooming, is within reach of every single one of us. It does not cost much in hard cash—just the pains to make yourself immaculate, fresh, a delight to the senses.

FEBRUARY is generally considered to be the hottest, "muggiest" month in the year. Even if it rains, clothes seem to get "sticky" and perspiration oozes through the powder.

As I have said before, at least one bath a day is necessary to good grooming—two a day in very hot weather. Or, if you prefer it, a shower.

With regard to excessive perspiration from which many suffer during the hot weather, frequent soapy baths are the first safeguard against any unpleasant odor. And I suggest that you use a deodorant as an ultimate protection against the possibility of perspiration odor.

Some women mistakenly think that they do not need to use a deodorant. But it is a fact that other people sense an odor on you long before you yourself are conscious of it. Don't take that risk!

Be on guard always against perspiration staining your dresses. You cannot hope to appear ethereally feminine if you permit yourself to be betrayed by such proof of earthly carelessness!

Use a deodorant under your arms, or wear dress-shields—and wash them

By  
Evelyn

JUST this glimpse of Gail Patrick, lovely Paramount player, convinces one of her immaculate grooming—the, indeed, hat "lettuce" look.



every day or two to keep them free from odor.

Remember, your belongings take up odors amazingly and retain them to the point of staleness unless you are constantly watchful of their cleanliness.

Change to clean underwear and stockings daily. It is important to have these garments which are in contact with your skin washed after every wearing.

Washable frocks of cotton and linen, and tub frocks of silk, are comparatively easy to keep free from perspiration odor.

But chiffons and georgettes and the delicately-printed silks you must dry-clean regularly.

Dresses and coats should not be hung away in the wardrobe until they have been thoroughly aired after wearing. Wash gloves, scarves, summer collars and cuffs often.

Let each pair of shoes air thoroughly

for a day after wearing them. And before putting on your stockings each morning sprinkle talc powder into the feet. That pleasant little act will add to your comfort.

## Shining Glory

A HEAD of hair that shines with cleanliness and pampering contributes greatly to your atmosphere of being well groomed.

Many women avoid brushing their hair in order to preserve the waves.

But this is false economy. For without regular brushing the hair gets so dingy and dull-looking that even the most sculptured waves cannot make it look lovely.

The gloss and brilliant highlights that come from faithful brushing and care of the hair are much more becoming than the most expensive waves.

Consistent brushing makes your hair look healthy and vital and clean—characteristics which men admire greatly in women.



MINUTE ATTENTION to detail in personal grooming may seem bothersome. But visualize the being who will emerge from these little ceremonies. She, like the lovely "lady of the picture," will be delicately cooled and fragrant, dressed in spotless clothes, hair sweet and shining, skin faintly powdered, teeth gleaming whitely. . . She will radiate an atmosphere of freshness—a refreshing delight to all who meet her. . . And that "being" can be you!

Hair catches dust. It retains the perspiration and oils secreted by the scalp. In other words, it gets dirty rather easily and consistently.

The moisture and warmth of the scalp are conducive to the growth of bacteria. Oily hair, particularly, gets a heavy, unclean odor that is distasteful and is quickly detected by others—unthinkable on a well-groomed woman.

Frequent shampooes are necessary, therefore, in addition to consistent brushing to keep your hair glamorous and gleaming.

In fact, you should shampoo your hair as often as your hairbrush shows that your hair is dusty or grimed. Every week for oily hair, and every two or three weeks for dry hair.

And, in the same way, here I must remind you that to be really well groomed your complexion must surely

look as though it were washed with soap, tonicked, powdered, "fresh every hour."

## Internal Cleanliness

GOOD grooming is as essential inside as out. Unpleasant breath will lose you more charm than anything else.

The least hint of a coated tongue or languid headache in the morning should warn you of the need to clear your system of poisons.

Drink water freely—eight to ten glasses a day. Drink orange juice, lemon juice, or tomato juice; eat generously of the fruits, salads, vegetables, and cereals.

Use an antiseptic as a gargle and mouth wash to keep your mouth fragrantly clean.

Good teeth are necessary to good grooming, too. So brush your teeth night and morning with a good brush, and use reliable toothpaste or powder.

## ...WHAT MY PATIENTS ASK ME

PATIENT: Is rheumatism an all-embracing term for pains and aches in the joints and muscles, or is it a definite complaint? I would like in particular some information on what is termed muscular rheumatism.

THE term muscular rheumatism embraces several conditions which are characterised by pain in a muscle or group of muscles.

A stiff neck is a kind of muscular rheumatism. So is lumbago, as well as so-called "pleurodynia" or an affection of the muscles between the ribs. It is really questionable whether the inflammation in muscular rheumatism is in the muscle itself, or whether the sensory nerve, or nerve of feeling and sensation, which runs to the muscle, is involved.

At any rate, such rheumatism-like pains are fairly common, and they can be so severe as to confine a patient to bed for days on end. Exposure to cold may start an attack. Men are more prone to the disease than women.

Often, after a strenuous tennis match or game of golf, when the individual is perspiring freely, and is then exposed to a draught, pain will suddenly develop—and to a severe form.

Chilling of any kind, such as sitting by an open window, exposing the arm or back during sleep, may cause the condition.

The pain is the worst part. It may be dull and aching; it may be severely knifelike; it may be like a cramp.

A characteristic feature about the pain is that it grows less when pressure is exerted upon the painful part, although this is not a constant feature.

IN lumbago the pain is in the muscles of the loins. It usually appears quite suddenly. When it is so severe that the patient must go to bed, it often occurs that he is unable to move without excruciating pain.

In muscular rheumatism of the stiff-neck variety the head is held awkwardly and rigidly. In order to turn the head the patient must



BY A DOCTOR

turn the whole body. This is done to spare himself the pain, which may be very severe and may even affect the muscles of the back.

The pain is, generally speaking, the most torturing in cases where the muscles of the ribs are involved.

Here the sufferer is afraid to breathe. Usually, in this case, strange to say, pressure aggravates the pain.

When a cough happens to complicate the condition, the suffering may be real agony.

Persons with this affection often think they have pleurisy.

MUSCULAR rheumatism may be found in other muscles of the body besides those mentioned. It may occur in the extremities and in the abdominal muscles.

For "pleurodynia," strapping of the chest, so as to lessen the excursion of the ribs in breathing, is often beneficial. In any case of muscular rheumatism the part should be left at rest. Probably more porous plasters are used for various forms of muscular rheumatism than for anything else.

Sometimes certain forms of electricity bring relief. A certain remedy may help in one case and not in another.

Those who have had one attack of the malady, no matter where its location, are likely to have another of the same kind.

Such persons, therefore, should avoid exposure and wear warm, protective clothing. Cold, damp places seem to predispose to repeated attacks.

There is nothing dangerous about muscular rheumatism, but it is one of nature's most annoying troubles.

## The TECHNIQUE of Effective Make-up

by Kathleen Court

To-day the dominating idea in make-up is the logical one of having all your beauty aids harmonising. The old hazardous idea of using this make of face cream, with that make of powder, a third brand of lipstick, and still another rouge has caused much of the criticism that has been levelled against the otherwise perfectly proper and desirable efforts of women to make the most of their appearance.

## Women Above Criticism . .

If her appearance is faultless, a woman is not open to criticism. Here is a simple method of faultless day-time make-up . . . a method which, if followed to the letter, cannot fail to bring about results that all must say are perfect . . .

First remove all trace of deep-seated impurities from the pore-depths by using Facial Youth-Cleansing Cream. Wipe off. Now apply a little Facial Youth Day Cream, following with Golden Youth Powder. Finish with Rose Petal Rouge, and a lick of one of the Kathleen Court Lipsticks. If your lashes and brows are too light, darken them perfectly by using my Eyelash and Brow Cosmetic. The entire cost is about 10/-, the lowest price at which you could obtain a complete effective beauty kit anywhere in the World. And you will find the results more than just effective—they'll be marvellous—if you can avoid the temptation to mix one or two articles from the list "as we are up what you've got!"

★ Any high-class Beauty Counter can supply you. Overseas and Country purchasers may post their orders to the nearest address below:

kathleen court (England), Ltd., 324-326, Regent St., London, or Kathleen Court, Australia, 100, Sydney, or at R.M.P. Chambers, Wellington, N.Z., or at 44, Van Welligh Street, Johannesburg, South Africa.

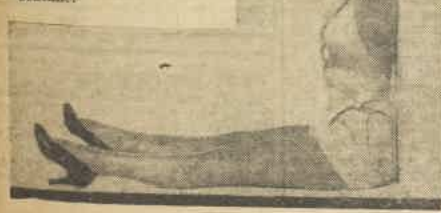


## ★ For Your HAIR

You know soap often hurts the hair. And it has to be well rinsed out. Rinsing water leaves lime, chalk, etc., to make the hair dull and brittle. My new SOAPLESS Shampoo ends all this. Makes your hair softer than silk! Cleanses like soap. Makes hair be even soft water silky soft in waves, etc.

## EXERCISE FOR BEAUTY

WATCH your waistline, and take a tip from Frances Drake, Paramount player, that exercise of the simplest type is the best way to keep it trim. Sit against the wall with the legs outstretched in front of you. The arms go up over the head, then on a single count bend until the single-finger tips touch the floor between the knees. Twenty-five of these every night at bedtime!







## GUARD YOUR BEAUTY

A lovely complexion is usually the result of keeping the body free of poisons—of keeping internally clean by daily elimination of food waste.

Common skin troubles, doctors say, are mostly caused by one thing only—sluggish motions. If you have a bad bowel and suffer from a dull, blotchy, pimply skin and a ruddy complexion—then you need a mild and gentle laxative to expel the poisonous food waste from the intestines.

**CHAMBERLAIN'S TABLETS**  
FOR THE STOMACH & LIVER



TAKE half a teaspoonful of Syrupate of Soda in water every morning. Then a VINCENT'S A.P.C. Tablet or Powder twice or three times a day.

Genuine VINCENT'S A.P.C. is prepared on the scientific formula used in Australia's largest hospitals. 12 for 1/6, 24 for 2/6.

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or direct from Vincent  
Chemical Co., Sydney.

**VINCENT'S A.P.C.**  
FOR SAFETY'S SAKE, SAY "VINCENT'S"

## BABY'S FOOD WILL NOURISH GRANNY TOO!

The same perfectly-balanced food which provides ample nourishment in an easily digestible form for baby will also give new strength and vitality to invalids and old people. Recommended by doctors.

**Neave's Food**  
On sale everywhere.

## LET STEELO

MAKE YOUR POTS & PANS LIKE NEW

With less rubbing it thoroughly cleans aluminium and polishes it at the same time. Steelo is good, too, for bathtubs, sinks and for cleaning gas stoves. You get a weekly supply... 5 pence and special soap... for 1d.



## DRINK HABIT CONQUERED

SECRETLY or voluntarily. Happiness restored to homes made miserable through liquor. 99 TEA-ING SUCCESSES all over Australia. Get full Testimonials from hundreds of users of EUCRASY. SPEEDY, safe, and NOT COSTLY. A boon to wives, mothers, and drinkers who want to be sober. Write for FREE SAMPLE Booklet. Testimonials.

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297 ELIZABETH STREET, SYDNEY.

# IN ANOTHER Woman's PLACE

Continued from Page 30

"You understand, Nancy? You realise that my only thought was of you, your happiness, my dear?"

The whisper, the trembling old lips stirred Ann to sudden pity. All at once she slid to her knees and put her arms about the frail shoulders.

"You're not to worry another moment," was all she said; but her eyes were full of tears, her chin quivering.

"My own dear Nancy!" And then "This girl has made me happy, Carey!"

And there was Carey Trent, chuckling, scolding.

"WHAT are all the fireworks about? Can't I turn my back but you begin weeping all over each other?"

He pulled Ann to her feet and kept one arm about her shoulders. She could see that his eyes were very soft.

"Your lunch is waiting, Nancy," he said.

But Ann knew in her heart that his eyes said far more than that. There was incredulity, gratitude, and something else she could not name in the face so near her own.

"Come and kiss your old auntie, you two," came the whispered command from the bed. "You've made me very happy this day!" Her eyes caressed the two faces that bent down—so so sternly dark, the other so shining fair.

"And you know I'd willingly die to make you happy, my dears."

At the door of his wife's bedroom Trent said to Ann:

"You see that I cannot leave town while Aunt Celia's like this. And if I'm in town I must be here at the house. Our plan—the separation—must wait."

"Yes, I see that," Ann admitted slowly, carefully. "But there's no change really? We are—we aren't?"

"No, no change." He did not look at her, but she felt the blood coming up into her cheeks as he gave her this grave reassurance. "For Aunt Celia's sake we are to pretend to love each other for just a little while longer. Just play that we're good friends, you know."

"Yes, I know."

"It's settled then? Very good."

He went quickly down the stairs. Ann heard his voice—heard the door close. He had gone.

AFTER that Ann made no attempt to escape from the Trent house. She wore Nancy Trent's exquisite tea-gown, brushed her hair with Nancy Trent's gold-backed brushes, slept in Nancy Trent's canopied French bed—and accepted the make-believe devotion of Nancy Trent's husband.

She had been thrust willy-nilly into this incredibly complex situation; she remained in it of her own free will. And deliberately planned to remain in it for an indefinite time. As long as the little old lady needed her; as long as she could shield the two Trents from the knowledge of Nancy Trent's unworthiness. And part of her planning—the very first part—consisted in tabulating the facts and impressions gathered here in Nancy Trent's house.

It was a beautiful house, she could see that; old enough to be interesting as well as handsome, and its furnishings were exquisite. The high, spacious rooms were dignified and homelike.

But there was no happiness in this lovely house; only jealousy, suspicion, deceit. Nancy Trent had lost her husband's confidence and love in her mad pursuit of pleasure; she had wilfully thrown away the affection of Carey Trent's little old bed-ridden aunt as a thing of no value; and finally, she had deserted home and husband.

Ann studied her own face in the mirror. Did she look like a woman who could do such a thing? Of course she did—since she was Nancy Trent's double. Line for line, tint for tint, the face in the mirror and the face in the silver locket were alike. Strange—

Some day, perhaps, she would come creeping back, Nancy Trent; some night she would slip into the mauve-and-green-and-silver room—and find it occupied. Ann could see the consternation on Nancy Trent's face then; the amazement. Perhaps Nancy would have fears for her own sanity then.

"And who are you?" Ann would say to her; and pretend not to believe her asseverations. "How can this be your house?"

Of course she would have to yield at last; would have to give way before Nancy Trent's claims; but not until she had had her say.

"You fool! You gave up all this rather than stay away from a wild party or two?"

And what if Nancy never came back—what then?

HORST HOLTHROOP says: My Anchovy Paste is made from Italian Capers Anchovies. It makes dainty sandwiches and savories.

But she would come back. Ann felt it in her bones that she and Nancy should one day face each other in Nancy's beautiful house.

How she hated Nancy Trent!

But she wore Nancy's green chiffon negligee with Nancy's white lace house-coat; wore Nancy's frivolous pumps, her featherweight stockings, her silken underthings. Nancy's new evening wrap of white velvet and fur became her marvelously, she found, when she tried it on; the picture she made in Nancy's black satin pyjamas delighted her through and through.

Miss Trent did not improve steadily; there were setbacks, relapses; but she rallied after each of these with astonishing recuperative power. The doctor was non-committal, however; he made no promises concerning his patient's recovery.

When she was at her best her only need was "Nancy's" presence; she was content to lie quietly, holding "her girl's" hand. But when her bad turns came she wanted both her dear ones beside her. Ann would go flying down the hall to summon Carey.

"She wants you. She's choking. Oh, I'm afraid she's dying!"

"Steady! Be there in a moment!" he would answer, appearing wide-awake and tousle-headed at the door of his old bachelor-suite. "Tell her I'm coming."

Through more than one night they sat, silently watchful; waiting for the release of the soul from that writhing, tormented body, only to see new strength return with the sunrise. Ann bore these vigils better than Carey did.

To kneel there hour after hour beside that panting, struggling form, with Carey's reassuringly quiet and steady figure in the big chair near at hand, to hear his grave, "Better now" or "This can't last" in her ear; to have his strong arm pull her to her feet in the eerie greyness of the spreading dawn—all this was strangely sweet.

The man, however, had less and less endurance for such scenes. His voice had a harsh break in it; lines cut deep paths about his grave mouth; misery smouldered in his eyes.

ONE morning—a drizzly, sweet-smelling spring morning—when the light had come stealing reluctantly in at the windows and the sun had remained hidden behind tumbling black clouds, Carey Trent's patience broke.

Outside his aunt's door Ann had turned with a sleepy yawn towards her own room and some much-needed rest.

"Well, she's easy for a few hours," she said in deep relief. "Strange how these smothering attacks come on in the night and go away with the dawn!"

"That's asthma," he reminded her. Then lashed out bitterly: "What's the good of all this—our nursing her back to life, only to kill her finally? Our separation will finish her, Nancy; you know it will."

"Perhaps not. Perhaps—if we're very careful."

"She just can't stand it!" He had turned away, but he came back again to her. "And I—I can't stand it either!"

She felt as though she couldn't stand much more herself. The long nights—five of these unreal, enchanted nights had slipped by; the days—when she lived in a sweat of fearful uncertainty, expecting she knew not what—exposure, denunciation, ejection—the days and nights were wearing her down.

"We can't hurt her," she said stupidly, pressing cold finger-tips against the wall for steadiness. "Aunt Celia must be spared any shock."

"No, Nancy; not for Aunt Celia's sake; not to spare her. But for me—for us—let's try, again! We loved each other once, I'd swear we did. You know we did. And lately—these few days auntie's been ill—why, all our disagreements and meannesses towards each other seemed to fade away. Let's just give ourselves a chance. Nancy."

"No, no!" Her breath caught. "Let's not talk about that again. It's been settled."

"Yes—but look here—" He stood before her hand, thrust deep into his pockets, scowling down into her winning face. "Look here, I mean we could love each other again! Last night, to-night, with you so sweet there—oh, I realised that you are the same girl I was so crazy about! The very same girl who walked into Uncle Joe's office one Saturday to take a job—and walked out the next Saturday to take a honeymoon. With me! We're the same, Nancy! Our love hasn't been killed by quarrelling. Mine hasn't. Come along with me to this new job, and when we come back in the autumn all this fighting will have been forgotten. We'll try harder—I'll try."

Please turn to Page 37

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# IN Another WOMAN'S PLACE

Continued from Page 36



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"No, no—"  
"Nancy, listen. I've been unkind and fault-finding. I've wanted you to stay exactly as you were—just my little Nancy. I see that I was wrong. You had a right to your rouge and lipstick and cigarettes—"

"And flirtations?" she glibed, every nerve a-jangle, her endurance just about gone. Oh, he was making it unbelievably hard for her, unbearably difficult. She couldn't stand much more.

"No!" His voice was hoarse. His dark face was tense and grey in the dim light. "Don't talk to me like that, Nancy. I'll not have it. After all we've been to each other—why just think, Nancy—"

"No—no!"

She couldn't bear any more. She turned to Nancy Trent's door, and found that she was rocking a little, as though the floor were a rocking boat. Ah, let the boat sink.

She lay on the bed for a while, but she did not sleep. There was too much turmoil and stress in her brain for sleep to come near her. She wanted to think. And thinking is not easy when one's heart is broken squarely in two. Pain muddles one's thoughts strangely. Why not—why not—why not?

She had but to put out her hand, to nod her head—and Carey Trent was hers. These two rings would slip upon her finger. Other rings, other jewels, if she wanted them. Furs and velvets and silver shoes. Leisure, and travel, and luxury—

They need never come back here. Just walk out together.

Together!

It was not the jewels and furs and fine hotels that tempted her. She knew it. She loved Carey Trent with all her heart and soul. Why not put out her hand and take him? It was the easiest thing in the world to do.

In a few days, a week perhaps, if Aunt Celia continued to improve, she would be upon a northbound train. With Carey Trent. Their names would be written upon a hotel register: "Mr. and Mrs. Carey Trent." A page boy would carry their bags upstairs.

She would be Nancy Trent then. Carey would call her Nancy, always Nancy. Oh, to be free of the dominion of Nancy's house and identity and name.

SHE had just pulled the little grey hat down over her hair and was fastening the suede belt of the grey coat when her summons came. Mr. Trent wished to speak with her in the library, if she'd be so kind. There was someone who wished to see Mrs. Trent, please.

Well, this was the end, of course. She had lingered a little—just a little—too long. They'd never believe, those two Trents, waiting there in the library, for, of course, Nancy Trent had come home—they'd never believe that she had meant to go, was dressed to go, was actually on her way. They'd never believe that.

She bade wordless good-bye to the beautiful house as she descended the stairs. Order and shining dustlessness everywhere now. Clear sunlight falling through filmy curtains, across soft fine rugs. Brighter sunlight outside, falling across beds of spring flowers and well-swept paths. Inside, harmony and color. Outside, beauty and space—all belonging to Nancy Trent. House, gardens—all were Nancy Trent's.

There were two men in the library, Carey Trent and another, a fair, boyish-looking man who seemed ill at ease and nervous. Both men were uncomfortable, Ann saw. Carey was pale as he came forward. The other man was red.

"Vincent came to say good-bye," Trent said. "He is going away."

"Nancy knows that," the younger man stammered, flushing a still more fiery red. "She knows I'm going."

Vincent Hughes. This was Nancy's lover—this slender youth. Ann's jaw dropped in absolute amazement. Carey Trent feared this youngster as a rival? Impossible! "You are going away?" She came up to where they stood. "You are leaving to-day?"

"Yes, to-night," Hughes replied. He turned back to Trent. "It was all my fault really. I mean, I begged her to see me before I left. I was going to my grandfather in Cornwall about—a job out in Canada. She—she was just saying good-bye to me when that car hit mine." He faced Ann unhappily. "I didn't know you were hurt. I took the train and never knew until Babette told me to-day that you were brought home unconscious—and that there was the dickens to pay."

"You didn't know?" Trent repeated incredulously. "You thought she was unhurt?"

"Well, you see," the boy said eagerly. "I was nearly knocked silly myself. By the time I came to my senses, Nancy—well, somebody had taken her home. A taxi, wasn't it? So I put my hat in the

garage and went for my train—you see?"  
"Yes, I see," said Carey Trent. "And you're going away now? To-night?"  
"Yes, I—I'm sorry if I've caused you two any trouble. Babette said the accident and—all—might—"  
To Ann's horror, he seemed on the verge of tears. "You know, Nancy, I'd give my right arm to save you any bother. I'm going to Canada because you told me to go. You said you were sorry you ever saw me—that you wished you could blot out this whole silly, jazz-mad year. Well, I'll be blotted out and gone! Good-bye, Nancy!"

ANN stood as if frozen, her face suddenly white as paper. She tried to make answer as Vincent Hughes took her hand; tried to break through the nightmare that bound her senses, her body, her tongue.

Who had said that? Who had wished with all her soul to blot out a jazz-mad year? Who—Ann Lamar or—Nancy Trent?

The faint jar of the closing door as Vincent Hughes went out seemed to loosen her tight throat. Her groping hand found Trent's arm and closed on it.

"Carey!" she tried to call to him through the muffling darkness that was closing over her. "Carey, I am your wife!"

It was really but a moment later that she opened her eyes. She was in a big, deep chair; Carey Trent knelt beside her, holding a glass of water to her lips.

"Better?"  
She pushed the glass away. "Funny I never noticed—"  
Her gaze went past his shoulder to the big calendar above his desk. "It's 1935. It's a year—just a year—"

"Since we married," Carey finished. "Don't try to think, not yet. Makes you dizzy, eh? You fainted, you know."

"Yes, I know. Strange I never noticed the date! Just a year—"

A year since Ann Lamar went to work for Carey Trent's "Uncle Joe"

Russell; a year since that whirlwind courtship that had swept the dignified young secretary off her feet and into Carey Trent's adoring arms. "Nancy I'll call you, you sweet, prim thing!" And Nancy it was.

Then—that other whirlwind that had caught her up—society. Gaieties such as she had never tasted; ease, lovely clothes, money to spend, admiration; noisy parties; reckless, jazz-mad associates.

And after that—bitter disillusionment and hatred of Babette's gang; humiliation over Carey's unfounded jealousy, regret for Vincent Hughes' infatuation—  
From the depths of her chagrined heart she had cried out her wish to blot out the whole silly year. And had got her wish when Vincent's car crashed into another.

Carey, still kneeling, gathered her into his arms.

"I've been a fool, Nancy, to think I'd ever let you go. You are my wife—my own. Some wicked enchantment has been over us for a while, but now I have you back in my arms—and I'll never let you go!"

"But let me tell you—"  
How to tell him that she had forgotten the tremendous thing their love had been—that the memory of their happiness, as well as their unhappiness, had slipped from her mind for a strange interval? How to tell him that she had fallen in love with him anew; loved him now as she never had before?

"Let me tell you the queer thing that happened to me, Carey," she said, her lips moving against his tossed, black hair. "Let me explain how that accident changed me—"

"Don't try to explain a miracle. I know you're sweeter—but I don't care why! To-morrow you may analyse to your heart's content; you've got the rest of your life to tell me why and what for—but now, Nancy—just love me!" He lifted his head enough to give her a reproachful glance. "You do love me?"

She bent her lips to his. "Love you now—and always!"

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First prize of £1 to Mrs. Fleming, Eek, Brisbane Valley Line, Qld.

### BRAIN FRITTERS

One or two sets of sheep or calf brains (brains are easy to skin under running water from the tap), 1 cup S.R. flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 to 2 cup equal parts of water and milk, 1 egg (yolk and white separated), 1 teaspoonful of hot fat.

Cook the brains by dropping them into boiling salted water and simmering for five minutes. Drain them and allow to cool, and later cut them into pieces the size of walnut. Drop into prepared batter, then into boiling fat. Brown both sides. Then dish them on to brown paper to drain before serving with lemon (served).

To Prepare Batter: Stir the yolk of egg into the flour and salt, then beat in the milk and water (add a little more if too thick) and 1 spoonful of hot fat, and carefully stir in the whipped white of egg (must be whipped until quite stiff). Any type of fritters are best fried in lard, but clarified dripping will do. Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Winifred E. Harris, 5 Leileena Flats, George and Fairlight Sts., Manly, N.S.W.

### GOLDEN TOAST

Toast and butter some bread and cut into six slices. Boil two eggs hard and chop the whites, seasoning with pepper and salt. Make a nice thick white sauce and stir the chopped whites into it. Spread a thin layer of anchovy paste over the buttered toast, cover with the white mixture, and grate the hard-boiled yolks thickly over each square. Serve very hot.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to E. M. Redpath, Box 15, Port Augusta, S.A.

### ORANGE PINEAPPLE CAKE

One-third cup of butter, 1 small cup castor sugar, 2 eggs, grated rind of 1 orange, 2 cups plain flour, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, pinch of salt, 2/3rd cup of milk, 1 cup of chopped pineapple. Cream the butter, add the sugar (creaming well), beat in the egg-yolks one at a time, then grate orange rind, with flour sifted with baking powder and salt, alternately with the milk. Add the chopped pineapple and stiffly-beaten egg-whites. Bake in two well-greased heart-shaped cake tins or two sandwich tins in a moderate oven 25 to 30 minutes.

When cold, put together with the following filling. Mix together 3 tablespoonfuls of cornflour, 1 cup sugar, and blend with 2 cup of water. Add 1 cup of orange juice, 1 tablespoonful lemon juice, and cook in double saucepan, stirring constantly until mixture thickens. Add the beaten yolk of 1 egg, 2 tablespoonfuls butter, 6 pieces of candied pineapple chopped small. Cook another 3 minutes, and when cool spread between layers of the cake given above. Ice with plain orange-flavored water icing and decorate with chips of candied orange peel.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. G. McGinley, Warwick, Qld.

### PLUM MOULD

Select dark plums and allow one cup each of water and sugar to each dozen plums. Stew gently until very soft. After removing the crust, line a basin with thin white bread, pour in the plums and half the syrup, dip some pieces of bread in water and press on plums, then pour on remainder of syrup, press down and leave overnight, then place on the ice. Serve with cream or custard.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. Shrubbs, Ruskin St., Byron Bay, N.S.W.

### LEMON PIE

One grated lemon, 1 cup bread-crumbs, 1 cup butter, 2 eggs, 1 cup water, 1 cup sugar.

Grate the lemon and add to it the

"KATARRO" will cure Catarrh. Many sufferers testify to this wonderful remedy. Send 5/6 for six weeks' treatment. C. Hobbs, 114 Hunter St., Sydney.\*\*\*

breadcrumbs. Put the sugar into another basin and rub the butter into it, then mix in the bread and lemon. Put the yolks of 2 eggs into a cup and beat up with the water. Pour this on the dry ingredients. Squeeze the juice from the lemon and mix up. Line a pie-dish or plate with pastry and put in the mixture. Beat up the egg-whites with a little sugar, and when pie is almost baked put on top and return to the oven to brown slightly.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Kirkwood, Hampton St., Middle Brighton, Vic.

### DELICIOUS STRAWBERRY AND RHUBARB JAM

To every 1 lb. of strawberries allow 1 lb. rhubarb, 11 lb. sugar.

Wash and cut up the rhubarb, put it with the strawberries, and cover with half of the sugar and let it stand all night. Next day put into pan with rest of sugar and boil until it sets, about 1 of an hour. The second crop of strawberries is best for jam.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. Stenhouse, 20 Macgowan Ave., Glenhuntly, SE9, Vic.

### SAVORY MUFFINS

Two tablespoonfuls self-raising flour, 2 tablespoonfuls fresh breadcrumbs, 1/2 teaspoon chopped parsley.

Mix with enough milk to make a stiff dough. Fold in 1 well-beaten egg, then add 2 tablespoonfuls minced smoked ham and 1 cut-up cooked potato. If the mixture is too thick, add a little more milk, but it must not be thin. Drop in tablespoonfuls into deep fat, and fry till golden brown. Drain, pile on a hot dish and surround with cooked green peas. Serve very hot. This makes about a dozen muffins.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss M. Mason, 51 Rivers St., Bellevue Hill, N.S.W.

### CURRIED ON TONGUE

After cooking and pressing an ox tongue, cut it into pieces about 1 1/2 inches square. Slice 3 small onions, 1 apple, and 1 tomato in a stewpan with 1/2 cup butter, and simmer slowly with the lid on until tender.

without allowing them to brown. Mix 1 dessertspoon of curry powder smoothly with 1/2-pint of good brown stock, and add to the stewpan with 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon lemon juice, 1 dessertspoon brandy, and 1 teaspoon sugar. When boiling, put in the pieces of tongue, simmer gently for 20 minutes. Take out the tongue and strain the liquor. Return the liquor to the stewpan, and add 1 dessertspoon of ground rice, mixed smoothly with 1 tablespoon ketchup. Stir for a few minutes over the heat, return the tongue, and stir for two or three minutes. A tablespoon of thick cream is a pleasing addition. Serve on a hot dish with a border of boiled rice.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss J. Russell, 208 Bondi Rd., Bondi, N.S.W.

### PEACH PUDDINGS

Make a short pastry with 3 cups self-raising flour, 3/4 cup butter or good dripping, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1 egg, 1/2 cup milk, and 1 tablespoon sugar. Roll out and cut into 6 pieces. Scald 6 peaches in boiling water. Peel and stone them and fill centre of peach with strawberry or raspberry jam. Mix 1/2 teaspoon ground nutmeg, 3 tablespoonfuls sugar, and a grated lemon rind. Sprinkle over peaches, and place each peach in the centre of pastry. Bring sides up to enclose fruit. Place puddings in a baking pan, brush tops with melted butter, bake 20 minutes in a moderate oven. Serve with thin cream or a sweet sauce.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Miss E. M. Abbott, Orange St., Candeohin, N.S.W.

### APPLE SAUCE CAKE

One cup sugar, 1/2 cup butter, 1 1/2 cups warm water, 1/2 cup milk, 1/2 cup self-raising flour, 1/2 cup cinnamon, 2 tablespoonfuls grated chocolate or cocoa, 1/2 cup chopped walnuts, 2 cups plain flour, 1 teaspoon baking powder, small teaspoon of carb. soda. Cream butter and sugar, dissolve soda in apples, and add nuts and spices. Stir flour, baking powder and cocoa, and mix well. Bake in two oblong tins for half-hour.

Being Half-cup butter, 1 cup icing sugar, beaten together, add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, and 1/2 cup chopped almonds.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Mrs. W. N. Halstead, Sunnyside, Belair, S.A.

### SWEET MILK TART

Peel, remove pits, and cut into cubes a small sweet melon. Put cubes in a small saucepan, and cover with 1 cup sugar and stand for 1 hour. Then add the grated rind and juice of a lemon and 3 slices of green ginger. Cook gently till clear and tender. For the pastry shell, stir a cup of self-raising flour, add a level teaspoon of sugar, a pinch of salt, and work in a tablespoonful of butter. Make into a rather dry paste, with a lightly-beaten egg. Roll out, and line a sandwich tin and bake. When each is cold, place fruit in tart and decorate with chopped preserved ginger and mounds of stiffly-beaten cream.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to A. Alleyne, 10 George St., St. Peters, S.A.

### BANANA TIA CAKE

Quarter cup butter, 1/2 cup sugar, 1 egg, 2 teaspoonfuls baking powder, 2 cups flour, salt to taste, 1 cup milk, 1/2 cup thinly-sliced banana, 2 teaspoonfuls cinnamon. Cream butter, and add sugar and well-beaten egg. Stir in baking powder with flour and salt. Add to the first mixture, alternately with the milk, then fold in banana slices. Pour mixture into two greased pie pans, sprinkle with mixed sugar and cinnamon, and bake 30 minutes in moderately hot oven, 400 degrees.

Consolation Prize of 1/- to Gale Nelson, Herbert St., Brisbane.

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THE PRINCE NOTICED HER FEET AND NOT HER HANDS. NONSENSE MY DEAR! THE FAIRY GODMOTHER SURELY BROUGHT SOLVOL!

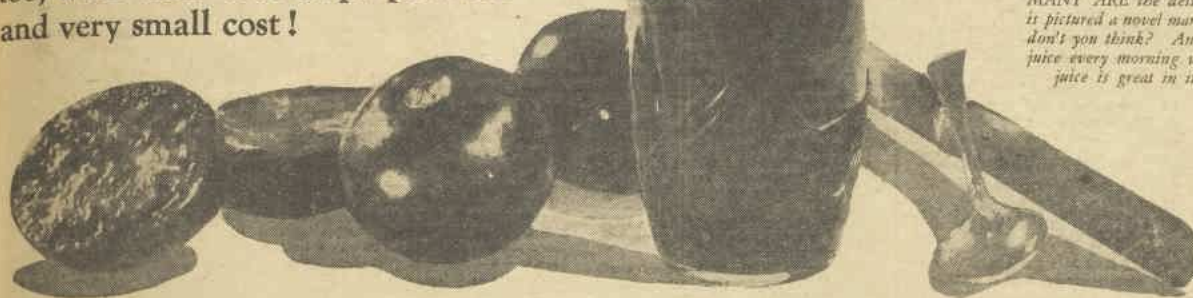
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# JUST YOU TRY These Tomato DISHES!

By Our  
Cookery Expert

Tempting to the eye, full of rich nourishment, they'll bring new life and sparkle to simple meals . . . challenge the languid appetite . . . surprise you, too, with their ease of preparation and very small cost!



SO valuable is the tomato in its medicinal and vitamin content that it has stepped right into the front rank of the fruit and vegetable kingdom. And now that fresh, sun-ripened tomatoes are plentiful and cheap, we should make the most possible of them. Therefore these suggested dishes by our cookery expert should find immediate favor with housewives everywhere.

**D**ID you know this? The habit of drinking tomato juice has become so popular in America that it is now delivered at the home daily in bottles similar to milk. Its health-giving properties have been greatly praised by all leading medical men.

This beverage is better consumed after being iced. It can be purchased here in time, but here is an easy method for preparing your own.

Put the tomatoes in a saucepan with a little water and cook slowly until soft. Strain the liquid into a container and leave in the ice-chest until required.

And now for some of my pet tomato recipes:

## TOMATO SAVORY

Three tomatoes, cooked macaroni, salt, pepper, 3 cold cooked potatoes, 2 hard-boiled eggs.

Skin and slice the tomatoes and lay them in the bottom of a well-greased fireproof dish. Cover with sliced egg, macaroni, salt, and pepper. Mash the potatoes well with butter and milk. Pile potatoes on top of the dish. Dot with butter. Bake in a quick oven until tomatoes are soft and the top brown. Serve at once.

## TOMATO PIE

One cup cooked macaroni, tomatoes, salt, pepper, chopped onion, hard-boiled eggs, stock, grated cheese, flaky pastry.

Grease a pie-dish. Skin tomatoes and cut them into slices. Put a layer of tomatoes in the bottom of the pie-dish, then macaroni, sliced egg, onion, cheese, salt, and pepper. Continue until full. Pour in a little stock. Cover in the usual

way with pastry. Bake in a hot oven. Serve very hot.

## TOMATO CHUTNEY

Two lb. tomatoes, 2 apples, 1 oz. salt, garlic, 1 lb. sugar, 1 lb. raisins, 11 pints vinegar, chillies, ginger.

Four boiling water on the tomatoes; then remove skins. Cut up finely. Peel, core, and dice apples. Chop the raisins,

## Our Diet Hint

### The Raisin

By R. E. FIGGIS, Hon. Dietitian  
The New Health Society.

**G**RAPES will soon be in season, but in the dried form as raisins and sultanas they are always with us—every month is raisin month. As something to put into cakes and puddings they form easily the most valuable portion of the cake or pudding, but there is also a place for them as a dish "on their own." As a breakfast dish, raisins and sultanas (stewed overnight for convenience) may very well take the place of the porridge served sometimes during the warmer months. In this way we can have grapes for breakfast any day in the year, and a more palatable iron tonic food cannot be found.

Everybody knows the value of grape sugar (or ought to, anyway), well, here it is in perhaps its best form, a good energy-giver and a very easily-digested food.

garlic, chillies, and ginger. Put all the ingredients into a large saucepan and boil until soft. Bottle while hot, and cork down.

## TOMATO SAUCE

Twelve lb. tomatoes, 1 oz. garlic, 3 oz. salt, 2 lb. onions, 2 pts. vinegar, 1 oz. green ginger, cloves, 2 teaspoons cayenne, sugar if liked.

Put the onions, tomatoes, and garlic into a saucepan and boil until soft; then press well through a colander. Add other ingredients and boil until thick, stirring well. Remove ginger and cloves (which have been tied in muslin). Bottle and cork down well.

## TOMATO SOUP (No. 1)

Four large tomatoes, 2 pt. water, 1 pt. milk, 1 egg, spoon carbonate soda, salt, pepper, plain flour, 1 tablespoon butter, sippets of toast.

Boil tomatoes in water until soft. Strain, pressing well through. Return to a clean saucepan; add the soda. When it has stopped fizzing add cold milk. Blend 1 tablespoon flour until free from lumps, add it, and stir over the fire until it boils. Add seasoning. Serve in soup-tureen with sippets of toast.

## TOMATO SOUP (No. 2)

Two pts. white stock, 5 red tomatoes, bacon bones, 1 onion, pepper, 1 oz. sage.

Peel onion and tomatoes and cut up

roughly. Put into a saucepan with stock and bones, and cook until vegetables are soft. Rub through a strainer. Return to saucepan with the sage and cook until sage is clear. Add salt and pepper if necessary. Serve at once.

## TOMATO PASTE

Half lb. tomatoes, 2 oz. salt, butter, 2 oz. grated cheese, 1 egg, salt and pepper to taste.

Put tomatoes into boiling water, allow to remain for a few minutes, then remove the skins. Chop tomatoes finely, add the butter, and cook for a few minutes stirring well. Add cheese, salt, and pepper, lastly the well-beaten egg. Stir gently over the fire until the mixture thickens, but it must not boil. When cold, bottle. Use as a sandwich filling.

## TOMATO CHARLOTTE

Tomatoes, fine white breadcrumbs, butter, salt, pepper, cheese if liked.

Grease a fireproof dish with butter and sprinkle thickly with crumbs. Skin the tomatoes and cut into thin slices. Place a layer of tomatoes in the dish, sprinkle with crumbs, cheese, salt, and pepper, and continue in this way until the pie-dish is full, ending with a thick layer of crumbs. Put a little butter on the crumbs. Bake until tomatoes are soft, in moderate oven. Serve at once.

## TOMATO OMELETTE

Two tomatoes, 1 onion, butter, salt, pepper, 3 eggs, 6 tablespoons milk, chopped parsley.

Skin tomatoes and onions and chop finely, then fry in butter until soft, but not brown. Beat eggs well, add milk, salt, and pepper, then onion and tomato. Melt a little butter in a frying-pan. When hot, pour in the egg mixture and cook slowly until set. Place under the grill or in an oven to brown the top. Serve at once on hot plate, sprinkling with parsley.

## TOMATOES STUFFED WITH EGG

Four firm tomatoes, 4 small eggs, grated cheese, butter, salt, pepper.

Wash and dry tomatoes, cut a slice off each and scoop out enough of the inside to hold an egg. Break the eggs separately into a cup, gently slip one into each hollowed tomato. Sprinkle with cheese, salt, and pepper. Place in a greased dish and bake in quick oven until the eggs are set. Serve very hot.

## TOMATOES A LA VIENNE

Three sausages, 6 tomatoes, 3 slices of bacon.

Skin sausages, divide each in half and shape into flat round cakes a little larger than the tomato. Wash and dry tomatoes and cut in halves. Remove rind from bacon and cut in two. Fry the sausage cakes in a little butter until brown on both sides. Lay a sausage cake on a half tomato, piece of bacon on top, then the other half tomato. Press well together. Bake in a quick oven until tomatoes are tender but not broken. Put a short, thick piece of parsley in each tomato, and serve at once.

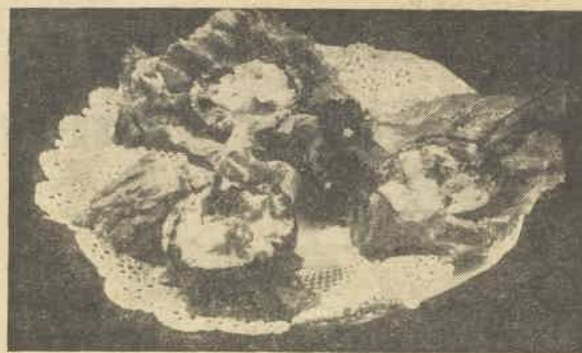
## TOMATO AND POTATO CASSEROLE

One lb. potatoes, butter, 1 lb. tomatoes, salt, pepper.

Peel potatoes and cut them into slices. Remove skin from tomatoes and cut them in halves. Melt butter and pour it into a casserole. Add the potatoes and see they are well coated with the butter. Add the tomatoes. Add salt and pepper. Cover with a lid. Bake in a very slow oven. Serve hot.

## TOMATO ITALIAN

Four tomatoes, 2 oz. cold cooked macaroni, 1 oz. grated cheese, 1 gill milk, 1 teaspoon flour, 1 large teaspoon butter, salt, pepper, breadcrumbs, rounds of fried bread.



MANY ARE the delicious ways of using tomatoes. Here is pictured a novel manner of serving iced savories. Inviting, don't you think? And, by the way, half a glass of tomato juice every morning will bring you new zest for life—the juice is great in its medicinal and vitamin content.

ALL recipes on this page have been tested by our own cooking expert in The Australian Women's Weekly kitchens.

until they mash. Cool slightly. Beat the eggs well. Add gradually to the tomatoes, then the vinegar. Repeat without boiling. Put a spoonful of the mixture on each square of toast and serve at once.

Tomatoes can be used in a great many salads, both as a foundation as well as a decoration.

The following is one of my favorites:

## TOMATO SALAD

Tomatoes, hard-boiled eggs, chopped ham, mayonnaise, salt, pepper, lettuce leaves.

Choose firm, round tomatoes cut in halves. Remove a little of the pulp from the centre, chop the egg and ham finely, mix with a little mayonnaise, salt and pepper. Fill the centre of each half tomato. Place on a lettuce leaf. Serve very cold.



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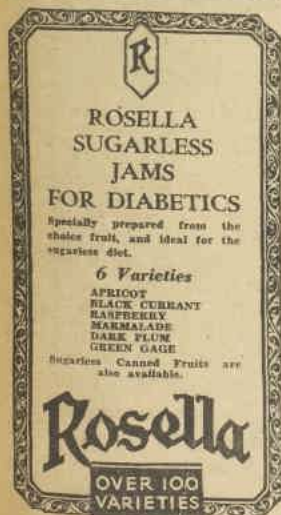


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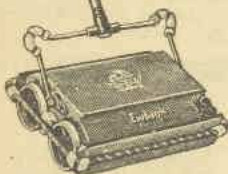
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REMEMBER that to change thy mind and to follow him that sets thee right is to be none the less the free agent that thou wast before.—Marcus Aurelius.

PROPERLY speaking, everything depends upon a man's intentions. Where these exist, thoughts will likewise appear; and as the intentions are, so are the thoughts.—Goethe.

# Honeymoon HOUSE

Continued from  
Page 6

"Of course not! I wasn't thinking of you!" She frowned. "But it isn't very nice of this Mr. Randolph Courteney to be letting this place—as if it were a lodging-house—to any complete stranger who can afford to pay for it."

"Perhaps he has his reasons," he suggested.

"Poverty isn't one of them, from what one reads in the papers about him, anyhow," Linda retorted. "He doesn't let his eleven cars out, does he? Why should he let the home that's belonged to his family for ever so long?"

"You sound quite angry about it!" laughed the caustic baritone voice at her side as they stood at the foot of the stairs.

"I am!" she admitted quite frankly. "And, of course, you'll say it's none of my business. It isn't really. I'm here for Wallace and Bigwood to get on with letting the place. But—"

"But—?" questioned the other, as she hesitated.

She told him how she had stayed at the farm nearby, and grown attached to the Pleasure, even only the outside of it.

"And now I've seen inside," she went on, "I can't understand any man letting it like this."

"Don't you think that better than leaving it empty?" the other asked with a shrug. "You see, Mr. Courteney refuses to live here himself. I don't suppose he'd mind my telling you, so that you understand why he's doing this. He hadn't intended to. In fact, it was all arranged that he would spend his honeymoon here when he married. But—the marriage didn't come off. The lady changed her mind at the last minute."

"Oh . . . I am sorry I talked like that about him then!" Linda gasped, feeling remorse. "I hadn't the least idea such a tragic thing had happened. No wonder he won't live here. It would remind him too much."

She glanced down at her pencilled notes, and then at a wrist-watch.

"I think I've collected all the information I want," she told him in a businesslike tone. "We might as well make our way back to town, if you don't mind."

"We can't rush off back yet a while!" he surprised her by saying. "For one thing, there are some articles of considerable personal value here which Mr. Courteney wishes me to take back to town. They'll need some little time to look out and collect. So, if you don't mind, either, we'll first have a bite of lunch together."

"Lunch?" Linda stared at him. "Lunch? How can we get lunch here? Unless—" a thought came to her—"the caretaker's wife—"

"Just wait in the library here, while I go out to the car and perform a miracle!" he interrupted her laughingly, and disappeared before she could say anything.

In any case, her attention was startingly distracted from him the next instant by the violent ringing of a telephone a few paces away within the library. It sounded so uncanny against the tense silence of the house that it was a minute before she answered it. Receiver to her ear, however, she heard the familiar voice of old Mr. Bigwood over the wire, speaking at first rather agitatedly, but then obviously relieved to recognise her voice.

"LISTEN, my dear!" he silenced her a few seconds later, after she had explained her present situation to him. "You've got to keep that pretty head of yours for the next half-hour, while I get the police round to that house!"

"Police!" Linda gasped under her breath.

"Yes. That's not Mr. Courteney's chauffeur down there with you. The chauffeur's here now—in this office, arrived to take down whomever we sent. Evidently there's been some mix-up about the time of the appointment."

"Then—" Linda was careful first to make sure the front door was still partly closed, before going on. "Who is the man who brought me down here?"

"The chauffeur thinks he's one of a gang who've tried more than once to get hold of some valuable miniatures down there, and as you say he's talking about taking something away—"

"I don't speak any more," Linda interrupted breathlessly. "He's coming back now! I'm afraid he'll hear—"

"Listen, child!" came Mr. Bigwood's voice urgently. "Keep him there on some excuse! Don't let him out of sight till the police come—"

As Linda hung up hurriedly, the library doorway opened to admit the man about whom she had just received such a surprising warning. He was carrying a luncheon basket. But looked

keenly at her hand on the telephone. "Somebody's been ringing up?" he asked, suspicion in his eyes.

Linda laughed. "Only a friend of mine, who knew I was going to be down here," she invented on the spur of the moment.

"A man, of course!" he said, setting down the luncheon basket on a table and opening it up.

"As a matter of fact it was," she admitted, forcing herself to look calm, even if she did not feel it.

"And a very special man, too, I'll bet, or he wouldn't know your movements so well. Lucky devil!"

He had laid out a white cloth on the table and was spreading out what, to Linda, seemed an amazing feast of cold delicacies. In spite of her nervous agitation, the sight of all these nice things made her feel ravenous. It tempted her as well to make a daring suggestion.

"I didn't know before that chauffeurs carried about such wonderful lunches as this in their masters' cars?"

That she noticed, embarrassed him. A sudden flush tinged his cheek, but he answered her without awkwardness.

"It isn't usual, I admit. But it happens. It was the boss' idea that I should bring this along. As you see, it's a basket for two. But—as I said before—we'd expected your firm would send a man down, so I'm afraid I haven't studied a lady's taste at all. It's rather a plain and mannish meal, you'll find."

Linda wasn't thinking much about the food, only the man who seemed capable of telling such glib lies one after another. Yet, studying him while she sat there eating, she could see nothing about him at all to suggest the criminal. He looked indeed nicer than ever now, with his hat off; broad-shouldered and muscular in his rather smart suit of blue serge.

And of course he was cultured—no doubt about that. Before he became a criminal, he must have been a gentleman, more was the pity. Again Linda noticed those quite beautiful hands of his. It seemed terrible to think those strong, slender fingers were used in the doubtful pursuit of theft.

"You're not very talkative, are you?" he suggested presently, interrupting her thoughtful silence. "I hope you aren't thinking it wrong, having this little al fresco snack of eats all alone with me like this?"

"I'm modern enough to be enjoying it thoroughly," she assured him, forcing a gay little laugh.

"But what will your very special man-friend say when you tell him? Or—perhaps you won't tell him?"

"He's not so very special that I would mind what he did say."

"No?" He pointed to her left hand at the moment lifting part of a delicious-looking peach to her lips.

"If I were that lucky man," he said, "there'd be an engagement ring on that third finger of yours before the jewellers' shut in town to-night."

"Don't you think we'd better talk of something more sensible?" Linda suggested frigidly, although she was secretly aware that the emotion behind his words had sent a positive thrill through her.

She was ashamed of that thrill now, remembering the kind of man he really was. Strangely, it seemed, too, that he accepted her snubbing.

"I'm sorry. I ought not to have said that." He had risen to his feet. "Perhaps I'd better begin collecting the few things I'm taking to town to—the boss. Have a cigarette, while I leave you alone for a while."

"Oh, I'll come with you!" she waved aside the cigarette case he proffered. "I'd be interested to see what you're taking."

"Come if you like by all means."

He led the way out into the hall and across to one of the rooms on the far side; a small apartment fitted as a study or office, which he had earlier told her was Mr. Courteney's private room. Here he moved ahead of her to a cabinet, with the fastening of which he appeared to be fumbling awkwardly for a moment.

Then, as he uttered a little exclamation, two doors in front of it swung outwards, disclosing a number of drawers. He pulled out the top one, and turned towards her.

"Know anything at all about miniatures?" he asked. "I don't suppose you do. But these, let me tell you, are worth a small fortune. They're not the sort of thing to be left to chance tenants, when this place lets. So I'm taking them up—with a few other personal treasures—to Mr. Courteney's town flat."

Although Linda was looking down at the contents of the drawer with an air of faint curiosity as she could manage, she was inwardly battling with concealed emotions. Right up to now, she had half-hoped Mr. Bigwood might have been wrong about this man. But he had convicted himself with these miniatures.

Please turn to Page 42

January 26, 1935.

## SPECIAL Seasonal FREE PATTERN

Child's Frock

THIS week our special seasonal free pattern features a dainty frock for a child.

To obtain a pattern fill in the coupon below and post it WITH A PENNY STAMP (to cover cost of postage of pattern) to any of the addresses of The Australian Women's Weekly given on the pattern page opposite, or call with the filled-in coupon at any of the offices of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Make the little frock up in cotton fabric with a small floral design. The material is gathered on to the shaped yoke.

Three-quarter sleeves are threaded with elastic below the elbow.

Pattern for 6 years. Material required: 11 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast, 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN COUPON

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS (Attach 1d. stamp)

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Special Seasonal Pattern Coupon—50.1.35.





# Our Fashion SERVICE and Free PATTERN

PLEASE To ensure prompt despatch of patterns ordered by post you should:

NOTE! (1) Write your name and full address clearly in block letters. (2) State size required. (3) When ordering a child's pattern, state age of child.

**SPECIAL SEASONAL FREE PATTERN**  
For special seasonal free pattern and coupon, please see opposite page.



**WW 878**—An extremely smart frock for a matron. The crossover fastening is completed with a touch of contrast. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 34-48 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**NOTE THE SLEEVES**  
**WW 879**—Quite out of the ordinary, yet simple to make. The quaint sleeves are new and dressy. Skirt fashions inverted pleats. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**VERY SLIMMING**  
**WW 880**—The charm of a washing frock lies in its simplicity. Skirt continues above the waist in the front, and has a low flare at the base. Neck is encircled with a collar gathered in front. Material for 36-inch bust: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**DRESSY AND SMART**  
**WW 881**—When special functions call for something out of the ordinary, choose this design. Skirt has three shaped panels down the front; sleeves are provided with flared insets. Material for 36-inch bust: 3 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**FOR A LITTLE GIRL**  
**WW 882**—This model gives you an opportunity to work up two remnant. The Magyar top has puff sleeves threaded with elastic above the elbow. Pattern for 10 to 12 years. Material: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Contrast: 1 yard, 36 inches wide. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**COOL SUMMER BLOUSE**  
**WW 883**—A smart blouse to wear with a linen costume. The cowl front is cut on the cross. Fastening is down the centre back. Material for 36-inch bust: 2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**JAUNTY FOR HOLIDAY WEAR**  
**WW 884**—These trim little coats are ideal for sport or holiday wear. They present a jaunty appearance in a bright color, contrasting with your frock. Material for 36-inch bust: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

**VERY SOPHISTICATED**  
**WW 883**—Let your next evening frock be one with long sleeves, as in this model. The low flare is cut on the cross. Material for 36-inch bust: 5 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 1/1.**

**EASILY SLIPPED ON**  
**WW 884**—This new-style coat with loose sleeves is just what you want over your new evening frock. Material for 36-inch bust: 1 1/2 yards, 36 inches wide. Other sizes, 32 to 40 inches. **PAPER PATTERN, 10d.**

## Our Free Pattern

**THIS** week's free pattern is one of the much-favored shirt-waist frocks, which are ideal for sport or holiday wear.

Pattern is cut to fit a 34-inch bust.

Material required: 4 yards, 36 inches wide. Turnings must be allowed when cutting out.

## FREE PATTERN COUPON

This coupon is available for one month from the date of issue only. To obtain a free pattern of the garment illustrated, fill in the coupon and post it WITH 1d. STAMP to cover the cost of postage, clearly marking on the envelope, "Pattern Dept." to any of the following addresses. A PENNY STAMP MUST BE FORWARDED FOR EACH COUPON ENCLOSED. A charge of threepence will be made for Free Patterns sent one month old.

**SYDNEY**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 418X, G.P.O., Sydney.  
**BRISBANE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 408F, G.P.O., Brisbane.  
**MELBOURNE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 185, G.P.O., Melbourne.  
**ADELAIDE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 28A, G.P.O., Adelaide.  
**NEWCASTLE**—The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 41, G.P.O., Newcastle.

Should you desire to call for the pattern, please see addresses of our various offices, which will be found on the next page.

PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS IN BLOCK LETTERS.

Name .....

Address .....

State .....

Pattern Coupon, 26/1/35.



Free PATTERN



## "I would not be without my Schumann's"

"And when I say Schumann's I mean the best Mineral Spring Salts that money can buy. For years I have taken salts, but I recently changed to Schumann's, and so-day I feel better than ever. My family also are fit and well, and I know my grandchildren will be taking Schumann's in years to come. In these days when business and life generally call for more than a small share of recreation, Schumann's is a necessity for every home. Take my advice and commence a Schumann's Course to-day. You'll never regret doing this."

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Ordinary salts just act as an aperient, but Schumann's Salts are made from the active ingredients of the famous Mineral Springs of Spas of Europe. These Minerals skilfully and unimpairedly stimulate the organs of the body, and thoroughly cleanse the system, expelling poisons which cause such complaints as CONSTIPATION, RHEUMATISM, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, BAD BREATH, Etc. Just a half-teaspoonful in a large tumbler of warm water every morning, and in a few days you will have forgotten lassitude and weariness, and be bubbling over with energy.

Remember, there is no substitute for Schumann's  
At all Chemists and Stores



**Schumann's**  
MINERAL SPRING  
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"Purifies but does not Purge"



"AFTER ONE BOTTLE  
I FELT  
DECIDEDLY  
BETTER"



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"I was recommended to take Clements Tonic after an attack of Flu, as for weeks afterwards I could not regain my normal health and energy. Sometimes the lassitude and languor I felt were so acute that I had to lie down so frequently during the day that I began to feel I should never be normal again. After one bottle I felt decidedly better, and now, after the second one, I am able to continue my work with much more rest than formerly."

(Mrs.) W.H.F.

(Original letter on file for inspection)

Prices in all capital cities in the Commonwealth 3/- and 5/- a bottle at all chemists and stores.

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Each reel contains a full 100 yards of strong, evenly-twisted and durable thread, perfect alike for hand or machine work.

Dewhurst's "SYLKO" is supplied in a range of Over 300 Colours, also Black and White. Size No. 40. Leading Stores supply.

**Dewhurst's "Sylko"**  
SILK SUBSTITUTE MACHINE TWIST

## HONEYMOON House

Continued from Page 40

AND now, as he started to handle them, beginning to wrap them up in the soft silken material on which they had been lying, Linda faced a crisis. How long a time had passed since her telephone talk with Mr. Bigwood? How long would it be before the police could be here to capture this man red-handed? She had no idea. And evidently, from the business-like way in which he was now methodically at work, he did not intend to hasten his departure.

If only the carttaker were here, she would not have felt so utterly alone! She could have called on him for help. His old wife would be of no use at all, Linda realised.

She could only watch, while this pretended chauffeur moved to and fro, as if searching for something, opening and shutting drawers in the big writing-table at the centre of the room. And while doing that, he left one drawer open, showing something to Linda which at once gave her courage and a way out of her problem.

As soon as his back was turned, the fingers of her right hand felt their way into the open drawer, and she was holding out towards him what she had picked up. With it, she moved nearer to him as he stood, a number of the wrapped miniatures in his hand, putting them into a small box.

"Listen!" she said firmly but quietly. "You'd better put those things down. You're not going to take them from here!"

"I'll be hanged!" He had swung round, and was staring at her in blank amazement.

"You'll be in prison anyhow, if you're here when the police arrive shortly!" she told him with her red-gold head flung back, her head defiant.

"The police?" He stared, first at her, then at the revolver she held rather awkwardly in her right hand, and then back at her again.

"Put that thing down and don't be a little fool!" he said sternly then, and moved towards her. But she stopped back, keeping the writing-table between herself and him.

"It's you who are being foolish!" she retorted. "I tell you that the police will be here directly. That was my boss who was talking on the telephone in the library. You're not Mr. Randolph Courteney's chauffeur at all. You're not taking those miniatures to his flat. You're hoping to steal them. But I'm not letting you."

"That's very interesting!" He laughed dryly, his eyes studying her pale face. "So the police are coming here for me, are they?"

"At any minute now," Linda replied. "I promised on the telephone to keep you here till they came. And, of course, you deserve to go to prison. Only—"

"Only—what?" he asked, as she remained silent.

"Somehow I can't think you were meant to be as bad as this," she said after a moment. "I suppose I'm doing quite wrong, but—I want to give you a chance. I'd feel dreadful, having to help the police take you. There's a way out. Leave those miniatures behind, and get away in your car—is that stolen, too?—and when the police come, I'll—I'll make them think you look frightened and escaped before I could stop you."

"That's amazingly sporting of you," he remarked, after a moment of silence. "And you'd do that for me, just because you don't think I'm meant to be as bad as I am? You don't know how I appreciate that. But I really couldn't bring myself to take flight and run, as you suggest, thank you all the same. I wouldn't have your charming lips tell falsehoods just to save my worthless skin. No, I'm staying here. And—when your police come—"

Even as he was speaking, Linda saw—from the french window of this room which overlooked the terrace—a big, fast-driven car approaching.

## THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

ADELAIDE: Shell House,  
North Terrace, Adelaide.

BRISBANE: Shell House,  
301 Ann Street, Brisbane.

MELBOURNE: "The Age"  
Chambers, 239 Collins Street,  
Melbourne, CL.

SYDNEY: 331 Pitt Street,  
Sydney.

LONDON: 102-5 Shire Lane,  
Fleet Street, London, EC4.

heard the throb of its engine growing louder with every passing second.

Instinctively, she turned to her companion, meaning to urge him to take her advice before it was too late.

But, to her amazement, he had not only seen the car as well, he had stepped sharply to the french windows, unfastened and flung them wide. As the car drew up, he advanced straight towards it. Linda, from the window, saw three men tumble out of it, approaching him in turn. Then she had a shock.

The foremost of the men, in a chauffeur's uniform, suddenly lifted his hand in salute. His voice, raised rather shrilly in surprise, drifted clearly to Linda's ears.

"You here—Mr. Randolph sir? Why, we've come down from town, thinking someone was after—"

"So I've already heard!" The other laughed. "But I can't be arrested, can I, for stealing my own miniatures? Quite a jolly little mistake!"

Shocked, her cheeks suffused by embarrassment and blushes, Linda shrank back into the darkness of the study, wondering how she was going to face this man who proved to be no other than the great Randolph Courteney.

A few minutes later he was back in the study.

"What can you be thinking of me, Mr. Courteney?" she was gasping unhappily. He laughed.

"I think you're quite the loveliest, sweetest, and most sporting girl I've ever met!" he was saying. "You've put me thoroughly through the mill, you know, turned me into my own chauffeur."

"You should have told me the truth when I made that silly mistake!" she interrupted him.

"It was purely the truth," he corrected her. "I very often am my own chauffeur. That's how this mistake arose. I'd arranged for my man to bring your firm's representative here. Then, because it was a fine day and I wanted those miniatures, I decided to drive down myself, forgetting to leave word with my man. A fortunate change of mind, as it's turned out!" he added, laughing.

"Fortunate?" Linda eyed him wistfully.

"You've taught me how near I was to making a ghastly fool of myself, losing my head over a woman who wasn't worth a second thought, sacrificing this beautiful old place to a phantom sentiment."

"Thanks to you," he added. "I'm afraid your firm's going to lose that bit of business, after all. I've changed my mind. Courteney Pleasure is too precious to be let to strangers. I'm thinking—"

"Thinking?" Linda questioned, because suddenly he had lapsed to silence and was looking at her with something in his eyes which made her heart beat with a sudden, wild madness.

"First of all," he said, "we'd better go and break the news to your Mr. Bigwood, who probably won't be pleased. But that's not our affair, is it? I mean . . . You and I both seem to feel alike about this house. We must talk it over on the way up to town, unless—" He smiled down at her, "you're still feeling sleepy?"

Just what Linda felt when presently she was sitting again in that motor table car, she could not have put exactly into words. But it somehow seemed to her that the afternoon sunshine was ablaze with a golden glow of happiness. And when she looked back at Courteney Pleasure, its grey turrets gleaming like the wings of a dove against the green of its woodland surround, she sensed that she was coming back to it, that there really might be truth in dreams.

(Copyright.)

HOT HOLYHOOK says: I have sliced 100 slices ready for sandwiches. Have you ever tried an olive sandwich?\*\*\*

### HOW TO ADDRESS LETTERS

All Editorial letters, except social, to be addressed to The Australian Women's Weekly, Box 1201E, G.P.O., Sydney.

Social letters to be addressed to either Adelaide, Melbourne, Brisbane, or Sydney office as applicable.

### TO CONTRIBUTORS AND ARTISTS

(a) Forward a clipping of matter published, gummed on to a sheet of note paper, showing date and page in which put was published.

(b) Give full name, address, and State.

Unsuitable contributions will only be returned if a stamped, addressed envelope is forwarded.

WE SHALL TAKE ALL REASONABLE CARE OF MS. BUT WILL NOT BE RESPONSIBLE FOR ITS PRESERVATION OR TRANSMISSION.

Letters insufficiently stamped cannot be accepted.

### PRIZE CONTRIBUTIONS

Readers need not claim for prize unless they do not receive payment within one month of date of publication. In the event of similar contributions, payment goes to the first received.

### PATTERNS

See special notice on the pattern page.



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have it

THE way to make sure you are not guilty of bad breath is to always carry a box of May-Breath with you. May-Breath is the name of little tablets that instantly purify and sweeten the breath. Odours from all such causes as drinking, smoking and eating vanish.

Never go where you will come in close contact with others without first slipping a small tin of May-Breath into your pocket or purse.

1/- AT ALL CHEMISTS

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ARTERIOLE TABLETS  
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# BEGGARS' *Horses*

Continued from Page 7

ONCE, with his last pint of petrol, he landed at his aerodrome after a dog-fight, sole survivor of the aerial battle; and, gentle and perfect as was his landing, the faint jolt caused the plane literally to fall to pieces, so riddled with bullet-holes was it. Both wings fell off and, what had touched the ground an aeroplane lay on it a useless heap of junk, not worth re-assembling and tinkering for one more flight.

As he stepped out of the ruins, after as narrow an escape as ever a man had, Wogan laughed consumedly, literally roared with laughter, at the comic jest of Death's defeated attempt to get Happy Geoff Wogan.

So noisily merry was he, that his devoted Scots mechanic, Sandy McAllister, painfully broke his habitual silence and almost broke his record for long-winded speech.

"He's fey," growled dour Sandy McAllister.

Always happy. In season and out of season.

There were those who considered that his happiness was occasionally very much out of season.

As for example, when receiving a French decoration from a very highly-placed and important official at a very ceremonial parade, he applauded that gentleman's serious, solemn and oratorically intense commendation with a peal of laughter; and, being blessed by the Frenchman upon either cheek, insisted upon warmly returning the kisses, ere being rendered almost helpless by his hair-trigger sense of humor, and collapsing from laughter-induced weakness.

As, for example, again, when the Squadron leader, making a perfect landing in what was left of his torn, riddled and shattered plane from which his blood dripped steadily, climbed out of it, staggered drunkenly and fell on his face unconscious, Wogan roared with laughter. Being

asked for the point of the joke that amused him so, he replied that the dour, asetic Major Permaine had looked so funny, reeling about like an old drunk; that it was very amusing if you came to think of it, that a man who could fly couldn't walk; and anyhow he, Geoff Wogan, felt so happy that he had to laugh.

And when he wanted to laugh he was dam'-well going to laugh.

And as, for example, again, when, at a drum-head open-air church parade, he suddenly noticed, or remembered, something so amusing that, after chuckling to himself for a minute, he burst into hearty guffaws, so long and loud, that the service was seriously interrupted.

The new Squadron leader, an observant and experienced man, suggested that Flight-leader Wogan should have a spot of leave, go to Paris for a week, have a thorough change and a rest—and see what his nerves were like when he returned.

Laughing merrily, Wogan assured his Squadron leader that nothing would suit him better than a binge in Paris; that he'd get through a lot of change and would not have a lot of rest—but that anyone who thought it would affect his nerves to go to Paris, was a fool. His nerves were perfect now, and they'd be perfect when he returned. Yes—whatever sort of a hell-bender of a binge he had. Perfect; and that was why he was so happy. Or else conversely, they were perfect because he was so happy.

"Quite so; quite so; both, probably; and the higher in summer the fewer," agreed the Squadron leader, eying his magnificent ace anxiously, and causing Flight-leader Wogan almost to choke with merriment. "Anyway, I'm going to get you sent to Paris on a little job that'll take a week or so, or else I'll get the M.O. to order you a week-or-two of leave."



## Did You Know?

THAT bamboo, which at times reaches a height of over 100 feet with a diameter of one foot or more at the base, is really a species of grass. In the West Indies, the young shoots are eaten like asparagus.

## ARRIVED IN Paris.

Geoffrey Wogan, having secured a suitable apartment, went in search of Daphne Easterwood, and displayed no other emotion than tremendous amusement on discovering that his unannounced visit was inopportune, inasmuch as she was entertaining Major Moresby Wallingford, an old friend of her Quetzawur days.

With laughter long and loud, Wogan gave them his blessing; waggishly threatened to tell Joan Wallingford, unless Tony got him promotion, and went on his way rejoicing, to the unofficial headquarters of flying men in Paris, "chez Elaine," where, in usual, his terrific high spirits, unquenchable joyousness and care-free happiness, quickly rendered him noticeable, prominent, and most popular.

With one lady—to whom he was presented by an admiring cher colleague of the French flying service, as a mark of high esteem and great favor—he was an instant success, and made a great hit; a most attractive woman with the curious name of Mata Hari.

Some jealousy was aroused by Made-moiselle Mata Hari's obvious preference for the wild Irishman; but of that Wogan recked nothing. It would have taken a great deal more than the black looks of extremely senior French officers to cast the slightest shadow upon his perfect happiness; and with his new friend—who, although she spoke French, Spanish and English, was either Dutch or Japanese, or perhaps Eskimo or Siamese or something else neutral or allied—he had a glorious time. For not only was she fascinating and chic beyond belief, but amazingly intelligent, for a girl whose only job in life was to be ornamental. Wonderful what she knew and wanted to know, about all that the brave soldiers were doing.

And, curiously enough, it turned out that she knew Daffy. Had first met her at a dinner, she said, given by a well-known Belgian General; and then quite frequently at amusing places where one danced or went for supper.

Tony Wallingford, Daffy, Wogan and Mata made a truly merry quartet and had some great evenings—all friends together, no jealousy, and no hard feelings.

And if Tony did once or twice pull Geoff up—for pointing at some grave and reverend Senior at a neighboring table, calling attention to the old Frog's silly beard, and roaring with laughter—Geoff forgave him, because poor Tony wasn't as happy as Geoff was. No, not nearly.

In fact poor Tony Wallingford wasn't really happy at all, so far as Geoff could make out. Got something on his mind—about Daffy and Mata—and instead of enjoying life, a short life and a merry, or, better still, a long life and a merry, he was bothering his head and trying to bother Geoff's head—about what Mata's real business in Paris was, and why she went to Belgium, Holland, Spain, and England, if that was where she did go when she disappeared from France.

So far as Geoff could gather, some stuffy old geezers at the Surete were casting their dirty suspicions at her, probably because she wouldn't play with them in their mouldy backyards—or graveyards, the hoary corpses—when they tried to bribe her to do so.

And, though he'd been too happy to pay much attention to what Tony said, it seemed that the people at the War Ministry had got their eye on the poor girl, and wanted to know what Daffy had to do with her. Was Daffy trailing her according to British instructions, or were Mata and Daffy birds of a feather?

Please turn to Page 45

HOT HOLBROOK says: "When appetite's in sorry plight, Holbrook's Sauce will put it right." The World's Another.\*\*\*

GOING THROUGH THE SAME

OLD MOTIONS WON'T CLEAN

YOUR TEETH UNLESS . . . .



Your toothbrush fits like this and is water resisting

● Outside—well, any good toothbrush will clean there, Tek included, of course. But inside, that's different. Old brushes miss, because they are not shaped to fit. Change to Tek, and notice the difference. Tek is curved out to fit inside. And Tek is water-resisting, too. That is so that it will retain its better shape after long, hard use and constant drenching with water.

At 2/- Tek is better value. Better shape and better quality. Six colours to choose from. Bristles hard or medium (or extra hard). For the kiddies, get Tek Junior. Same quality, same shape as Tek, only a smaller size. Price, 1/3.

# Tek

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● A product of Johnson and Johnson, world's largest manufacturers of Surgical Dressings, Johnson's Baby Powder, Mollies, etc.

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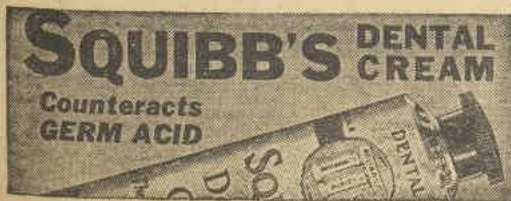
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Made in the following flavours—  
Orange, Lemon, Raspberry, Strawberry, Pineapple.

Stocked by all good grocers.



# TERRY and TEDDY

## TERRIBLE TWINS

HARRY EYRE JR.



### FRED IN THE LAND OF MAGIC

All the children at Mushroom Grove were playing cricket one Wednesday afternoon, in a paddock that belonged to a Mr. Murdoch, who owned the local butcher shop.

It was Fred's turn to bat, and he walked quickly up the ground and took his place.

A fast bowler was bowling and Fred had some difficulty in hitting the ball. At length when he did hit one for four, the ball became lost.

Immediately, all the children left their positions and commenced looking for the ball. They searched everywhere, but could not find it, then finally one boy went home to get another.

Fred still continued to search. He did not like losing the cricket ball, especially as it had been a Christmas present.

Imagine his surprise when, on kicking some fairly long grass to one side, he not only found the lost ball, but also a brown leather wallet.

Quickly, he opened the wallet to see if he could discover who it belonged to, and there, sure

#### IMPORTANT

DULCE EVANS (15), 111 Telford Street, Rockhampton, Queensland, sent along an excellent letter this week, and wins the prize of 5/-.

Address all letters and contributions to Jill, Box 1531E, G.P.O., Sydney, N.S.W. Cash Prizes and Prize Cards are awarded weekly for the best entries. When you have 15 Prize Cards a special prize of 10/- will be sent to you.

enough on the inside was inscribed the name "Michael Treveson."

Fred had never heard of him. He then pulled out a bundle of letters that had been kept together with a thick elastic band. He looked at one and read, "Mr. M. Treveson, c/o Australia House, London."

There were quite a lot of 5/- notes in the wallet, and a ticket in the Irish lottery beside the letters.

Fred then left the children and found Wunderlust sitting in an armchair in the sun.

Fred was greatly relieved when Wunderlust told him that he knew Michael Treveson well, and that he was at present staying only about ten miles from Mushroom Grove. Wunderlust then rang Mr. Treveson up and told him about Fred's find.

Mr. Treveson was very thankful and said that he would come up right away. This he did, and within forty minutes the three were all chatting happily.

As Fred wouldn't take any money as a reward, Mr. Treveson gave him the lottery ticket.

Fred was well repaid for his honesty, as his ticket won him a lot of money.

### Jill's Letter

MY Dear Jacks and Jills,  
Last week I was talking to a Frenchman. He told me that, like many other foreigners, he had great difficulty in pronouncing English words that began with "r" (such as "read"), or "th" (this). He then went on to say that in England novel ways of teaching are adopted. For instance, a foreigner learning to say "th" is given a mirror which he holds before his face; then he is told to open his teeth and put his tongue between them - this enables him to make the proper sound, and the mirror helps him to remember the position.



To get "r," he curves his first finger, puts it between the teeth, and presses it hard. He then says "a" as in "treasure," which leaves the mouth in the correct position for the "r."

As I found this very interesting I thought I would let you all read about it.

Hoping to hear from you all in the near future,

Cheerily yours, JILL.

### Nature's Paradise

By DOROTHY ADAMS

THE old brown fence, in its cloak of green, Against the bright blue sky,  
The stately gums and the garden plots Attract the lover's eye.

Whom'er I walk along the path,  
And stoop to pluck a spray,  
Each fragrant blossom nods its head In a pleased-to-meet-you way.

And then I sight an old worn seat,  
In the shade of a spreading pine,  
Where the whispering winds their secrets tell To this lovely world of mine.

The air is full of perfume,  
From the fragile, swinging eaves;  
And cheeks and sweet forget-me-nots  
Who make it all, who know?

Prize of 5/- for this original verse to DOROTHY ADAMS, 483 Hunter St., Newcastle, N.S.W.

#### Nonsense Rhyme

THERE was an old lady from Lyn,  
Who was so uncommonly thin,  
That when she coughed  
To drink champagne  
She slipped through the straw and fell in.

Prize Card to JOAN WRIGGLES (11), corner Manson and Nudge Roads, Hendra, Brisbane.



#### WOULD YOU LIKE TO WIN 5/-?

Well, just buy this week's Patsy Finn's Weekly and read about the fascinating Word Competition. It costs nothing to enter, and boys and girls of all ages may compete. You never know, you might be a lucky one!

### About Ourselves

THIS BROWN, of Balranald (N.S.W.), is very fond of swimming. FAY ROBINSON, of Children (Qld.), learns stenography and musical.

LOLA JONES, of Dungog (N.S.W.), writes an interesting letter. NORMA COOK, of Northcote (Vic.), left school last year. LEN KANALEY, of Quantulla (N.S.W.), collects stamps and cards. RONNIE HULE, of Prahran (Qld.), is fond of jokes and riddles of all kinds. EDNA MADSEN, of Nerran (N.S.W.), likes reading serial stories. DULCE EVANS, of Rockhampton (Qld.), writes an extremely interesting letter. CORRAL RHODES, of Henley Beach (S.A.), is a clever story teller. DOUGLAS BOKER, of Macculloch St., Cammerie (N.S.W.), would like to correspond with anyone interested in stamp collecting and exchanging. NANCY HIGG, of Forth (Tas.), does not like wet weather. GEORGE WOLLEN, of Newcastle (N.S.W.), is another who is interested in stamp collecting.

KATH SHIMONE, of Hurstbridge, is very fond of reading. EDITH LOVETT, of Hereford, likes to read. LEO JONES, of Hereford, likes to read. ALAN CUMMINGS, of Bundaberg (Qld.), is fourteen next March. CECIL ROBINSON, of Junction, via Newcastle (N.S.W.), always reads "Mandrake the Magician". FRED RYHOLDS, of Gecolun (Vic.), has a big dog, two cats, and a buncheon for his pet. ALICE NEWMAN, of Port Pirie (S.A.), is fond of all animals. CONNIE TONKING, of Blackheath (N.S.W.), spent Christmas at Balranald. ASHLEY ARKUN, of West Wyndham (N.S.W.), has just returned from Murrumbidgee district. HARRY BENNETT, of Vermont (Vic.), has a very intelligent dog for his pet. BEN LAWLEY, of Kadina (S.A.), is fond of swimming for competition. W. COVENTRY, of Diamond Creek (Vic.), plays a great deal of cricket. HILDA NEWTON, of Warr's River, is ten years old, and is in fourth class at school. BETTY ELLIS, of Orroroo (S.A.), says there are a lot of grasshoppers where she lives. THURMAN LANGLAND, of Parkdale (Vic.), writes clever verses.

Little Pat Thacker, of Bondi, - Pat.

Prize Card to JOYCE McCULLY, of Caladonia Street, Parkes, N.S.W.

Len: Have you ever seen a square ring? Ben: Of course not. A ring is round.

Len: Well, what about a boxing ring? Prize Card to FRANK WILLIAMS, 40 Dulwich St., Dulwich Hill, N.S.W.

Prisoner: Your Worship, I'm terribly sorry I took the money, but, as we all know, the more one gets the more one wants. Judge: Well, I'll give you twelve months for a start. Want any more? Prize Card to E. GUSTARD, 13 Birchgrove Rd., Balmain, N.S.W.

### FOR FUN & FANCY

(CUSTOMER: You say these bathing suits are wool, yet why are they marked "Cotton"? Shopkeeper: Yes, we mark them like that to deceive the moths.

Prize Card to WALLACE COVENTRY, Diamond Creek, Victoria.

Housewife to Tramp: Out of work, are you? Tramp: Yes, I am. I have a pile of wood in the back yard, and I was just going to send for a man to cut it up.

Tramp: That's fine. Where does he live? Housewife: I'll go and get him.

Prize Card to RONNIE RULK, Epsie, Prahran, N. Qld.

"Here, very," said the wealthy motorist, "I want some petrol, and please get a move on. You'll never get anywhere in the world unless you push. Push is essential. When I was young I pushed, and that is what got me where I am."

"Well," replied the boy, "We haven't got a drop of petrol in this place, so you will have to push again."

Prize Card to JOYCE McCULLY, Caladonia Street, Parkes, N.S.W.

Len: Have you ever seen a square ring? Ben: Of course not. A ring is round.

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Why does a tin whistle? - Because a tin can. Why is a dog warmer in summer than in winter? - Because in winter it has a coat, and it has the same coat and pants in summer.

Prize Card to BETTY WALSH, Mt. Tyson, via Oakley, Qld.



PRIZE OF 5/- to Edna Tanks, 6 Barnsbury Grove, Dulwich Hill, N.S.W., for this clever sketch in black and white.

Touche: Now, Tommy, tell me a sentence with "concern" in it.

Tommy: Phooie. Miss an elephant hanging over a cliff with his tail tied to a daisy.

Prize Card to WYNNE SCOTT, 28 Central Avenue, Maylands, W.A.

Visitor: Do you like resting dear? Child: Oh, no. I hate it really, but Mummy only makes me do it when she wants people to go.

Prize Card to N. IRISH, Nelson St., Granville, N.S.W.



A.H. to hell with the odd spalpeens! Why couldn't they be happy, like Geoff, and let the girls be happy, too? And why couldn't Tony make hay while the sun shone, and enjoy life instead of pumping Geoff about the poor colleens and moaning that he'd be in the nastiest position conceivable if Duffy were up to tricks and Tony had to give her away?

Happy Geoff Wogan had guffawed mightily at the muddled-minded Tony, and bidden him take note that he wasn't going to give Duffy away at the altar, anyhow—not to Geoffrey Hennessy Wogan, begob. He'd swap Mata for Duffy, with Tony, if he liked, and appoint her his Number One girl, but—there's no discharge in the war, and there was no marrying in the game. Not in Geoff's game, anyhow.

And Tony had bidden Geoff shut up and pull himself together, eyeing him anxiously the while, as though he were very perturbed and worried about him.

Ah, to hell with it; why couldn't Tony be happy and enjoy life? Let him look at Geoff, happy as the day is long, and take pattern by him.

And ten days passed with incredible speed.

So happy indeed was Wogan that when his leave expired, and it was time for him to take train for the front again, he decided that, on the whole, perhaps, he was even happier with Mata and Duffy in Paris than he had been with his squadron.

**MAJOR MORESBY WALLINGFORD** did his best, made his friend's business his own, worked swiftly and pulled strings competently, and changed the case from one for the Provost Marshal and a court martial to one for a Medical Board.

The Medical Board was sympathetic with this fine-looking, laughing soldier, wearing the ribbons of the D.S.O.,

## BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from Page 43

M.C., D.F.C., Croix de Guerre, Médaille Militaire and Legion of Honor, this distinguished ace who laughed incessantly and repeatedly assured the members of the Board that he was absolutely happy, so happy, indeed, that he didn't know what to do with himself.

The Board knew what to do with him, however; and Major Moresby Wallingford, who was returning to England, undertook to accompany him thither, see him safely into the proper hands, and produce him before the India Office Medical Board when notified.

Mrs. Daphne Easterwood also did her best, insisted on accompanying him, looking after him, and generally taking charge of him until he recovered from the mental strain . . . nervous breakdown . . . or whatever it was that ailed him.

As was most desirable, too, she took charge of his monetary affairs, becoming his financial adviser and guardian—his banker, in fact.

And her dear Geoff was entirely happy to leave all bothersome business in her hands, happy to go to England with her, happy to do whatever she suggested—in fact, completely happy, whatever happened.

And Major Moresby Wallingford was relieved beyond measure that Geoff should leave France before worse befell, and particularly glad that Daphne was going, too; leaving Paris and Mata Hari—and going where she'd be out of mischief.

Or would she be out of "mischief"?

Anyhow, he was returning to France, and if Daphne got into trouble in England, it would be the business of somebody else to deal with her—thank heaven. A nice thought, a fine thing,

for a man to have to arrest, and give evidence against, a woman whom he had known for years; with whom he had been in love; of whom he was still very fond; a woman, in fact, whose lover he had been!

And, in England, Geoffrey Wogan was extremely, extraordinarily, indescribably happy with Duffy. Life was one long laugh.

But the war must be getting on people's nerves; for, occasionally, in hotels, trains, theatres, night clubs, and such places, men—and sometimes even women, women supposed to be daughters of joy forsooth—would ask him for God's sake to shut up, to stop laughing like a cursed hyena and braying like a damned costermonger's donkey.

**O**NE chap, on sick leave from India, told him in the Imperial Grill that he reminded him of a blasted jackal—and that made Wogan laugh till he cried. For, as he explained to the nerve-shattered, head-wounded fellow, for all he knew, Wogan's name might be Hail, and his Christian name might be John—then, of course, he'd be Jack 'All, just as the poor fellow said—Jackal. See?

And the quality of his laughter, the awful noise that Happy Geoff Wogan made, finally decided Daphne that the time had come to take the steps that she had considered and contemplated.

The help of two doctors and a solicitor would be necessary, she believed, before he could be "certified."

Major Moresby Wallingford's hurried visit to the scene of his old friend's incarceration was tressably painful, almost the most painful occasion of his life.

### CHAPTER 19.

**Y**ES. Undoubtedly one of the unhappiest hours that, up to that day, Colonel Anthony Moresby Wallingford had ever known, was the hour he spent at the Brackenmoor Private Lunatic Asylum, visiting his poor friend, Geoff Wogan.

There was one grain of comfort, one ray of light in that hideous blackness—his friend was quite happy.

Yes, Geoffrey Wogan was perfectly happy—as happy as the day was long.

And, to the utmost of his power, Colonel Wallingford dwelt upon that aspect of the tragedy, and the reflection that, although the mad do not know that they are mad, some of them are obviously suffering, are steeped in misery, and should, in mercy, be put to painless death; but Geoff was genuinely and perfectly happy.

Good God! It was well for Geoff Wogan that he did not carry, written upon his forehead, the fate, the lot, the kismet that he, Anthony Moresby Wallingford, did. For Wallingford knew—he did not merely believe—he knew, with absolute certainty, that he himself would live to be a centenarian; would live for at least a hundred years, and possibly for more.

Time after time, in different parts of the world, fortune-tellers, sand-diviners, palmists, clairvoyants, astrologers, and soothsayers had told him that he would reach a very ripe old age; would exceed the allotted span of man's life by some decades; would live to be the oldest man in his country; would live to be over a hundred years old, and so forth.

Curiously enough, his father, his grandfather, his great-grandfather and that gentleman's father, grandfather, and great-grandfather had, to his certain knowledge, died young, remarkably young; not one of them reaching the age of fifty years.

One had been killed at Badajoz,



BLACK corded crepe is chosen for a between-seasons street frock by Evelyn Venable, Paramount player.

aged twenty-eight; two had met their deaths before they were thirty; and the rest had died or been killed in their forties.

Please turn to Page 46

## The Game was Rough

Arnott's Famous Milk Arrowroot Biscuits—a rich milk food—make his lunch attractive and offset the strain of his school life.

But the Lunch was right



ALWAYS ASK FOR ARNOTT'S AND SEE THAT YOU GET THEM!







**REXONA**  
relieves  
stinging  
heat

The soothing, healing properties of Rexona Ointment take all the sting and heat out of sunburn the instant you apply it. Rexona leaves the skin cool and healthy, and prevents painful blistering.

Always use Rexona Ointment and Soap for . . .

Chafing, abrasions, ulcers, skin hemorrhoids, dryness, rashes, piles, eczema, all skin complaints.

**Rexona**  
the rapid healer  
OINTMENT & SOAP  
REXONA PROPRIETARY LIMITED

To these facts, their tombstones, as well as family records, testified.

And from boyhood, it had been the passionate desire of Anthony Wallingford to break the tragic record; to live a long, as well as a full, life; to learn for himself that "chaque age a ses plaisirs"; to avoid sinking down into the cold and silent tomb until much time as he was so old, so tired, so feeble and disillusioned, that death would be a welcome visitor.

To have to die, as at least six of his immediate ancestors had done, in the heyday of life was terrible. It disturbed one's faith in an omnipotent, omniscient, all-wise and beneficent Deity . . .

A sensitive, introspective boy, he had brooded upon thoughts of early death, conceived himself to be one of the doomed race, and, steeped in Byronic gloom, walked apart.

Being in point of fact perfectly healthy, endowed with courage, energy, initiative and an unusually inquiring and receptive mind, young Wallingford grew out of this phase, and by the time he left Sandhurst was free of this obsessive fear of death, or rather of revolt against unjust sentence of early death, and only occasionally entertained the weakening belief that he had less expectation of life than that enjoyed by his fellows.

By the time he reached India, all that remained of his boyish and youthful trouble was an occasional sense of hopeless *laissez faire*, and an occasional urge to seize, and enjoy to the full what pleasure might be wrung from the fleeting moment.

Now and again he would surprise his friends with some such half-fatalistic, half-cynical remark as:

"What's the good? I shall be dead before I reap the reward of this virtue."

## BEGGARS' Horses

Continued from Page 45

"Why strive and strain, when Time itself is against one?"

"Why climb, when one knows one will fall by the wayside?"

JOAN WALLINGFORD, knowing her husband through and through, understanding the sense of doom that militated against his determination to achieve his ambition and against his natural asceticism, had understood all sufficiently to forgive all: understood his occasional immersion in something near despair; had understood his attraction to merry men and laughing ladies; to Geoffrey Wogan; to Daphne Mackleworth. Only too well she knew why, at times, her husband would shut himself up and brood; moreover, rebellious against Fate; resentful of ineluctable Doom; despairing.

Nothing for it but to be gentle, kind and unobtrusively sympathetic until the dark fit should pass; the black certainty that, in the very flower of his manhood, he would be cut off, mown down, his labors wasted, his ambition unfulfilled . . . wronged, cheated, cursed from the cradle.

And with loving-kindness she would strive to comfort him, to reassure him, to contradict him when half-angrily, half-sadly, he would declaim:

"Man that is born of a woman is of few days and full of trouble. He cometh forth like a flower and he is cut down."

Equally well she understood his brief rare fits of despondency, his pursuit of pleasure, as she ran, his unhappy snatches at false happiness, the doubting cry of his tortured soul—

"If a brief life—a merry."

And thus she explained to herself her husband's enduring friendship for so different a man as Geoffrey Wogan, his infatuation for so different a woman as Daphne Mackleworth . . .

Daphne Easterwood.

If they could give him ease—then let them. If Daphne could, intentionally or unintentionally, do anything for Tony that his wife could not do, then, in heaven's name, let her. And God bless her.

AND then his amazing change, his completely new attitude to life.

To Joan Wallingford's ineffable joy and unutterable thankfulness, her husband not only lost his belief in the family fate, his certainty that he was doomed to an early death, but actually began to believe the opposite.

To her unbounded surprise, a surprise as great only as her relief and joy, she discovered that Tony had a new belief—no, a certainty—that he would not only survive his thirties and forties; not only reach the Biblical three score years and ten of man's allotted span; not only attain a ripe old age; but a remarkable one.

One day, Tony, a changed man, a happy, light-hearted man, had told her that he knew, he knew, that he would "make a century, not out; live to be a hundred years old—and more."

Well, if this were the outcome of his long rides with Daphne, his long and late sessions with her at her bungalow, she couldn't be sufficiently grateful to Daphne.

Jealous? Yes, of course; naturally and healthily jealous—and thankful. It was a poor love that loved itself best.

One day, Joan Wallingford, sitting reading in her deep and shady verandah, had heard the rhythmic, soothing, somewhat musical cry of,

"Borah, Memsahib; Borah, Borah, Memsahib; Borah, Silver, turquoise, silk, Kashmiri work, Sind work; all things. Silk Borah, Memsahib; silk Borah, Benares, Bokhara, silk, sauge, silver, lace, sardine, salmon, chutney, potred meat, tinned peas, soup, silk, silver, pudding, Persian

rugs. All things I'orah, Memsahib."

And the leader of a small caravan of laden coolies stood saluting at the verandah door; a large fat man, clad in snowy white, with a gold-embroidered velvet waistcoat or Zouave jacket, and a velvet pill-box cap to match.

"Kuch nahin mangia, Borah," said Joan Wallingford, "I don't want anything to-day."

"But, Memsahib," replied the large fat man, with a beaming smile which exposed snowy and regular teeth, and lighted up his lustrous kohl-encircled eyes, "Memsahib not knowing what Borah got."

"Oh, yes, I do," replied Joan. "You've got silver, silk, sausage, soup, salmon, sardines and . . . It sounds like a game."

"No, Memsahib, no game got. Got all other things. I showing Memsahib."

And, at a wave of his hand, the untrailing coolies dumped each his big bale upon the ground, loosed its bonds, and, turning its durrle covering into a shop counter, set forth the contents to best advantage.

Making a choice selection from the large and incredibly varied collection, the Borah set them out upon the rug at Joan's feet.

Chased silverware; chaste garments of silk; beautiful embroideries; hideous turquoise-encrusted articles as useless as unornamental, specious jewellery; specious brazen bowls; spurious antique weapons and genuine antique tins of comestibles.

"No, there's nothing there I want," said Joan.

"These very good oysters, Memsahib, and very good gold chain."

"No, I don't think I care about tinned oysters, Borah. And I don't use gold chains—much."

"For Sahib?" suggested the Borah.

"For wearing on watch and chain."

"No, the Sahib wears a wrist-watch. How much do you want for that ivory?"

"That very good ivory, Memsahib. Tip ivory."

"What do you mean—tip ivory?"

"Tip of tusk, Memsahib. Very good, very solid, very heavy. Other ivory and man bring you its tooth ivory or hollow end of tusk ivory. Me good Borah. That good ivory."

"Well, how much do you want for it?"

"More than Memsahib wanting to give."

"I'm sure of that."

"Colonel Sahib offering me one hundred rupees, but I can't do. I let Memsahib have it for one hundred and fifty because Memsahib liking it."

Joan put the ivory statuette, an ordinarily good Japanese Buddha, down on the rug.

"Good joke, Borah."

"How much Memsahib wanting to give?"

"I'm not really wanting to give anything."

"How much Memsahib would give if Memsahib were wanting?"

"Ten rupees."

"Good joke, Memsahib," smiled the Borah, salaaming respectfully and chuckling.

"No, don't want anything, Borah. Sorry you wasted your time."

"No, no, Memsahib, time not wasted. Memsahib will buy something."

"No. Nothing I want."

"Tell Memsahib's fortune."

"I know it, Borah."

"Good joke, Memsahib. Memsahib knowing past and present but not future. I knowing Memsahib's past and future, too. Memsahib lived in very big town. Perhaps London? But often going to country districts and riding horses on green grass after many dogs."

Memsahib's father and mother both dead, alas. Memsahib got one sister. No brother. Memsahib been in India five years. Been married three years. No children got. Never mind, Memsahib. Sahib is an Officer-Sahib. Very clever. Sahib away shooting."

Joan was impressed—deeply. How could this man possibly have learnt anything about her?

"I tell Memsahib's fortune?"

Joan shook her head.

"No."

"Look here, Borah," she continued. "Can you tell the Sahib's fortune?"

"When Sahib comes back, yes, Memsahib. Tell it true."

"Oh, you can't tell it while he's away."

"I try, Memsahib. Memsahib give me something the Sahib worn much; also portrait."

No. What a fool she was. Suppose it was something dreadful! But then he wouldn't tell her anything dreadful. She'd ask him just one question. Just as a matter of curiosity, interest.

"Wait a minute, Borah," she said.

And going into Tony's den, she collected a riding-switch, a boot, and a polo-glove.

From her own room she picked up a framed photograph of her husband.

"There you are. Now listen. I don't want you to tell my husband's fortune—unless you can tell me something very good—but I want you to answer a question."

To be continued

HOT HOLBROOK says: I blend, I stir, and I brew the Sauce of the House of Holbrook. The World's Appetizer.\*\*\*



**Imagine it!**

Her friends talked behind her back

"SHE used to be such a grouch," they said. Always too tired to enjoy herself. Used to look washed out and ill. But . . . look at her now . . . bright, happy and splendidly healthy.

Her friends do not know that freedom from constipation has made the difference. Constipation was spoiling her looks and sapping her energy. To clear impurities from her system she took Nyal Figsen, the pleasant, natural laxative.

Figsen does not purge or gripe . . . it has no unpleasant after-effects. It builds Nature and does not form a habit. Nyal Figsen is equally good for children as well as adults. A tin of 24 tablets costs only 1/3 from your chemist.

**NYAL FIGSEN**

Post this coupon for FREE SAMPLE of Nyal Figsen to The Nyal Company, 411 F. Globe Pl. Rd., Sydney, N.S.W.

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## Dry Inhalation Treatment Conquers LUNG TROUBLE and many forms of Chest Complaints

This is what many patients report:—

Coughing attacks cease . . . restful sleep at night . . . no night sweats . . . no haemorrhage . . . normal weight and strength regained . . . health restored . . . a new outlook on life.

If you suffer from Lung Trouble or Chest Complaints, there is NEW HOPE for you—whatever your age, or however long-standing your complaint—in MEMBROSUS INHALATION TREATMENT. Think what it would mean to be free from these distressing symptoms that make your life sheer tragedy! Think of the peaceful sleep you once enjoyed—without the fear of night sweats, attacks of coughing, mucus, etc. There are many previous sufferers who can now go to bed certain of sound, healthy sleep, not with the prospect of lying awake all night—wretched, miserable! Think, too, what it would be like to meet the people whom your condition now repels! MEMBROSUS—the wonderful inhalation treatment—has brought blessed relief to many people. You, too, can change your outlook of despair to buoyant joyful hope. Give MEMBROSUS the CHANCE to do this for YOU, as it has done for so many others.

Complete Recovery Reported WITH REMARKABLE INHALATION TREATMENT FROM

## ASTHMA and BRONCHITIS

There is a definite reason why Membrus is bringing reports, almost daily, of complete RECOVERY WITHOUT RECURRENCE OF ATTACKS, from one sufferer after another—throughout Australia, New Zealand and many parts of the world.

Why be a victim of constant wheezing and coughing . . . shortness of breath . . . the tight, oppressive feeling . . . loss of sleep, etc., when MEMBROSUS can banish these symptoms and restore your normal health.

STRIKING EVIDENCE.

A report typical of many.

"I am very pleased to say that my wife has had only one week's treatment, and has made wonderful progress from the first inhalation, and she says that she feels much better from the first week's treatment than she has done under eight months' doctor's treatment."

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## Doctor Advises How to Avoid Constipation

Doctors agree that the prevalence of constipation among the community to-day is due largely to lack of sufficient roughage in the modern diet. A well-known medical man recently stated that if more people knew about San-Bran there would be fewer sufferers from this constipation evil.

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# AUSTRALIA NEEDS Women's Doubles TEAM...

Australia needs to encourage women players to develop a team capable of beating England's doubles pair, the Misses Dearman and Lyle, says Joan Hartigan in her article this week.

She also advocates the creation of an international championship for women — something like the Davis Cup.

By JOAN HARTIGAN

WHAT did the Australian Championships reveal?

Naturally, the first thing they revealed was that Jack Crawford has definitely overcome the hoodoo it was popularly believed Fred Perry had over him. Crawford has beaten Perry every time he has met him in Australia this season, and his convincing victory in the Australian championships was confidently expected by all who have seen him in action since he returned from abroad at the end of last year.

Secondly, the tournament justified Dorothy Round's reputation as the best woman player in the world. Since she has been in Australia she has only lost two sets in singles.

Truly this is a remarkable performance even for a world's champion, as even world's champions are expected to have their days off.

I have seen Dorothy Round commencing a match when at the beginning she appears to lack concentration and many of her shots are astray, but, all of a sudden, her game appears to come to her, and from then on we see almost a faultless player. What an education she has been to our young players, who would do well to copy her.

Thirdly, the championships proved that Jack Crawford and Vivian McGrath are, besides being our best singles players, also the best doubles combination Australia has. If the strain is not too much on Crawford, they should be played as the Australian Davis Cup doubles pair and, as such, represent our greatest chance of lifting the Davis Cup in 1935.

Fourthly, that we sadly lack a women's doubles pair capable of extending those champions, Misses Dearman and Lyle, England's Wightman Cup representatives.

## Material Here

THESE girls play together whenever possible, and there you have a complete understanding which has earned for them the high place they at present hold in women's tennis.

They have studied the doubles game thoroughly, and concentrate more on this branch of the game than on any other.

Our doubles pairs in comparison are very raw, and we should endeavor to build them up especially as we hope the time is not far distant when we will have regular visits from overseas players, and also, we hope, it will not be long before we are included in the Wightman Cup competition for women which is at present confined to America and England and run on Davis Cup lines.

From watching many leading players abroad, I am confident that a team from Australia could well hold its own with other countries in singles, but we must find a doubles pair.

Looking around and seeing the number of good women players we have in Australia, it should not be difficult to find a pair who with constant match practice would take a high place in women's doubles.

We have seen some very strong players as well as players with outstanding ground strokes, and it is a great pity if these players do not make the most of their talent.

So much for the open championships. But the most pleasing revelation of the recent tournament in Melbourne was the excellent showing made by the New



MRS. WESTACOTT, Queensland's champion tennis star, who for a long time favored frocks and stockings on the courts, has become a convert to the shorts fashion. Here is a picture specially obtained for The Australian Women's Weekly.

## Cricket Council Makes Many New Changes

At a recent meeting of the Australian Women's Cricket Council in Melbourne, many matters of importance to the future welfare of women cricketers were discussed.

THIS year, for the first time in the history of women's cricket in Australia, four interstate teams have competed. This has meant six continuous days of cricket, with the third Test match at the finish.

In all, it means a greater amount of cricket than the men play in any one of their Sheffield Shield fixtures.

A new regulation will embrace a draw in which the winner of each division will play off for the premiership, and the

South Wales juniors—boys and girls. Sydney brought home both the boys' and girls' junior singles championships and the junior boys' doubles.

Particularly pleasing was the success of John Bromwich, singles champion and sharer with Arthur Huxley in the doubles championship. One does not like to assume the mantle of the prophet, but here we certainly seem to have a future Davis Cup player—we hope, a future Davis Cup defender!

By winning the junior girls' singles, Thelma Coyne proved herself the outstanding junior player in Australia, and, incidentally, justified all I wrote about her in a recent Australian Women's Weekly. Her temperament is ideal.

Considering she was down 2-5 in the third set of the semi-final against Dot Stevenson, she did well to pull the match out of the fire and go on to win the final against Victoria's leading junior, Nancy Wynne.

losers will also play off for the honor of filling third place. No more than four days' play will be necessary to decide the issue, and it will obviate the necessity of each State team having to play each other.

Western Australia, on account of the long distance necessary for their players to travel to take part in the interstate fixtures, have not been considered as likely to take part in these annual contests, but when these matches take place in Victoria or South Australia, it is probable that they will be invited to play.

It is probable that the Tasmanian Women's Cricket Association will also be considered.

SIX balls to the over have been the order in all the Test and interstate matches, but from now on the eight-ball over will come back into force.

The new hours of play in interstate matches have also been subjected to alteration and will now commence in the morning instead of the afternoon, as has been the case this year.

One of the new regulations which will come into force for future interstate matches will be the use of the larger stumps.

The Council expressed great pleasure in the success of the English touring team's visit to Australia. They stressed the point that they did not attribute it to finance but rather to the popularizing of the game of cricket for women.

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# The Dark Room

By L. C. DOUTHWAITE

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## CHAPTER I



ALREADY, across the gun-metal dome of sky, the Northern Lights were assembling for their nightly revels. And, as if informed of how soon another soul would be summoned to join those whom the Cree Indians speak of as "the spirits of the dead at play," the huskie team, tethered to the snow-burdened

spruce in rear of the shack, pierced the knife-edged air with moaning. On the mainland a mile away a bull moose crashed a way through woods to beach, the snap of branches breaking like pistol-shots into the premature requiem of the dogs. Apart from these accustomed sounds, and the occasional banister wail of the loon, the land was encompassed with the strange expectant silence of a Northern Canadian November—the Indian "Month of the Frozen Moon."

Within the shack prevailed the hush of impending death. But while in the waste outside fulfillment seemed, as it were, withheld, here, in the warm pine-scented room, Evadne, no less than Red McDowell and T-bone Nipissing, the Cree, had come to realise how soon, to one of that tiny settlement, would come completion.

The form beneath the green three-point Hudson Bay blanket stirred uneasily. As Evadne tip-toed to the bunk, Red McDowell, with a glance towards the still glowing stove, said: "More fuel, T-bone," and like a gaunt bronze ghost the Cree glided to the woodpile in the corner.

Her first glance told her the patient's fever had passed; the eyes that met her own were intent and luminous. As though she, and not himself, stood in need of guidance, the clasp that closed about her small brown hand was cool, now, and assured.

"It's coming, my girl," William Forrester Ransome whispered, and if so low-pitched it was difficult to catch the words, the voice was without fear. Evadne, who was her father's daughter, and using the well-loved name for what she knew must be almost for the last time, said:

"I know, Bill."

"There'll be a lot to say between you mother and me this night," Ransome said.

She smiled at him; self-forgetful, she would not cloud his anticipation of reunion. For she realised that between her father and mother was a love that, its beginning as unblemished as its consummation, had become only more hallowed with the years.

"I'll be strong enough for what's coming," he said calmly. His eyes turned to his daughter. "And you, lass—always remember that though the one thing in life that counts is love between man and woman, the worst injustice you can do yourself is, before the big love comes, to be prodigal in your giving; speculating a bit here and taking a chance there, so that when the time arrives that you need every ounce of it there is, you find yourself bankrupt."

He looked up; then, rising, joined Evadne and Red at the bunk. His bronze flattened

face inscrutable, his eyes were upon his master—who, realising he pleaded for a last recognition, touched him lightly but with finality on the hand.

From the Cree the old prospector's glance turned slowly to his partner, and upon him rested in God speed. But it was Evadne upon whom his eyes remained fixed.

"Remember!" he said.

Evadne said, distinctly, "I'll do just that one thing, Bill."

"I guess I'll go now," said William Forrester Ransome.

There was content in his sigh as the tired head sank back.

Thus was bequeathed to Evadne Germaine Ransome her legacy of austerity.

FROM childhood she had been nurtured in the gospel of moral fastidiousness.

Stated simply, Bill Ransome's creed was that for a man and woman to live in fullest harmony it is essential for not one, but both, to have given for the first time, and then without reservation. It was his old-fashioned belief that, whether they are serious or the reverse, pre-marriage "affairs" rob the fruit of bloom, leaving only something second-hand and, as often as not, slightly tainted.

A council of perfection, probably, and with the new life that with her father's death Evadne was called upon to face, a formidable handicap in the rough-and-tumble of modern sex-relationship. Nevertheless, it was a faith to which the girl wholeheartedly subscribed.

They buried William Ransome beneath a tamarack that towering above its fellows, stood back a little from the lake. Eyes steady in his deeply-serrated old face, Red McDowell read the service in a voice redolent of his Scottish birth. Pete, Red's only son, who so that he might pay this last tribute to his father's partner and oldest friend, had mushed the sixty odd miles from his trapline on Constitution Lake, and T-bone Nipissing, lowered the blanket-sewn figure into the space prepared; the Cree it was who pured the tamarack to a living forty-feet cross to surmount the grave—this "lobstick," the Indian supreme tribute to the dead, the monument William Ransome would have chosen.

To Evadne, as she headed the tiny procession back to the shack, it was as if a closed door had cut off life as hitherto she had lived it, and that not yet had Fate rung up the curtain of her future. She was in an ante-room, the past behind, the corridor ahead unlighted.

Though it was but early afternoon, she went directly to her partitioned-off room at the end of the shack, and because in the last two nights she had slept only at odd intervals, knew nothing until T-bone knocked at her door about nine o'clock.

Red McDowell, smoking his pipe by the stove, with Peter, loose-limbed and clear-eyed, on a rough chair beside him, looked up quietly as she came in. Peter sprang from his chair, pushing it towards her.

In speaking, her glance happened to rest upon Pete, and what she read in his face made her turn quickly from him to his father. She knew with what happiness,

following upon a call at the little pine-and-corrugated-iron church at Cinnamon Creek, she would be welcomed at a certain shack on Constitution Lake.

And for a moment it was as if she had seen a hand pointing the way to deliverance. From the day when, a copper-haired, iris-eyed, long-limbed slip of fourteen, she had watched the ex-undergraduate follow an expertly hurried pack from canoe to shore, and with a perception that outdistanced her years had turned into her own room rather than intrude upon the reunion of father and son, Pete had loved her with the simple directness that was the only attitude of mind he knew. Now, with all her life in turmoil about her, the only thing that seemed to matter was security.

"You're going to London," Red said, quietly.

For a moment, heart pounding, she looked at him without speaking.

"London, England, do you mean?" she said at last, and Red nodded.

"That's right," he said.

"No!" she said.

"Listen, honey." A calloused hand rested momentarily upon her knee. "Listen, honey," Red repeated. "It was your father's wish."

She looked at him incredulously. Her father, who though of Kentish birth, had loved the North with the fervor that can be given only to a land from whose soil, year by year, one has wrung sustenance, wanted her to desert that heritage for the hemmed-in aqualor of a city! "Do you like the life?" a visiting Englishman, impressed with the isolation, had asked him, and quite simply he had replied, "It's the only life."

"Red," she said soberly, "there's no person on earth whose word I trust as I trust yours. As a rule, what you say goes with me, and no questions asked. But in this case, if you're to convince me, you'll have to get down to brass tacks."

Involuntarily, again, her glance met Pete's, and, because in him she was able to realise one, at least, who was concerned more directly than herself, turned again to his father.

Red knocked the ashes from his pipe against the heel of his calf-high boot.

"The early mornin' of Wednesday was one of the few times you'd slept for the last two-three weeks," he explained. "It was then he told me, though I guess he'd come to his decision a while back. . . . And not without a whole lot of thought, either. . . . Then, when you woke up, he was too weak to go into it. That final talk of his was inspired by just the last leaping-up of the flame, I guess, before. . . ."

To save him the pain of exact definition, she nodded.

"I understand," she said. "Did he explain just what led to the idea?"

As the old Scot's eyes travelled slowly about the room, some quality in the glance served to emphasise the crudity of home-made furniture, undressed-skin rugs, and rough enamelware that, apart from the stove and a couple of pine-and-chicken-wire bunks, were its sole amenities.



"He figured, as I do myself," he said, "that there's something better than—all this—comin' to you."

On the defensive, she said quickly:

"How do you mean—better? What could be better than the North? It's all I've known or had, anyway."

Red smiled understandingly.

"It's just because you think that, my dear," he said, "that made him decide as he did. That's where your dad figured you was fallin' down. Because you never see aught else than this, you're thinkin' it's the beginnin' an' end of life. Your mind's gettin' kind of contracted. Wide as it is, the North isn't the whole splendour of God. Not for you, anyway."

"It's the land I know and love," Evadne protested passionately. She turned to Pete, who, elbow on knee, thumb and finger curled about the bowl of his pipe, was gazing unseeing into the stove. "What do you say, Pete? Isn't the North—our North—enough for you?"

"For me, Eve," he said gravely. "Not for you."

His glance, shy yet strangely masterful, took in the glory of her; the appeal, subtle, sweet, in the wide-set eyes, not less lovely now for the sadness that shadowed them; the burnished gold-red hair that framed a sun-and-wind-browned face; the crimsoned bow of mouth and the immaculate whiteness of her teeth.

"No life for a woman," Pete said, and though he pleaded for his own desolation, his voice was controlled. "Particularly for such as you, Eve; you, with your—your—"

To check revelation, Red broke in.

"What Pete means," he explained, "is just what your dad had in mind. For a person to stay around all their days in one place, whatever and wherever that place may be, is to mould their minds just to the one environment. The only way to become a hundred per cent. man or woman is to develop the qualities the good Lord's implanted. In the same way that if over the years, you don't use a limb or eye, it withers and dies, so if you don't develop your capacity for mental and spiritual development, they wilt too, and you're left only half alive, like a man breathin' from one lung."

Evadne, eyes and voice hard, said, shortly:

"Where's all this headin' for, Red?"

"That you've to go find out what life means, my dear. Into the world, among all the riches an' poverty and struggle and wild pleasures; to be one with the greatness and the littleness of it all; to prospect your soul among your own people as your father prospected gold."

Her urge was to cry, hotly:

"My people, and my soul, are where my heart is, right here in the North!" But the impulse faltered. For just as, his nationality questioned, Red would cry, fervently: "Me? I'm Scottish, thank God!" so, many times, her father had declared: "You're better than just English, Eve. You're of Kent, and of no common blood at that." Now, strangely, this seemed to count.

"And who's to find the money for this joy-trip there's all the talk about?" she demanded, and intercepted the glance that passed between father and son.

"There's all of it you'll want and a sight more than you'll need," Red said gravely. As, from her earliest childhood, her father's struggle for success had been the outstanding theme between them, her astonishment was complete.

"Say that again!" she said.

"Forty thousand dollars in accumulated cash," Red said soberly, "and a yield of fifty to a hundred ounces a day."

Something entirely new, this. The claim was a low-grade proposition; within her knowledge all that hitherto they had been able to wring from it a hard bare living.

"What are you trying to put over, Red?" she asked shortly.

"That, thirty feet down, we struck a seam of high-grade that averages twelve hundred dollars a ton," he said.

She had known, of course, that such a possibility existed; to encounter quartz that has, running through it, the grey-white vein that transforms comparative failure to sudden and overwhelming success was a pipe-dream without whose inspiration no prospector could stand up against the perennial disappointment of the North. But why hadn't she been told that, in the case of those two, the possibility had matured to fact?

"It was that your dad didn't want to come to you with only half a tale," Red explained when, hotly, she demanded information. "All he was waitin' for was a letter from your aunt in London confirmin' the arrangements he'd tried to make for you. He'd made up his mind that you were goin', anyway; that you should have your chance." He smiled, half grimly, half shamefacedly. "I guess he knew that unless everything was cut-and-dried, you'd crab the whole caboose," he added.

And that, indeed, was what would have happened. Apart from her inclination—that would have been all against this re-launching of her life in the turbid waters of a great city—she would have refused definitely to leave her father, from whom, except for school-days, she had never been separated. As effective counter to this inevitable opposition, then, she knew how likely he was to have pledged her in advance.

With the thought, she was aware of a surprising change in herself. Quite suddenly, the prospect ahead loomed less forbidding. If from childhood her life had been lived in a groove, to which it seemed she would become permanently moulded, now the opportunity had arisen, was it not up to her to welcome a chance for expansion. It had been only the unexpectedness of it all that caused her momentarily to panic. In any case, she could always come back. Surprising the difference that made in her outlook.

"I suppose the aunt you speak of, is my Aunt Frances—Mrs. Maulden?" she questioned, and saw the quickened interest on Peter's face. The tragedy of Tom Maulden's death was a lasting grief to him, for Tom had been his great friend at Cambridge, and his affection for that friend's mother remained.

Still watching her intently, Red nodded again.

"That's the lady," he confirmed.

"Has she written?" Evadne asked shortly.

"The letter came the day your dad took sick," Red told her. If he seemed on the point of adding something, apparently he thought better of it.

#### CHAPTER 2

**R**ED and Pete insisted upon travelling with her to St. John, New Brunswick, from where she was to sail.

It was, then, a fortnight later that, with her baggage piled high on the sleigh, the three set out for Herb Lake. Following upon a twelve-mile portage, they would strike "Mile Eighty-Two" on the newly-opened Hudson Bay Railroad. From there, with luck and the absence of washouts on the track, a train would carry them to the frontier city of Cinnamon Creek—the dividing line between "the woods" and the more settled area of the Province.

Though the temperature was in the neighbourhood of forty degrees below zero, protected as they were by thick parkies and fingerless caribou mitts, they found the air exhilarating as wine. The sun, golden-red in the early evening, brought diamond sparkles from every facet of the fine untrodden snow; each fir and pine and tamarack of the wood through which the trail was cut resplendent in virgin white.

There was, then, for Pete, the hour and the girl, each so lovely. So many times he'd asked her the same question that this last one could make no difference. And, due to the poignancy of recent loss, and the imminence of severance from the old and well-beloved life that, like the trail they travelled now, time and distance would so soon efface, she was in softer mood than ever he had known her.

"I guess," he said diffidently, breaking into a silence that had lasted over a mile of trail, "that—that . . ." The absorbed sadness of her face as she turned broke off the remainder as a twig is severed by frost.

"You guess what, Pete?" she asked, but he realised she hardly knew what she said.

"Nothing, honey," he said. "I guess it's no use, anyway."

"If it's the old question, Pete," she said, "I guess you're right. It isn't any good."

"Isn't it ever going to be?" he asked. "I've waited a while of a long time, Eve. In fact," with the shadow of a smile, "I don't think Jacob shikking around for Rachel had anything on Pete McDowell."

"I'm afraid not, Pete dear," she said. "I'm sorry; I'd give more than ever you'll realise to be able to answer differently—you're worth everything a girl has to give. But I just can't." Momentarily, her eyes shone desolate. "And that's curious, too, because there's no one in the world I love as I love you—in one way. The trouble is, it's not your way."

"I guess that's because I don't hold anything new for you," he said quietly. "I'm something that's always been there—part of your life, if you get me—as much of every-day as the bookshelves by your bed or the crust on the supper-table." He paused. "Only without the salt, I guess," he added quickly.

They had covered a further twenty yards before she replied.

"Maybe you're right, Pete," she said thoughtfully; "though judging from the way everything about me kicked when Red first said for me to pull out, it looks as if I was about as partial to change as a cat to pepper." Her voice fell to a sympathy that was entirely genuine. "Nevertheless, so far as what you want from me goes, I guess you're right."

The bleakness that came into his rough-cut face was gone before she could have said it had been there.

"No chance?" he demanded. "Ever?"

To his surprise, and her own, she hesitated.

"Honestly, Pete, I don't know," she said slowly. "I'll tell you this, though. If I could say 'yes' and be fair to you, I'd be proud to take a chance." From under the closely drawn hood of her parkies she glanced up at him. "And I don't think it would be such a whale of a big chance, either," she added.

His face lighted.

"If it's only me that's worrying you," he said quickly—"fairness, and all that—you can forget it." He added quietly, but with a show of feeling he permitted himself but rarely: "There's no use me saying I'd be all out to make you happy. You know that without the telling. I've wanted you since you were knee-high to a grasshopper, and I'll go on wanting you when you're telling the reporters to what you attribute your longevity. It's not me that counts; it's you, and whether you think a rough-neck like me'd be able to make the grade with you."

He was the real right thing, this young Canadian-Scot. But then, of course, she'd always known that—and him.

"The trouble in," he said, "you've met so damned few men, anyway."

"That was right, too. Beyond an occasional trapper or prospector, she'd met practically none at all."

"It seems likely that's going to be altered pretty soon, though," she said. "They tell me London can pull out quite an assortment."



He nodded, gloomily.  
"It sure can," he agreed. "That's the reason why, eventually, Pete McDowell's going to get given the air."

"For the love of Mike!" she exclaimed. "What sort of life do you think I'm heading for, anyway? Do you think there'll be red carpets and brass bands to meet the ship, with a queue of reporters and a crowd of flappers with autograph books? Have a heart, Pete—or a sense of proportion, anyway! I'm plain Eve Ransome, not Greta Garbo."

But it seemed he found the picture he had conjured depressing.

"You're a better looking than she," he said jealously. "And you've a way with you. . . ." His voice trailed off.

"Pete, dear," she said deliberately, "let's get this thing right. Am I to take it, definitely, you're asking me to marry you?"

It was less a surrender than a challenge. To an extent, also, this was how he regarded it.

"I've been telling you just that," he said, "since you were in pig-tails and the knees out of your stockings."

She nodded. Advancing a pace, she placed her fur-covered hand in his.

"Very well, dear," she said. "The answer is 'yes.'"

He held her hand tightly for a moment before, his face mask-like, he put it aside. "I'm not having that," he said.

Appreciative of his fineness, she said, rather pitifully:

"Turning me down, Pete?"

"Ask me that question—here in the North—a year from now, and see if I turn you down," he said.

"You mean," she suggested, "you want to try me out?"

For the first time since they had hit the trail together, he laughed. Then, as though at a sudden thought, laughter died.

"Put it like that, if you like," he said.

"Though really it's the other way about; that before you're branded as mine you're given a chance to set me against the high-bats you're going to meet in London, England."

Six days later, when the Montrose moved slowly from her moorings, and swung seawards towards the Bay of Fundy, Evadne's last impression was one of the broad, slightly bow-legged figure of Red McDowell, a handkerchief of that same color fluttering from his hand, and, by his side, another and slimmer figure who, from renunciation, was returning to an accustomed loneliness.

And as she passed across the crowded well-deck and down the companion-way to her cabin, she wondered rather bleakly to which of them life held out the greater promise; he, working and waiting amid the peace and solitude of his brooding Northern fastness, or she, bound irrevocably to strut her little hour across the teeming stage of London.

#### CHAPTER 3

**B**Y the time the Montrose docked at Southampton, already the first strangeness of the new life was beginning to fade; she'd have hated to appear at her aunt's entirely unbroken from "the woods"—from the London standpoint knowing nothing about anything. Even so, she was wise enough to realise what a lot she would have to learn.

From the moment when, in the early morning, the first faint green of the Isle of Wight appeared ahead, she did not leave the deck. And as, with every mile the ship progressed through that rare November sunlight, the green became more vivid, and the island's outline more clearly defined, it was to discover herself in the grip of an exultation such as never in her life had she experienced.

Home! The tiny history-soaked land from where had set forth the men who had won, peopled, and made prosperous

not only her native Dominion, but each new country as it was discovered: not far beyond the grey mass of Southampton, that now was beginning to take shape against the morning mist, was the place that for countless generations had been birthplace of her kin. Until that moment she had not realised how great was her heritage—nor her own sense of it. As the big ship swung slowly to her berth, the interest and distraction of her first close view of land, and the crowded quayside, contributed to her stimulation.

So that it was not until the gangways were thrown out that reaction set in; she had been too upheld by the novelty and excitement of it all to realise how tremendous had been her uprooting. But now that she was standing on the threshold of this new strange life, in a swift flash of realisation it came to her that nothing would ever be the same again; that without any conception of what lay before her, finally and irrevocably she had burned her boats.

"Miss Ransome?" a hurried steward demanded of her.

She nodded.

"That's me," she said.

"A lady for you, miss—waitin' in the purser's office."

Evadne opened the door and went inside. Attracted by the sound, a ten-inch cigarette-holder projecting at an angle from very red lips, slowly the girl turned her head. With Evadne framed in the open doorway, the other poised easily against the table-edge, they remained for a moment silent and without moving.

Evadne's first coherent impression was of a sophistication hitherto outside her experience. And except that behind the fine grey eyes was an alertness and, incidentally, an intelligence, that was in curious contradiction to the languid indifference of her manner, this girl might have been one of those models who, in the two days she'd spent in Montreal on her way to St. John, she'd seen in the showcases of the French modistes.

Pretty, undoubtedly, slim and dark and elfin. But—artificial.

At last:

"I guess you're my cousin, Beth Maulden," Evadne said in her soft Canadian drawl.

"And you're Evadne," she confirmed, and extended a slim crimson-nailed hand that, grateful she made no attempt at an embrace, Evadne shook still noncommittally; you couldn't pledge friendship just on the strength of an ordinarily pleasant smile. "Welcome to our city, and all that. Have a pretty speech-making voyage? Or haven't you? And how's Tommy Dodd been treating you? To the fat of the land? Or hasn't he?"

"I guess I haven't had the pleasure of meeting Mr. Dodd," she said, a reply at which the thin sharply-defined lines of the English girl's brows shot suddenly upwards. "Who is he, anyway?"

"Not met Tommy!" Beth exclaimed, aghast. "Why, it's his office we're in now; he's the purser. Since mother and I were on a cruise with him on the Duchess of Athol he's been quite one of my 'steadies'—goes all paled whenever he meets my all-compelling glance. Or, says he does, anyway. But you know what sailors are. Don't care. And I wrote especially to Montreal instructing him to treat you like his lady sister all the way across!"

Evadne, in turn, smiled. She was beginning rather to like this highly-finished product.

"Montreal being closed to navigation until break-up," she suggested, "I guess he never had your letter. But that doesn't mean it wasn't real good of you to send it."

The purser, red-faced and rotund, as is the habit of all good pursers, hustled in and Beth presented him. Evadne gained the impression that the love-blight of

which Beth had accused him was in the nature of a well-recognised fiction between them.

"And because standing about for hours in a draughty shed on a November day is not my idea of all the jolly fun and laughter," Beth instructed him arbitrarily, "you've got to arrange for my cousin's baggage to be passed through Customs."

He made a despairing gesture.

"Of course, you know perfectly well that all my staff are engaged about twenty deep," he protested bitterly and inadvertently met the all-compelling glance. "Oh, well, as it's you, I suppose . . ."

Twenty minutes later, after a farewell that, as Beth put it, left that ardent ship's officer "all of a doo-dah," they took the road in the small, highly-powered two-seater that, in charge of still another steward, awaited them outside the dock-yard gate.

"As a day like this in November is scarcer than a rich husband, I thought I'd take advantage of it to show you something of your ancestral 'ome,'" Beth explained. Adding, characteristically, "Besides, I hate trains, anyway."

For Evadne that drive from Southampton to London was an experience she was never to forget; one wherein she was able to realise why, in spite of her dead father's devotion to the land of his adoption, always his love for England had stood paramount.

And noting her cousin's absorption, with an understanding rather surprising in one apparently so superficial, except briefly to point out some place of especial interest, Beth said little. Nor, until Winchester was behind them, did Evadne.

Then:

"You," she began—and with a catch of realisation checked herself; for was not all this, the beauty of it and the glory, as much her own as it was Beth's?—"We certainly have some country to live up to," she said slowly, and in a voice that was strange even to herself.

"It isn't the country's there's anything the matter with," Beth said, and her voice was hard, too. "Except, of course, that they're spoiling it as quickly as nature'll let 'em; pylons and petrol pumps and filthy little pink bungalows. It's the people who've run and are running it. Killed off one generation almost to a man, and picked the pockets of such as were left down to the last bean to pay for the funeral. No respect for tradition!" Contemptuously she shrugged her shoulders. "What they're really kicking at is that the old dope's lost its efficacy, and for the first time in history a generation's in being that's down to brass tacks and, as far as Beth Maulden's concerned, nothing else but."

There was more to Beth, Evadne decided, than she'd thought; hidden depths of feeling that spoke of a logical if—for her age—too disillusioned mind. For while it was true that she herself had not known a sufficient number of girls to matter, certainly she'd never met one who spoke with the reasoned bitterness of this English cousin of hers. Later she was to discover to what extent Beth was typical of her contemporaries.

"You mean the War?" she said, and Beth replied from between tightly-clenched teeth.

"Primarily, anyway." She swung round to Evadne. "Do you know, even after all these years, there's hardly a family I know that isn't beggared—either in love or money—on account of it. We're one; as you know, my father was killed at Loos—"

Evadne, a tiny pulse springing to life in her throat, allowed her hand to rest for a moment upon one of Beth's. With that disaster to the widely-advertised dirigible S.202, impressed indelibly on her mind, she understood the reference only too well. Beth's voice, all the more bitter for its evenness, broke in:



## THE DARK ROOM

SUPPLEMENT TO  
THE AUSTRALIAN WOMEN'S WEEKLY

"Although Tom was only a junior officer, he knew the engines were too heavy for the structure, and the gas and fabric unsuitable. So did they all—the skipper especially; knew they were setting out on a stunt voyage from which they hadn't a hundred to one chance of coming back. Time and again the certainty of a crash was pointed out to—the name was of one who, high in the spheres of aeronautical and political administration, was the inspiration of and prime-mover in that ill-judged attempt to impress. "But did any one of them even begin to get a hearing? Don't be silly! What was forty odd lives to the Brooks Benefit of a political stunt they were out for? So they were told they were paid to obey orders and—to get on with it."

For what Evadne judged as a good sixty seconds, Beth remained staring at the long straight road ahead.

"Out of all that crew—the pick of the country—there were only four who weren't burnt to death. And Bill was twenty-seven!—I ask you! With the world at his feet and, because of the girl he'd married, all heaven in his heart. . . . And now look at her! Not thirty yet, and, apart from her boy, her life finished. All the sap drained from it—just a shell or husk or anything you like that's empty and doesn't mean anything. And then look at mother. And me! I'm not exactly a War-baby, but I spent my most impressionable years absorbed to ears and elbows in the agony of it all. And then—this!"

To Evadne, who from birth had lived the single-track open-air life of the Canadian North, this English girl, vivid, alert, but involved in a maze of intellectual rebellion was, as she put it to herself, "a new one on her." It saddened her, rather, this apparent rejection of all accepted standards. She wondered if all English girls were as disillusioned, and if so, what of the men? Where they suffering the same complex?

Then came her first sight of London—the red-brick trimness of Barnes; teeming Hammersmith; through Fulham, unattractive, but to Evadne of overflowing interest; Kings Road and the Duke of York's School, the Hospital and Barracks; through Sloane Square and Ebury Street; then the solid substantiality of Victoria Street. Finally, Westminster—and that, to Evadne, was the crowning touch.

As with unconscious showmanship Beth slowed to a walking-pace, something seemed to catch in Evadne's throat. For now in the flesh she was in that few acres of home-land about which, so often, her dreams had centred; that patch of epitomised history that always her father had held to be the very heart of England. And not only was this so much more beautiful than she had pictured, but here was something which, though the only word she could find for it was "splendor," was so much more than that. Compressed in the grey pile of Parliament to her front, and the greyer, lovelier, Abbey to her right, was all for which England stood and—despite the pessimism of this girl at her side—still stands. It was at this moment, perhaps, that definitely and finally Evadne rejected the doctrine of England's impermanence. A breath-catching experience.

The Mauldens lived in a house, old and small, but mellow and lovely, set in a square that brooded placidly almost within the shadow of the Abbey itself—with its massive green-painted door and gold-glittering brass handle and knocker, a house Evadne fell in love with at sight.

Beth opened the door, with her latchkey, admitting them to a paneled hall with a door at either side. A manservant, in sober house-suit, emerged from the passage at the far end.

"Luggage, Piddian," Beth said. "And have the car taken round, please." From behind the door to the left came the hum of talk and an occasional note of laughter, increasing in volume as the door opened,

and declining again to a murmur as Evadne's aunt closed it quietly behind her.

One of the hardest things to believe concerning Frances Maulden was that she was in the middle forties. She gave the impression, not so much of preservation, as of a certain fadeless maturity; a slim and lovely woman, perfectly gowned and mannered; one who in no surroundings or circumstances would be at a loss.

That was Evadne's first impression. But as her aunt came forward, and their glances met and held, she read, lurking behind the humor in the dark undimmed eyes, a certain defensiveness—as if no blow life could deal would find her either surprised or unprepared; an impression, also, that something in the setting of the exquisitely shaped lips went subtly to confirm. In the ensemble of the face brooded a profound and abiding sadness.

Her hands on Evadne's shoulders, at arm's length she looked at her for a moment.

"I wouldn't have believed," she said at last in a voice which, to Evadne, was as attractive as all about her, "that any girl could have grown so like her mother." She smiled. "The spit-and-image of my sister, you, as they say in Yorkshire. And she, let me tell you, was a very lovely young woman. As you, my dear, are a very welcome one."

She drew the girl to her; kissed her; undemonstrative as by nature she was, Evadne found herself returning it.

Beth, head tilted and eyebrows raised, the perennial cigarette in its elongated holder tilted upwards, said:

"Tea, mother—or cocktails?"  
"A mixed grille—that doesn't quite," Frances Maulden replied. "After you two have removed the dust of travel, you shall come and help me out."

## CHAPTER 4

IT was a charming bedroom into which Evadne was shown. Dark blue hangings and carpets, the walls of a lighter shade of the same color; the bed, with its lovely satin coverlet such as, previously, she had seen only in what of the illustrated weeklies found their way to the shack. Already a maid, subdued, efficient, was unpacking; judging from the little she had seen of this well-ordered house, it occurred to Evadne that one, at least, of the counts in Beth's indictment against things as they are was not easy to substantiate. Beggar as Frances Maulden might be in much that made life worth the living, there was nothing here to indicate a shortage of money.

She had changed to one of the new afternoon frocks, and was running a powder puff over her face when, following a knock at the door, Beth came in. It was as, in a frock of black crepe suede, a chain of beads of alternate jet and crystal about her throat, and her previously rather disordered hair in lovely dark waves, she slowly crossed the floor, that for the first time Evadne was able to appreciate the real beauty of her cousin; and despite—or possibly partly on account of—that guarded look at the back of her eyes, the strength of her attraction.

"I'm afraid you're in for a pretty foul time of it," she said. "In common with quite a lot of people in London to-day, we've two distinct sets of friends—the Church-and-States, who're pre-War relics of mother's, and These Moderns, who're my own contribution. Usually our combined genius contrives to keep 'em apart, for on the few occasions they pass the turnstile together they Don't Mix. This is one of the times. And if you remind me that it takes all sorts to make a world I'll scream the place down."

"Why are you looking at me like that?" Evadne asked quickly.

"I was wondering," Beth said slowly, her eyes still intent, "how long you'll keep like this."

Evadne said, puzzled:

"Keep like what?"

"Just exactly as you are. In the crowd you'll be up against here in London," Beth said, and despite its hardness her voice held a certain wistfulness.

"What like am I now?" Evadne said, anxious to realise her cousin's mind.

Beth said, slowly:

"Unspoilt; illusions intact, and with a windswept mind." She paused, and then added with deliberation: "And when I say I wish you'd never come to London, it isn't because I don't like you. On the contrary, I think it's because I do—and rather a lot at that. But with your looks, and—and—outlook, even if you remain technically unspoilt, your ideals are going to come pretty badly unstuck."

"Listen, Beth," Evadne said quietly. "If you think because I come from the tall timber I've never seen anything of the ugly side of things, you've got to revise your ideas. A girl doesn't spend her life among the types you find in the North—trappers and huskie-breeders and half-breeds and Cree Indians and so on—with-out seeing and hearing—things. Sometimes so crude they'd make anything I'm likely to run up against in London look like Sunday afternoon at the vicarage." She paused, and then added: "And just so long as I'm forewarned, I'm not concerned with what people are, or do. I'm keeper of no conscience but my own, in that aspect of life it's only myself who matters. And I'm not likely to be shocked, afraid, or—tempted."

The drawing-room, of soft tints and mellow Hepplewhite, and that, opening by french windows to a small Dutch garden at the back, ran to the full depth of the house, was larger than Evadne had expected. At the moment of their entry it held about a dozen people, some half of whom—the tea-drinkers—were either on the verge of, or already had reached middle age, and who mostly were grouped about their hostess; the remainder, younger and more ornate, were clustered round the cocktail table that occupied one angle of the room.

There was a momentary lull as the two girls appeared; to Evadne the whole room seemed filled with eyes.

After, in vague general fashion, Mrs. Maulden had introduced her, Evadne discovered herself, a tea-cup balanced precariously in her hand, on a settee next to Clare Maulden, of whom Beth had spoken so bitterly in the car.

Yet, at first glance, she conveyed no definite impression of sorrow. A friendly soul, rather, this slim and very blue-eyed woman with the beautiful colorless skin and long sensitive hands. It was only at rare moments, when her face was in repose, with the dark eyes brooding and retrospective, that the underlying bitterness superimposed itself, and then it was startling.

"If we really get down to it," she said when Evadne was settled, "we're sort of related, aren't we? Cousins-in-law, if there is such a thing. And as apart from my small son"—though there was no pause before it, at that last word a note came into her voice that was as if an obscuring curtain had been withdrawn from some secret, lovely shrine in her heart—"who three-quarters of the year is away at his prep-school; my brother—he's the lad playing tunes on the cocktail-shaker behind the bar there—and my mother-in-law and sister-in-law, I haven't a relative in the world, you're a welcome addition to the circle."

"I'm not exactly rich in relatives myself," Evadne said, and at the thought of that so very near and dear one she had lost a catch came to her voice. She was grateful that, if the other noticed it, she passed it without any direct expression of sympathy.



"I don't suppose," Clare Maulden said at last, with a quick glance about the room, "that you've attempted to take in who all these people are?"

Evadne laughed. "Only one or two," she said. "Your brother, for instance. Who's the man with Beth?"

Clare's reply was accompanied by the slightest shrug of the shoulders. "You mean Sir Adrian Chater, Bart—with the accent on the Bart?" she said. And, at Evadne's nod. "One of those perfect little gentlemen who ninety-nine women in a hundred adore—and the odd one per cent. simply have no use for. And I," she added, following the briefest pause, "am one of Old Hundred."

For some reason Evadne felt rather glad about that; so far as concerned Sir Adrian Chater, she had pretty much the same feeling herself. At a superficial glance he struck her as being rather too good to be true, and too true to type to be good. Even in her native North there are more wolves than those who hunt in packs.

"Personally, and particularly since I've been alone," Clare broke in upon her thoughts to remark, "I've found it a good working rule to give a whole lot of air to men whom other men keep clear of. And for the Bart no man I know who matters has any kind of use at all."

"What's the matter with him?" Evadne questioned, though already her own instinct had given her a pretty shrewd idea of the answer.

Clare shrugged her shoulders.

"The matter is that, among us girls, he's known as The Lyons Male," she said. "And that's telling you a whole lot. . . . What do you think of my brother?" She paused; then added, amusedly, "That had certainly does shake a wicked cocktail!"

He was installed in the angle formed by a white-covered table drawn across the corner of the room, and upon which were the ingredients for cocktails. A handkerchief tucked into his waistbelt as apron, and his sleeves rolled up, he was swinging the shaker to the accompaniment of an unceasing stream of patter.

"Curiously, he's not such a nit-wit as it pleases him to appear," Clare murmured explanatorily. "I'll have him over here so you can judge for yourself."

"Pink gin, Ager-nas?" Toby was saying reprovingly to a thin girl whose scarlet lips were in rather ghastly contrast to a face of flour whiteness. "My dear, if you don't put on the brake, your passion for pink gin'll develop into an awful vision of alligators of the same shade—complete with fringe-whiskers and Inverness capes."

The girl's voice, clear and penetrating, carried across the room.

"Toby, you liar! This is only my second, and well you know it!"

He turned to a tall and languid girl, pink-faced and hennaed, but rather pretty, who, glass in hand, approached the table.

"Why, if it isn't little Gertrude—with the accent so much on the second syllable. And what for you, maddom?"

The girl cast an indifferent glance at the array of bottles.

"What exactly have you, Toby? Anything really new? Or haven't you?"

"Anything new?" His astonishment was prodigious. "Anything new?" Head back, he broke into a chorus unlearned from the score of a musical comedy of the 'nineties.

"I've cham-pagne cock-tail; Saratoga cooler;

Gin sling; negus; sherry sangaree. All the drinks are Yankee ones,

Most are hanky-panky ones, Name your sym-tonics—leave the rest to me!"

Bowing prodigiously, he turned once more to the girl. "And after that—what?"

"Spos if had better be a side-car," she decided without apparent interest.

"Toby!" his sister called after he had mixed the drink, and he grinned across at her. "Come and be formally presented to your new in-law."

"My dear," he called back, "that's what I've been promising myself for the last quarter of an hour; only I've been hemmed in here by this herd of toss-pots."

He halted in front of them. Clare said: "My brother, Toby Conquest—Beth's cousin, Miss Ransome."

"What about a spot of introduction for me, too?" a voice said.

Evadne turned. Unnoticed, Sir Adrian Chater had crossed the room, and now was at her side.

#### CHAPTER 5.

As Toby turned on him, Evadne found the look on his usually good-humored face rather surprising. All the lightness had gone from it, leaving his expression cold.

"Mr. Buttinski—Miss Ransome," he said. It has to be said for Sir Adrian that he was not disconcerted; to Evadne he conveyed the impression that his self-satisfaction was practically snubproof.

"You didn't think, my dear fellow," he said, turning to Toby, and, until she withdrew it, retaining Evadne's hand, "that I had any intention of foregoing the honor of Miss Ransome's acquaintance? Besides, at an informal afternoon like this, surely we're all friends together!"

"But not to the extent," Toby pointed out, taking his place to the left of Evadne, so that now she occupied the middle position, "of sitting four on a settee that's designed only for three. Besides, I want to talk to my new-found cousin, and your face distracts me. . . . And why are you looking at her like that?"

"Like what?" Sir Adrian's voice was sharp.

"A shop-sold sheik," Toby said promptly.

Evadne was grateful for this last. From the moment when she had turned to face him, Sir Adrian's eyes had not left her face, and she found the concentration disconcerting.

He turned from her now, however, to Toby. Apparently the epithet had penetrated the armor of his self-complacency.

"The fact that we have known each other for so long, Toby," he said with dignity, "does not confer upon you the privilege of behaving like an ill-conditioned schoolboy."

It was Clare who relieved the situation by getting up from her seat. She regarded her brother severely, but Evadne saw that her eyes were twinkling.

"Toby, you know perfectly well you shouldn't say things like that!" she exclaimed. Momentarily the humor in her eyes accentuated. "Particularly to one so much your senior," she added. "And now, to show his displeasure, Sir Adrian is going to deprive you of his company." She turned directly to the baronet. "I think I'd like a cocktail." Then, to Evadne, "I'm going to tell Beth to bring you to see me just as soon as it can be arranged. I think probably we shall get on quite well together."

Again, as with a not quite successfully camouflaged unwillingness, Sir Adrian bent over Evadne's hand, his glance was too direct.

"And I hope, also, to give myself the honor of welcoming you to London," he said.

Toby clicked his tongue.

"Oh, go away!" he cried, and with a cold glance at him the baronet fell in at Clare's side.

Following them with his eyes, Toby said, apologetically:

"I'm sorry, but that particular type stirs my spleen, raises my ire, gets my goat, and gives me a pain in the neck generally. But to talk about something pleasant. Welcome to our village. And may I call you Evadne?"

"I don't in the least see why you should," she said.

"By virtue of our close family relationship," he pointed out. "Beth's brother, who was your cousin—and incidentally my own closest friend—married my sister. Surely that brings me into the fold of consanguinity. Or should it be primogeniture? Both are very nice words."

"There's no consanguinity about it," she said with decision. "And as at present I don't know you from a hole in the ground, I think we'll leave it at 'Miss Ransome.' For the time being, anyway."

"Just as you say." His voice was light, his eyes glinting with all the old irresponsibility. "And what," he went on to ask, "are your first impressions of the gay metropolis? and, incidentally, its inhabitants—such as you've seen of 'em?"

There was the same note of disillusion here that, in their conversation on the journey to London, had been so apparent in Beth; that, too, she had sensed as dormant behind the reticence of Clare Maulden. To Evadne, accustomed always to those who lived earnestly and with exuberance, these people seemed to exist in a kind of spiritual coma. As if through the extinguishing of some vital inward spark, so long as one day merged with no actual discomfort into the next, nothing appeared either to count or matter. Some day, perhaps, when she knew Toby Conquest better, she'd put this up to him.

He broke in upon her thoughts.

"And the people?" he inquired. "Me, for instance, not to be personal?"

In this instance she was not sorry to switch from the general to the particular. On the whole, he would not have found her first impressions any too flattering.

"What do you do, anyway?" she said, and in some way the question itself was a disparagement. She saw him shake with inward laughter.

"When I'm not huntin', I'm fishin', and when I'm not fishin', I'm shootin'," he said solemnly. "In these times of universal depression I don't think it fair for a bloke with simoleens enough for a second pat of marge on his bread to take a job that might be filled by some poor blighter that otherwise wouldn't have even a crust. . . . I write, of course. But even that's up to my Muse, and just recently said Muse has gone all elastic-sided boots and aspidiatra."

She cast him a quick look that with a perfectly straight face he returned. While she could accept the first half of his reply, the latter part came as something of a shock, for he did not in the least answer to her conception of a litterateur.

"Write?" she replied, in a tone of such genuine surprise that he laughed.

"I cannot tell a lie I do it with my little Remington," he explained. "Plays, mostly. Jolly good they are, too. The brilliant dramatist assured her with characteristic modesty. Of course, I can't say the managers have all gone all lathery in their hurry to stage 'em. But as a breed they're notoriously deficient in their capacity to recognise the True Art, anyway."

By this the party was beginning to break up. Already what Beth called "the pre-war vintage" had drifted away; the white-faced girl Toby had addressed as "Ager-nas" was shaking hands with her hostess; "Gertrude," as wholly indifferent to her surroundings as ever, unashamedly engaged in facial renovation preparatory for the street. Only Sir Adrian Chater was inclined to linger. When, her decoration completed, Gertrude had wandered abstractedly away, he was the only one who, outside the family, remained.

Beth, returning to the room after seeing the guests away, and who had known and bullied him since she could walk, said, uncompromisingly:

"Do you think you're here on a ninety-nine years' lease or something? Or is it that you haven't a home?"

He replaced his glass on the table and went over to her.

"Only a very lonely one," he said, to which she responded with a gesture that was entirely lacking in sympathy.



"You don't get away with that with me, Bart," she said, definitely. "You can't be the Midnight Son for thirty years and have your trouser-knees worn through by clustering grandchildren at one and the same time. And, anyway, what's the matter with your club?"

"Talking about clubs," he said, "have you been to that new one in Panton Street—The Golden Hoof?"

"Not yet," Beth said quickly; apparently she was interested. "Good, isn't it? I hear they've Scipio's band."

"Excellent!" Sir Adrian said definitely. "And exclusive. Frightfully careful whom they accept."

"Are you a member?" Toby called over to him.

Sir Adrian pulled down his waistcoat. "A Founder Member," he returned.

"Then it isn't exclusive," Toby said, an infection in his voice that told Evadne his affection for the baronet was not excessive.

Ignoring him, Sir Adrian addressed himself, this time, to Mrs. Maulden.

"I was wondering," he said, "whether it might not be a good idea for the Golden Hoof to provide Miss Ransome's first introduction to—er—that particular side of London. If we mightn't all dine somewhere, and go on there afterwards?"

A shade dubiously, Frances Maulden turned to Evadne.

"Aren't you just a little tired, my dear?" she said. "The landing and the journey down and all that."

Evadne laughed.

"I'd have to be half way to my own funeral before I'd turn down the chance of seeing—and dancing in—one of the far-famed London night clubs," she said frankly.

"Splendid!" Toby said approvingly. He turned to Sir Adrian. "The invitation is accepted. You'll call for us here—when? And where do we dine?"

The prospective host turned on him coldly.

"What makes you imagine you're to be included in the party?" he questioned.

"The fact that, without me, Clare wouldn't go, either," Toby replied promptly, with a side-glance at his sister that was an appeal for her backing.

Sir Adrian, who, Evadne suspected, could quite readily have survived even that deprivation, carried it off rather well, she thought.

"In that case," he said gracefully, "even your presence is tolerable." He seemed to be making a calculation. "I'll get another couple of men, so as to even things up. Suppose I'm back here at eight?"

"That," Frances Maulden agreed, "will be very nice."

## CHAPTER 6

AS Evadne was finishing dressing, cigarette-holder tilted at a contemplative angle, Beth drifted in. Her elation accentuated by a frock of dolphin-blue, the Canadian girl found her cousin rather breath-taking. But there was nothing of the elfin in what she had come to say.

"What do you think of our prospective host?" she demanded with characteristic directness.

Evadne's reply was equally to the point.

"He of the wild and roving eye?" she asked. "Let me tell you, it was only that my urge to see the inside of a London night club was too strong for my girlish belief that prevented me being too tired to dance. I may be only a country maiden, but I don't need to look in the tea-leaves to tell me to beware of a dark man."

The contemplative look dimmed, Beth broke into a smile.

Her dark eyes rested for a moment intently upon her cousin's wide-set blue ones; took in the vividness and the sparkle of

her; the wind-and-sun-blown purity of skin, the burnished sheen of red-gold hair.

Evadne smiled back at her. She could see herself becoming very attached to this worldly-wise cousin of hers.

"I dare say I'll be able to cope with him," she said reassuringly.

Evadne was conscious of an inward thrill at the ease with which she fitted into this new and strange environment; she had been apprehensive that the lack of a common experience would have rendered her rather alien. And now, not only was she accepted quite naturally as one of themselves, but she herself was equally at ease. The confidence this gave her did nothing to lessen her appeal.

Though she did not know how he reached there, she found Toby at her side. She rather liked him in evening kit, she decided; he looked slim and well-kept.

"For to-morrow, at least," he said, "the gods have played into my hands."

"And what could be fairer than that?" Evadne rejoined. "Only in what way, particularly?"

"I don't know whether they've had time to tell you," Toby said, "but Mrs. Maulden and Beth are obliged to go into Sussex for a wedding. Beth as bridesmaid and her mother as whipper-in or touch-fudge or something. So I hope you'll give me the opportunity of showing you something of this teeming city. If you're waking I'll call you early, so that we can have what my mother used to say 'a long day.'" He looked at her anxiously. "Can do?"

Evadne was not quick to reply. Actually, coming up in the car, Beth had told her of this long-standing engagement, so that it had seemed she would be left to explode London alone.

"Very well," she said at last, though without visible enthusiasm.

Some of the light gone from his face, he looked at her intently for a moment.

"Half-past ten be too early?" he asked quietly.

"That," she agreed, "will be splendid."

The balloon tyres of the big Rolls drew up outside with such noiselessness that, but for Sir Adrian's voice speaking sharply to his chauffeur, the arrival would have passed unnoticed. As it was, they were in the hall as he pressed the door-bell.

If the car had left her unimpressed, Evadne would not have been the girl she was, for it was the vividness of her reaction to fresh experiences that contributed so much to her vitality. And with the backing of wealth his Rolls provided, and the prospect of an evening for which he was to be sole provider, Sir Adrian acquired a new significance; he was quieter and more assured than in the afternoon. Against her own judgment Evadne found her original prejudice rather lessening.

"Incidentally," Toby questioned him as the car glided away, "where do you propose we shall browse and slouch?"

Sir Adrian showed his teeth in a momentary smile.

"With due regard to the taste of the moment, what would you describe as the most representative restaurant in the London as we know it?" he inquired. "Where one meets what's humorously referred to as society, big business, the Arts—everything that matters?"

"Rowton House," Toby replied, and this time Sir Adrian's smile was less pronounced.

"You'll find our table reserved," he said not unimpressively, "at the Wistaria," and in view of his tone, when eventually the car stopped, Evadne was conscious of disappointment. Where she had expected an imposing entrance, the facade of the Wistaria consisted only of two windows flush with the pavement, the light glowing gently through closely-drawn curtains. The door, set, in a wide shrub-lined porch, where

stood a commissionaire of archidiaconal solemnity, was but faintly illuminated. It was not until this swung open she was able to appreciate the establishment's true character.

Two men, drinking cocktails at one of the small tables, stood up as the party entered. One, who looked about thirty, short and tubby, with a jolly scarlet face and tiny twinkling eyes, was introduced to Evadne as Hector Steward; the other, eight or nine years older, tall and gaunt, with a long pale face and a voice of sepulchral solemnity, as Lord Elsinore.

"And how," Beth inquired, shaking hands after a fashion that told Evadne she liked this odd couple, "are Mutt and Jeff?"

"In the absolute pink!" heartily declared Steward.

"I, personally, am not too fit," Lord "Jeff" Elsinore said hollowly.

Toby said:

"The only thing you suffer from is a slight feeling of fullness after meals, and a cumulative parching of the throat between drinks."

Turning to Sir Adrian, he indicated the figure of dominant sleekness who, his slightly glazed eyes fixed in a trance-like stare upon the group, was standing at the door that led to the restaurant.

"The Archbishop appears anxious to give us his blessing," he pointed out.

"Then we'd better go in," Sir Adrian decided, and with Mrs. Maulden led the way. "All set, Remani?" he inquired of the now faintly bowing figure.

The room was L-shaped; their table, flower-decked and opulent, fitted into an angle so that those seated at its inner side had a full view of the room.

"Remani, you are to be congratulated," Sir Adrian said, following upon an expert glance at the preparations, and the Italian inclined gently forward from the convexity that had once been his waist.

From the general conversation, Evadne learnt that, due to the genius of Remani, the Wistaria had only recently sprung into prominence; that probably it might endure for a few months longer than the succession of establishments whose position it had usurped.

"Jimmy Eyebrow discovered it when he was playing in 'Step Me And Buy One' at the Lido, that's only fifty yards down the street from here," Steward explained with the sophistication that, translated to terms of journalism, was chief contributory to his success. "I don't know how much the pioneer work must have cost him, but whatever it was it was worth more. Jimmy brought along Zozo Fuller, his leading lady, who has the biggest Press agent and following in London. When Carl Henwood wanted her for 'Whoopee,' she made an appointment to discuss the contract here. Realising that if he could get Henwood he'd have all London that mattered beating at the gates, Remani put up a lunch that would have made the feast of Lucullus look like a free lunch counter. So when Carl was after Lady Aphrodite Custom for 'The Phenomenon' it was over a similar lunch here he made his offer. After Remani had passed the word to Tommy Absolem, his Press agent, the chief difficulty was not so much to get the right people in, as to keep the wrong people out."

Glancing across at Toby, Evadne was obliged to admit that he appeared to be enduring the lack of her own proximity with fortitude. For if, presiding over the cocktails that afternoon, he had struck her as lacking in ballast, now, with the whole-hearted co-operation of Beth, he was Polly run riot. He seemed to be known and liked by everyone in the room. To Evadne, unconscious of the undercurrent of jealousy and intrigue that only rarely obtruded, it seemed like one large party.



# THE DARK ROOM

7

A table napkin draped across his forehead after the fashion of a nurse's head-square, thumb and forefinger of one hand about the wrist of Lord Elsinore, those of his other hand on the cheese-straw that projected thermometer-wise from the lips of that hypochondriac peer, Toby's face was a mask of sympathy.

"Pressure high," he pronounced, "but a shallow depression extending over the whole interior is rapidly filling up. Wind likely to be variable."

"Keep the conversation clean," Beth cried reprovingly. "Jeff, you're eating the thermometer!"

Toby, removing what was left of the cheese straw, after several sharp jerks downward from the wrist, examined the surface minutely.

"Temperature," he said, "coolish, but likely to rise towards midnight. Outlook variable."

Meanwhile, Sir Adrian, courteous only unobtrusively, was singling Evadne out for attention. And, as at the moment "Mutt" Steward was engaged earnestly with Clare Mauden, who was at his other hand, Evadne had no alternative but to respond.

"Tell me who some of these—er—notabilities are?" she suggested, and liked the unpretentious readiness with which he complied.

"A fairly representative selection to-night," he said, and indicated a girl-woman who, with a rather bedraggled-looking, unhealthy-complexioned, horn-rimmed spectacled man of early middle-age, was seated at a table a little to their left. Dead white face relieved as to each cheek with a vivid patch of rouge, thick black hair drawn tightly from a wide centre-parting to cover her ears, she reminded the Canadian girl of a rather emaciated Dutch doll. "Enid Bateman, author of 'Garbage,' and other works of similar fragrantcy. I understand her sales for each successive example of pornography as it appears run well into the hundred thousands."

Evadne shrugged slim shoulders. Frank in outlook as her father and modern revolt against hypocrisy had made her, the idea of discussing these works of literary prostitution made no appeal. Her glance wandered elsewhere.

In turn Sir Adrian pointed out Hercules Pshaw who, at nineteen, had commercialised his venom against the great public school at which he had achieved an unprecedented unpopularity by writing "The Mould of Nonage"; Horatius Lock, the revue actor, as small in body as he was giant of mimicry; that great producer and showman of the flattened head and farmer coloring, Carl Henwood; peers and artists; writers and sportsmen, both amateur and tennis-players; actors; film-stars; the Bar . . .

"What do you think of 'em all?" "Mutt" Steward, this time, curious as the effect upon a neophyte of this incarnation of his column.

"Except that one or two speak as if they are afraid of not being overheard, they're not unlike everybody else," she said.

He threw up white and meticulously-tended hands.

"How in fortune's name," he exclaimed, "have you, with the scent of the wood-smoke still in your hair, placed your finger so unerringly on a truth that for over twenty years it has been my own especial business to suppress? Girl, do you want to rob me of my living?"

Evadne's eyes, alight now with laughter, encountered those of Toby Conquest. Attracted by the gossip-writer's protest, he had looked up from his clinic to hear what it was all about.

"Mr. Steward seems terribly disappointed at my lack of reverence for the great and near-great," she explained, and was startled at the bitterness on his face.

"Apparently Miss Ransome realises that if to-day we were to render unto Caesar

the things that are Caesar's," he said, "each and several of our emperors would be knee-deep in lemonade."

## CHAPTER 7

**A**PART from a small but well-patronised cocktail bar, the Golden Hoof, that was the latest, and probably it was the most expensive dance club in London, consisted of one large octagonal room surrounded as to seven of its sides by the balcony where were admitted those who had not troubled to change into evening dress. On the floor below, within the shadow of that balcony and beyond the ever-constricting limits of the dance-floor, were tables and yet more tables. Already Evadne had come to recognise as characteristic of Sir Adrian that, despite the clamor for accommodation, the table reserved for their party would be one of the largest, the least hemmed-in, and most conveniently situated in the room.

Seated there, again next to her host, Evadne was able undistractedly to assimilate the scene and those who contributed to make it the colorful spectacle that, actually, it was.

She was glad that, here, was a greater proportion of those of her own age than had been the case at the Wisteria. However odious were comparisons, she wanted urgently to read herself in the mirror held up by this latest generation of English; individually and collectively to study them from a background at once wider and more restricted than hitherto had been possible. More than all she sought to discover how far their standards corresponded with her own.

Sir Adrian asked her to dance, and, rather nervously at first, she consented. And if he held her a little more closely than seemed strictly necessary, perhaps that was the English way. Nevertheless, she wished he wouldn't.

Then she danced with Toby, and that was a success, too. Not only was he more skilful than Sir Adrian, but he held her far less intimately. And here again he seemed to know the greater proportion of those in the room.

"These people," she said, and gestured to embrace the dancers and non-dancers. "What are they, exactly?"

"How do you mean, what are they?" he replied.

She thought for a moment. Always she wanted to probe to fundamentals.

"Well, what do they do? Do they work? At anything else than this, I mean," she said at last.

"Don't they look as if they do?" he asked, and she shook her head.

"Only about one in twenty," she answered. "The rest only look—like—"

She paused.

"I know!" he said. "Like me, and I look like anything else but." He, in turn, paused. Then he added: "When you've been in London a little while you'll realise how difficult it is to judge by appearances. The average Englishman hates a label. As a matter of fact, I'm one of the few men here without a regular job."

That was his last trace of seriousness; for the remainder of the dance they spoke little, and then confined themselves to trivialities.

From thenceforward, with Sir Adrian showing every disposition to monopolise her, Toby spent the greater part of his time at other tables, where in each case he was greeted as uproariously by the men as by the girls. By no means a bad sign, that, it occurred to Evadne.

Not that Evadne had a great deal of time to devote to the affairs of anyone but herself. Sir Adrian kept her as busy, as she put it to herself, as a three-ring circus. Even if tempered with a discretion so exact that at any moment he could have retired to his defences, he became progressively more ambitious as the night

advanced. In the middle of one dance, for instance, she stopped dead; looked up at him.

"I think in a former existence you must have been a grizzly bear or something," she said quietly. "Or a limpet."

He relaxed his clasp; contrived that a faint surprise should show through his contrition.

"Apparently you're not used to our London style of dancing?" he said.

"It's not so much the London style I object to," she replied, "as the Parisian."

He kept a reasonable distance after that, and, when that dance ended, did not press her for the one that followed. Slightly to her amusement, too, when they returned to their table, as though to mark his displeasure, he devoted himself rather pointedly to Mrs. Mauden. So that when, twenty or so minutes later, Toby came back and held out inviting arms, Evadne was quick to respond.

"About our little whoopee to-morrow?" he said, after they had danced in silence for a little while. "What would you like to do?"

"Go places and do things," she said promptly. "So far's London's concerned, I know nothing about anything. Up from the country with the straw still in my hair, me. Just leave me to be the real right thing in rubbernecks, and we'll get along fine."

The music stopped, and perhaps because this talk was so personal to themselves, Toby did not make directly for their table. Instead, he drew her aside.

"Do you realise," he said, "that by that you'll be fulfilling one of my few remaining ambitions?"

She looked at him rather doubtfully; this implied admission of inertia was out of harmony with what had gone before. Certainly it did seem as though what most of these English people lacked was driving-force. They struck her as being impressed with a kind of inverted Mieswetherism—and with the conviction that whatever turned up would be unpleasant.

"What's one of your few ambitions?" she said at last.

"To be Little Know-all for someone who loves London, but who's never seen it," he replied.

The band struck up again. Toby started to dance.

"But," she protested, though not very convincingly, "won't Sir Adrian be mad?"

"As a scolded cat, I expect," Toby replied impatiently. "But in the meanwhile we shall have had our dance. So why worry?"

In the vestibule, Evadne, who happened to be the first out of the cloakroom, found Sir Adrian waiting for her. There was a practised dexterity about the manoeuvre that considerably irritated her, and all the more so that if she had not withdrawn it from his reach, he would have taken her hand.

"In a place like this," he said as preliminary, "one gets about as much privacy as a goldfish."

She looked at him dispassionately. She could not deny him a certain quality of distinction; he was as fresh and unjaded as when, half a dozen hours before, he had called for them.

"I should imagine that to expect privacy at a night club is the last word in optimism," she said coolly.

His eyes met hers, and when with something more than the suggestion of a shrug she turned away, the action seemed to inflame him. Urgently, he laid his hand on her arm.

"Listen," he said, and his voice, not all on the same note, was of quite the wrong type of eagerness. "I know another little place—quite quiet, and, believe me, most cheery . . ." He paused, and she appreciated his hesitation. "Would it be possible for you to—to slip away from . . ." he glanced towards the cloakroom—"the others . . .?"



"Not so much impossible as incredible," Evadne said curly, and smiled a welcome at Mrs. Maulden, who at that moment came out of the cloakroom with Clara. Already Beth had appeared, and was talking with low-voiced animation to a strangely revived Lord Elanore. A moment, and they came over to say good-night.

"I'll be seeing you again, I hope," he said to Evadne, and with a backward glance at Beth, drifted away.

As happens so frequently following upon organised entertainment, conversation on the way back was desultory, with Sir Adrian uncustomarily silent. Decanted from the car at the house, moreover, he excused himself from going inside.

In the general flurry of thanks and good-nights, with Mrs. Maulden and Beth already in the porch and Toby standing by to shepherd her inside, Evadne gained a little satisfaction in circumventing Sir Adrian's efforts to have her for a moment to himself.

## CHAPTER 8

JUST after ten o'clock the next morning, with Mrs. Maulden and Beth already out of the house, Toby called for her.

"If we're going to be the complete and authentic rubbernecks of your ambition," he said in explanation of such an early call, "we may as well make a day of it."

Because throughout the night he had been rather disturbingly in her thoughts, Evadne looked at him surreptitiously. Rather to her surprise the result was distinctly favorable. In the morning light the freckled face was honest and fresh-looking, the grey eyes steady, the wide mouth reliable. It would have been easy, it occurred to her, to have chosen a less sympathetic guide.

"Where would you like to go first?" Toby inquired.

She had not to think. Her mind had been made up since childhood.

"Westminster Abbey," she said definitely, and gained the impression the choice pleased him.

Within, avoiding the verger-usher groups, it was a new Toby who chose their itinerary. Although, and always at the most unexpected moments, he gave evidence of that lurking, and occasionally mordant, humor, as witness his comments on the monuments to those mediocrities who, in the Georgian days of political and social log-rolling, acquired resting-places there. Yet for that "great temple of silence and reconciliation where the enemies of twenty centuries lie buried" as a whole, his reverence was as profound as his knowledge was comprehensive. And though Evadne spoke but rarely, when she did it was to strike the keynote of whatever phase of this shrine of nationhood they contemplated.

"Concentrated essence of English history, this," she said once. "Saxon, originally, wasn't it?"

Toby nodded.

"A Benedictine monastery, built by Sebert in the early seventh century," he told her. "On an island—Thorney Isle, actually—as Westminster was at that time. After the Danes razed the original structure, King Edgar rebuilt it—in the tenth century. By the time of Edward the Confessor, that had gone west as well. So instead of taking the usual pilgrimage to Rome, he supported home industries by setting his Norman architects to build what was to be a church. The only part of that that still remains, incidentally, is the Chapel of the Pyx. We'll come to that presently."

"Why 'Pyx'?" Evadne asked.

"It wasn't a chapel, originally, but the Royal Treasury," Toby explained. "The 'pyx' was the chest where they kept the standards or patterns for the coinage."

"So," Evadne said slowly, "part was built by the Saxons, and part by the Normans. That's going back quite a while."

"And early English," Toby reminded her. "Two hundred years later Henry III commenced practically to rebuild. That work went on for nearly two hundred years."

"That's three periods," Evadne said slowly. "Saxon, Norman, and Early English."

"Don't forget the Romans," Toby prompted. "Because that's what the pavement inside the rails of the Choir is—brought back by an abbot named Wulf in the thirteenth century, complete with workmen to piece it together—from fragments of structures already thousands of years old. It's there—in the choir, where from Edward II downward all our Kings have been crowned."

For perhaps ten minutes they lingered at Poole's Corner.

Standing so silently there, it came to Evadne that it was here, and far more sweetly than about the tombs of those kings and queens, statesmen and warriors, that England's history was epitomised; that, centralised in the stones of those unpretentious tributes, was all the glory, and so little of the baseness, of those other great and would-be great.

As, well after the noon hour, they passed into the clear sunshine of Old Palace Yard, Evadne said:

"They tell me there's quite a number who are all out to destroy that. By 'that' I mean the Abbey, and all it stands for."

"The Reds, you mean?" Toby said quietly. "And the subsidised of the Reds?"

"Yes," she said, and it was a moment before he replied. Even then, as though still under the tradition-soaked influence of the Abbey, it was without his habitual inconsequence.

"Only," he said at last, "in the sense that they want to wipe out everything in the spiritual life of the nation or individual. Apparently the big idea is that to remould the world to your own desire you've only to knock away the checks of religion and patriotism and adherence to accepted standards, wait until the resultant avalanche has settled and become stagnant, skim off the scum, and elevate it to the necessary dictatorship. With the Slavs, amazingly, they've pulled it off. It's just possible, though I think highly improbable, that to a lesser degree they may force it on some of the Latins. But they won't get away with it in any Anglo-Saxon country."

Interested in all phases of life and its manifestations, Evadne asked why not.

"Because of the Anglo-Saxon conservatism and horse-sense, and that he doesn't panic," Toby replied promptly. "I don't say the present order's going to last indefinitely, because it isn't; in conditions as they are to-day, there's too much that's to the last degree one-sided. But whatever change comes will be evolutionary and not revolutionary. And despite that the tendency is to plug the public with culture like a song-theme from Tin Pan Alley, the result won't be to sink everyone to the dead level of State fodder, either. It takes more than propaganda and false promises to uproot an oak."

"But from what I've read, even among your 'intellectuals'—whatever in Sam Hill that fool word stands for—there's quite a movement towards the Left," Evadne reminded him.

"You mean the side-whiskered Cyrils of Bloomsbury and Oxford?" Toby suggested. "If so, forget it; they're only the present-day manifestation of the eternal biological law that inflicts each generation in turn. In the 'eighties and 'nineties it was the Aesthetics."

"And what, if I may make so bold," Evadne inquired, "were the Aesthetics?"

"Strokes in push suits with a passion for making goo-goo eyes at dandelions," said Toby. "We'll go one night and see 'Patience'—that'll tell you all about 'em."

Then, at the beginning of the present century—before the War—it was the Fabians—all red tie and a cabbage diet. Since the Armistice, and instead of their natural beverage of milk and water, it's supposed to be intellectually the thing among the invertebrates to absorb Lenin-and-dash. But it won't last; soon someone or other'll start a new craze—anything from Yoga to Confucianism. Then it'll be off with the side whiskers and on with the loin-cloths."

"And the others—the working-class Reds?" Evadne asked. "Where do they get off?"

Again Toby waited a moment before he spoke. Odd, Evadne thought, he should be so thoughtful about anything that really mattered.

"There's no getting away from it," he said at last, "there's quite a number—and after what life's handed 'em this last few years, it's the greatest tribute to common sense in history there aren't three times as many—who've decided that as, so far as they're concerned, no change could be for the worse, they're willing to try anything once. Those who're drawing unemployment pay may have enough actually to exist on, but no one can call it living."

He paused, and then added what, to Evadne, came as the greatest surprise yet. "Of course, no life without work is living; it's only day-to-day existence, and might be unsatisfying at that," he said, and it was only that the question would have broken too harshly into the spirit of their talk that saved her from asking what work he thought he did, anyway. At this stage she was inclined to disbelieve in any occupation that did not entail regular hours of work, the clatter of typewriters or machinery, serrated brows, or calloused hands.

"When you come to think of those millions of 'out-of-works' Toby went on—"many of 'em for years, too—it's a miracle the social fabric's as stable as it is. I expect it's due to our wholesome mistrust of dramatics; nationally and individually the Englishman hates a scene. That's why, if conditions right themselves, as I'm inclined to think that, actually, they will, you can rule out any threat of revolution. In this country, anyway."

Involuntarily Evadne's thoughts travelled back to the drive from Southampton, of Beth's hardness and spiritual revolt. She wondered if the attitude was typical.

"But the British equivalent to America's Younger Set?" she asked. "Aren't some of them rather inclined to sit up on their hind legs and howl?"

Again there was that pause before Toby replied.

"That's because the spiritual palates of those who're between twenty and thirty are still tainted by the War," he said. "Subconsciously, they're impressed with the promise that time was the only anodyne to its bestiality. Once it was won and finished with, the politicians assured us, everything in the garden'd be lovely. Then, when it was won—if you call the finish a victory for anyone except the jackals sitting in an expectant ring round the Disposal Board, and with the fathers and lovers and brothers of fifty per cent. of the people dead or maimed or ruined, instead of a Land for Heroes, they found themselves in a country that paid a premium on the slackers and draft-dodgers, and with all the money in the wrong hands. With this as the reward for the old virtues—courage and self-sacrifice and patriotism and clean-living and playing the game—small blame to 'em if they decided that all the old standards were just so much apple-gravy. Now their chief trouble is that, after an enthusiastic trial of the line of least resistance, they've discovered the new and beautifully elastic code has come all unbuttoned. That's why there's such a lot of drifters about. With the substitute for the discarded ideals missing on all six cylinders, what they're suffering from is spiritual starvation."



Evadne drew a long, deep breath. Eighteen hours previously, she told herself she would have regarded a suggestion that this irresponsible dispenser of cocktails was anything but what he appeared, as just To-day's Big Laugh. And now, here was that same mountebank showing himself of an unusually penetrating and closely-reasoning mind.

"And the essentially post-war lot; where do they get off?" she demanded, and this time the reply came more promptly.

"To an extent at the same place as their elders," he said. "When you come to realise that in the last ten or twelve years civilisation has undergone a greater transformation than in all the previous two hundred years put together, it's no wonder the poor dears are finding things a little bewildering. At least we pre-war relics have a background of the world before it went all mental. They, on the other hand, have nothing. You must remember, too, that in their early impressionable years they were under the example and influence of those social revolutionaries, their older brothers and sisters. And you know what that means?"

"Not from personal experience," Evadne said. "I happen to be an only child. But I can imagine."

"But just lately," Toby went on, "quite a lot of 'em, working things out for themselves, have come to realise that neither a code nor a custom is necessarily a wash-out simply because it happens to be pre-war; that, adapted to modern conditions, the old standards may have quite a lot in them. What's more, they're beginning to wonder if whatever is new is necessarily the one real right thing only because it is new. So that, when they've had time to sort things out, probably they'll settle down to a code that's a compromise between the old and new, and because they've adopted only the best of each, better than either."

His voice lowered, he gestured to their left.

"After all, if anything in life's worth anything at all, that must stand for something," he added quietly.

Following that jerk of his head, she realised to what he referred. In the faint breeze of this clear cold day the flags on that simple tribute to sacrifice stirred only gently; at the base of the column the flowers, white, though here and there picked out symbolically with the blood-red of poppies, bloomed untaunted. And at the moment her steps halted it seemed to Evadne that in the tiny oasis that of all England is the most hallowed spot, even the passing traffic took on a muted note.

"If we're not to throw these million-odd lives down the wastepipe; it means—just everything," she said in a low voice.

#### CHAPTER 9

FOR a little while that was the last serious word that passed. With the Cenotaph behind them, Toby became once more the inconsequent of the previous afternoon.

"There's a space in my interior," he remarked with a glance at the Horse Guards clock, "that's about as full as a bungalow with no barrel round it."

"I've felt from the first what a pity it is about that head of yours," Evadne said sympathetically.

"If that's my head, then all these years I must have been brushing my hair in the wrong place," Toby pointed out. "Where would you like to brush? 'Midst the false glamour of a luxury hotel, or where you can hear yourself eat?"

"Somewhere quiet," decided Evadne, with whom the influence of the Abbey remained still poignant.

So they turned from Whitehall to the Strand, and from thence crossed into Maiden Lane, where they hunched hurriedly in the cheery intimacy of the upstairs room at Rules.

"And now where?" Evadne demanded, over the coffee and cigarettes.

"What about," Toby suggested, "looking at pictures? The National Gallery's only a yard and a half away. Snappy line in old masters—Rubens, Tintoretto, Van Dyke, Turner. All the winners. Can do?"

Evadne thought not.

"Too much in the spirit of what we saw this morning," she decided. "I'm so kind of saturated with—with reverence, I'm afraid of one cancelling out the other. Besides, to attempt to take in all those pictures in one afternoon would be rather smothering. I hate not being able to see the wood for trees."

"You couldn't take in the National Gallery in a year—not all of it," Toby assented.

"Let's go somewhere modern," Evadne suggested.

All that day, subconsciously in the Abbey, and here quite deliberately, she had been trying both to classify this—to her—entirely strange young man and to decide her own reactions to him.

One thing she knew—the Toby Conquest you had to yourself was entirely different from the one he showed to a crowd. What, however, she remained doubtful about was when you reached rock bottom was there really anything to him. It was all right being a kind of walking encyclopaedia of the personal and intimate side of English history, to have his own pet theories about "These Moderns," but what was the inner essential Toby—soul-naked before God? A good scout, all right; of that, and for what it was worth, she was sure. Nothing mean about him, nor small; you'd only to take a look at that candid freckled face and meet the clear direct glance to be assured of that.

But what else? Courage? Of the physical type, yes, for Beth had told how he'd thrown up his career to go to the War when he needn't have done and won a decoration for a particularly plucky trench-raid, and, later, a bar to that honor and a "mention" for cool and steady work in the big battle where he'd been wounded.

Only—had that original fire become quenched; was he, so to speak, spiritually burnt out—without direction, driving-force or fortitude? In other words, had he reached the state when he had decided not only that whatever debt originally he owed to life had been paid in full, but with the balance now so much on the other side that all to do was open his mouth and shut his eyes and see what would be sent him?

It was Toby himself, who had been watching her rather more closely than she realised, who broke in upon these thoughts.

"How does the zoo appeal to you?" he said.

She was all for that, and at the end of a couple of hours was pleased with her decision. Here, with her exact knowledge of so many of these creatures of the wild—the lean, slinky timber-wolves, the cinnamon bear, rugged and formidable; silver fox and red, and particularly, those of the fur-bearing species, mink, marten, muskrat—it was she who took the burden of the conversation; there were things she had to tell, pleasant and intimate, of their ways and habits, and of those who hunted them.

And then, quite suddenly, her eyes went hard.

"That's the only thing about my North I don't love," she said, and spoke from between set lips. "On the contrary, I hate it more than anything on God's earth."

"Hate what?" Toby cried, startled.

"That trapping," she said. "I guess if the women who're so mighty proud of their swell fur coats knew how they were got, if you hadn't been in the War I could tell you things that would make any other form of cruelty sound like a lullaby."

Traps visited every three days, and a fox caught by the paw an hour after they've been set. . . . The mother beaver drowned in sight and sound of her kittens—who starve to death after she's gone. . . .

Shuddering, she pulled herself together.

"On that subject, anyway, I'm rabid," she said apologetically. "If cruelty isn't the unforgivable sin of the Scriptures, I guess it's a close second on the list, and printed in bright scarlet at that. When I was fifteen I slashed one of my father's friends across the face with my huskie whip for the way he took a fox from a trap. Now we'll talk about something else, shall we? I'd like some of this tea that's such a prominent feature of the English countryside."

Toby, his freckled face grave, nodded.

"I hope you marked him for life," he said sincerely. "Incidentally, I belong to a society that's all out for humane methods of trapping."

Evadne was glad about that, too. From early childhood the knowledge of those helpless creatures writhing out their lives hour after pain-racked hour had been to her, literally, unthinkable; she had never been able to understand how the men among whom her life lay, essentially kindly in other ways, could bring themselves to profit from the agony of these "little people of the wild."

Over tea at the Piccadilly she found herself wondering what her father's impression would have been of this versatile companion of hers; and because Toby's outlook was so much outside her own experience, was unable to decide. Those with whom hitherto she had been brought into contact were more or less one—dead mind and heart divided between their job and the fortune they hoped one day to make out of it, and with, she was obliged to admit, but few outside interests. Toby Conquest, on the other hand, was too occupied with unessentials to spare time for earning a living. She could not imagine a greater contrast, for instance, than between this facetiously chatting immaculate and Pete McDowall of the hard-bitten frame and simple directness of mind.

At this moment the North, and all the North was and stood for, its strength and its simplicity, seemed so essentially worth while; so much of London with its meretricious glitter and petulant discontent, not only without meaning but oddly sinister. "Had they no sense of responsibility, these tea-drinking, cocktail-shaking jazz-bounds?" she asked herself. "No work in the world?"

She leaned across to Toby, who with the responsiveness to her mood she had begun to observe in him, had not broken in upon her thoughts.

"Tell me, what do all these folk do?" she demanded, and with increased irritation at the twinkle that came into his eyes.

"Most of 'em would answer that question more convincingly in their own home towns," he said. "Provincials, I imagine, by their accents and general make-up. Probably quite hard-working and well-meaning people, up for a few days shopping, making mild spare-time whoopee. Quite a lot of the others from the suburbs, probably on much the same errand. The lads, desperate for a job, just killing time till they can find one."

"Are you one of them?" she asked quickly, and watched his animation fade.

"Unless to start some business that'll help create work—at which I should be worse than useless—this isn't the time for a chap with a little money of his own to break into industry," he said quietly. "Too many poor blokes unemployed and without a bean. It's up to anyone with a loaf of his own to keep out of the bread queue."

She wondered if this was altruism or just excuse for apathy. The idea of not going out for all you can get because of the other fellow's need was something new in her experience.

Several times in the next month Toby called to take her on a similar excursion, so that when circumstances put a closure to a period that later she came to regard as the most vital of her life, there was little of London she had not seen.



Than Toby she could have found no better guide. Not so much for the extent of his knowledge and its range, as the unexpected angles with which it was presented, and the sympathy he brought to bear upon it; his faculty for ignoring dry-as-dust fact to penetrate directly to the warm and palpitating heart, so that under the magic of his touch things which might have been dull and unresponsive glowed warm with life.

In all other ways he puzzled as greatly as he intrigued her. She never knew when she had him. Just when for a period he had been all on the surface, incapable, apparently, of more than a superficial view of anything, suddenly she would be aware of depths in him far beyond her own soundings; of some inner chamber of the heart so precious it was as though only rarely would he allow even himself a glimpse of that treasure-house.

Further, she felt safe with him, so that in came to be the repository of any small perplexity that through her ignorance of English customs, happened to present itself. And always his help was given so unobtrusively that she came to regard it as only natural it should be there to her order.

What, perhaps, especially appealed to her was his sense of comradeship. Except that behind his inconsequence was an inherent but unobtrusive deference, she might have been some greatly-appreciated friend of his own sex. And though there were moments when it came to her that in his care for her was something deeper than was comprised in their mutual camaraderie, not by look, or word, or pressure of the hand, did he encroach beyond the clearly-defined line of companionship.

In this same period, too, she saw something of Sir Adrian, though less than he made it clear he would have appreciated. He would call for her in the morning with the Rolls, and if she had no other engagement they would lunch together, and, occasionally, dine and dance.

Though to an extent she liked him, she did not give him anything like the same latitude she had no hesitation in granting to Toby. Apart from what she had heard of him, her own instinct for character told her that the more impersonal their relationship the better—and safer—for herself.

The end of that series of excursions with Toby came on the night of an afternoon they spent at Hampton Court. On their return to London a telephone call to Westminster informed them that Mrs. Maulden and Beth, who had been to a wedding in Sussex, were dining with Mrs. Tom, and would they go along to the flat.

The vote, then, going against changing, the two dined with cheerful informality at Simpson's, afterwards looking in for an hour at the riotous absurdities of a Palladium Crazy Week.

At Albemarle Street Clare Maulden answered Toby's ring; Clare drew Evadne to her and kissed her.

"It's good to see you," she said in a genuine welcome.

In the half-lounge, half drawing-room that was furnished with so much more regard to comfort than period, with plenty of comfortable chintz-covered chairs, and here and there old Wedgwood bowls of white chrysanthemums, were Mrs. Maulden and Beth, with Lord Elsmore propping his long, length against the mantelpiece, slightly more animated than customarily.

Beth, tucked away into the far depths of the largest chair in the room, her small face pale and looking more elfin than ever, greeted them plaintively.

"My dears, if I'd had to stay in that train another five minutes I'd have passed clean out. Stopped at every station and most of the telegraph poles—just crawling on, and on, and on. And with the Jill Halcombe-Tommy Combermere effort so unappealingly dreary. Everyone so metallically bright, with the respective parents

straining at the leash for an excuse to say something disparaging about their offspring's choice. And the poorer the relations—and, my dears, the whole place was simply cluttered with 'em—the more copiously they wept. And Tommy trying so self-consciously to act up to the popular conception of 'the happy man,' with Jill smirking like Diana the Huntress after a good killing. And the parsons who didn't turn self-righteously from the champagne, literally inhaling it. . . . Who's the letter from, Toby?"

"Letter?" Toby said enquiringly, and Beth gestured.

Already Evadne had noticed the envelope that lay on the table by the fireplace, and because the inscription was so large and straggling, could not help having seen to whom it was addressed.

"Fetch the decanter and glasses, Toby, do you mind?" Clare said, as, looking faintly puzzled, Toby picked up the envelope.

"Why write to me here, anyway, whenever it is?" he complained, and there was a note of uneasiness in his voice that in some odd fashion communicated itself to Evadne.

"Probably because you used to live here, my dear," Beth advanced.

"Only," Toby pointed out, wandering over to the door, "on my leaves from France and for a short time after I was invalided out."

For a reason she was unable to fathom, Evadne discovered herself listening intently for any sound that might come from the room to where he had disappeared. When, after what seemed a quite unreasonable time, no sound came, the queer sinking feeling of which she was conscious became more insistent.

Then, at last, she heard the clink of glasses but—or so it seemed to her—oddly long drawn-out.

When Toby reappeared, the face above the upheld tray was of one suddenly stricken.

## CHAPTER 10.

EVADNE observed the quick keen glances of the others. It was Mrs. Maulden who spoke.

"You're looking just a shade under the weather, Toby, my dear," she said solicitously.

As, without speaking, he put the tray on the table, Evadne saw that he was pulling himself together, and if the glimpse she caught of his face was any criterion, that wouldn't be easy. Perhaps by reason of their comradeship she had an impulse to help him.

"As a matter of fact," she said in a voice that succeeded in turning attention upon herself, "you must put the blame for that on me. I'm afraid I've rather run Toby off his feet to-day."

From the corner of her eye she caught Clare's grateful glance; it was at that moment she realised to what extent love for her brother was anodyne for the husband she had lost.

"Nothing to do with you at all," Toby said without looking up from measuring out whisky. "Change in the weather probably. The first dry day after rain, or the other way about, and as a barometer this old leg of mine has anything turned out by Negretti and Zambra lashed to the mast."

From thenceforward until Mrs. Maulden's car came for them, Toby alternated between garrulousness, when he seemed to say the first thing that came into his head, and periods of abstraction when Evadne found the expression in his eyes not good to look upon. She observed, too, that of them all, Clare was the only one who did not directly address him.

It was not, however, until he was handing them into the car that she recognised the change as it more directly concerned herself. Even then it was not that there was

any lessening of the camaraderie that in their relationship so appealed to her. It was that, now, it was so far more impersonal in quality.

Of one thing, however, she was sure. If from the moment he had returned with that tray of spirits Toby had raised a wall between them, it was neither at his own wish nor for his own protection, with entire certitude, indeed, she was able to appreciate something of what he would have given to be free to thrust that obstacle aside. Glancing from the car window as he limped up the steps to the flat, she saw how wearily his shoulders drooped. But it was not until they turned into Piccadilly it came to her that he made no suggestion for another meeting.

So that for the remainder of the drive home it was Evadne who was the quiet one. What conversation passed was between Beth and Lord Elsmore, and after they had dropped him at the Albany, Beth and Mrs. Maulden.

Westminster reached, and with her aunt lived and Evadne wanting nothing so much as to be alone, they remained only a few minutes before going to their rooms.

Evadne, however, was not alone for long. She was brushing her hair before the mirror when there was a knock on the door. Beth, in apple-green pyjamas and a dragon-embellished Japanese kimono, the elongated cigarette-holder drooping pensively from her lips. Evadne was able to read her cousin's mood by the angle at which that inevitable adjunct to personality was held.

"My dear," she said, "I know perfectly well that at this moment you hate the sight of me. Only I'm not very popular with myself, either."

"What might be the trouble?" Evadne asked.

"I don't like my character," said Beth. "If any."

"What's the matter with it?" asked Evadne, who was not enamored of people who indulge in spiritual self-autopsy—inspecting their own conception of what they are pleased to term their "blinds" like an opened herring on a plate.

At her school in Upper Canada one of the least physically attractive of the mistresses, whose thoughts appeared to dwell exclusively upon the one phase of life it was least probable she ever would experience, had introduced Evadne to Freud, with a result that could not more effectively have reinforced her father's creed and teaching. "Presuming that actually it's there—and I hope most sincerely it isn't," she had remarked when she returned the book to the disillusioned propagandist, "the more subconscious that garbage remains the cleaner I'll feel. Even if I am cursed with a cesspool in my garden, the last thing I'd think of doing is to stir it up. I'd just hate to see my roses wearing gas-masks."

Catching Beth's eyes in the mirror, however, she was reassured by the irony she read there.

"Don't worry, duckie," Beth's voice held a suggestion of amusement that reinforced relief. "A puer-er minded specimen of clean-run English girlhood, ma. Only—I'm bothered."

"About what one thing in particular?" Evadne demanded, turning sideways in her chair to Beth, who now, knees to chin, was perched on the end of the bed.

"Not one thing," Beth said. "Two. The first is—what am I to do about that mutt Bill Elsmore? He worries me, that lad."

If that inarticulate member of the British peerage, being hopelessly in love with this girl, who to Evadne was so reminiscent of a particularly vivid but sophisticated elf, was cause for disquietude, Evadne was prepared to sympathise.

"What am I to do about him?" Beth demanded, before her cousin could speak.

"Doesn't that rather depend on exactly how he appeals to you?" Evadne suggested. Beth shook helpless hands.



"But that's just what I don't know!" she exclaimed. "How he should appeal to me is as a mumble-incompetent. The trouble is, he doesn't. And besides—he isn't. When you dig deep you find quite a lot of—what do you horny-handed miners call it? Pay dirt?"

"If you mean traces of gold, we call it color," Evadne said. "In Canada, anyway."

Beth nodded. "Well, you find 'color' in Bill—even if sometimes you have to sink a pretty deep shaft to strike it. And," incredibly the small face flushed, for a passing instant her eyes wavered—"he's rather a lamb."

If, to Evadne, the peer was more suggestive of a more mature member of that same species, she decided wisely to keep the thought to herself.

"What, exactly, is your big trouble about him?" she asked instead, and Beth did not immediately reply. Then she said:

"I don't know that I'm quite playing the game with him. If, as soon as I realised that, so far as he's concerned, I'm the One Girl in the World, I shouldn't have sent him teetering out on his ear. Only it seemed too much like cruelty to children."

Evadne considered this.

"If you're not going to marry him, it's got to be done sooner or later," she pointed out. "And the longer you wait the more it'll hurt."

"But I don't know that I'm not going to marry him," Beth boke in surprisingly. "That's why I feel such a cat—for the girl who'd willingly hurt Bill Elsmore'd be a feline in the star A class. Dumb he may be and is, but he's clean and he's on the level. These days these things count. Besides—he needs me."

"Very likely," Evadne said, from a store of wisdom that was so much more instinctive than acquired. "But do you need him?"

But to Evadne's further surprise, Beth hesitated.

"What does your mother say?" Evadne inquired.

Beth aprang another of her surprises.

"Why is it," she said slowly, "that I'm unloading my maiden perplexities on you, who a few weeks ago I'd never even seen, and yet I've said nothing to mother—who I'm nearer to, really, than anyone on earth?"

"Probably for the very reason you are so near," Evadne said, with another flash of intuition. "I think it's only in the last extremity we're vocal about our troubles to those we're in greatest sympathy with; we know they understand pretty well, anyway." Then: "How can I help you, my dear? Because, if I can, I'd like to. But to be honest, for the life of me I can't see just how."

"Nor can I," Beth's voice was thoughtful. "I'll have to care for a man a whole lot before I could contemplate facing him across the breakfast table every morning without going all Early Victorian. Because the only difference I can see between 'one of those' and a woman who marries for any reason but because she can't do without him is that what one retails the other sells by contract. Hard-boiled, I may be, but I'm in neither of those particular markets, thank you very much."

This got home on Evadne, as she put it to herself, right where she lived. Amazing that this London-trained girl, so clear-eyed and without illusion, should have retained so much of the same ideals as herself—with all her father's teaching.

"I expect that idea's kind of hereditary," Beth said, regarding her cousin steadily.

"Was it the Jesuits, or is it the Communists, who say that if they can train a child until he's eight, they don't care what sect gets hold of him after? And all the marriages in my immediate circle have been relationships I want to burn Jose-sticks to. My own parents—and my brother's with Clare. And I'm prepared to bet my

Sunday bed-socks Toby's'll be the same. . . . For a moment those very grey eyes were intent. . . . "Incidentally, it's that lad who's the second of those worries of mine."

"Why Toby?" Evadne inquired, in a very steady voice.

There was mild derision on Beth's face as she said:

"You're not dumb, or blind; you know just as well as I do. That letter—sent to Clare's flat, where he hasn't lived since just after he was demobilised. If it wasn't that I'm so dead sure he hasn't one to become vocal, I'd say it was a voice from the past. Mother says that during all the time, towards the end of the war, when the whole world was just living a day at a time, Toby was the one boy she knew who kept both his head and his code. And she knows. I don't know how, but she does. Instinct, probably—and observation. Not that Toby's not human, because if he got it badly I can see him going off the deep end with a splash that'd drench the roof. It's just that he's fastidious, for at the back of all that merry and brightness of his he's a pretty good conceit of himself. Let me tell you—only I expect he'd prefer to hear it called self-respect. Whatever it is, it's kept him out of the mud. . . . But there's no getting away from it, that letter to-night sent him all-end-sideways. You noticed?"

"Yes," said Evadne, and again there was that quick, steady glance from her cousin.

Beth uncrossed her legs, slid from the bed, tossed the stub of her cigarette into the fire. Elbows on the mantelpiece, the empty holder at an acute angle from her mouth:

"I shouldn't wonder if you could help quite a lot," she said. "If you're willing to pull your weight, that is."

"Why me particularly?" Evadne asked, and Beth swung round.

"Do you know," she said steadily, "that except when she's been forced on him, you're the first girl I've ever known him take out. Friendly to all, but hasn't specialised, if you know what I mean. And I'd give my eye-teeth to know whom that letter's from and what it's all about—I hate to see that lad as he was to-night. Toby's like my brother Tom was—one of God's own. And I don't care who hears me say it."

She drifted out, leaving Evadne with her mind in greater turmoil than at the time she was able to realise. In bed, she lay for a long time gazing into the fire in an attempt to assemble her thoughts. And because there was more than one from which she turned rather hastily aside, refusing it classification, she found it rather difficult.

One circumstance that emerged clear-cut from the rest, however, brought her up with a jerk. She had been in England little more than a month, and already the old life, the wilds where she had been born and lived, even Red and Pete McDowell, seemed part of a quite remote past; only her father's strength and his tenderness, remained clear-cut and vivid. . . . Incredible that she should so completely have identified herself with this new strange order.

Subconsciously, she had given quite a little thought to Sir Adrian, who was a new type to her, and not altogether a pleasing one; a moral high-grader—out to fish the gold from any claim upon which his fancy rested, and catholic in his choice. If not with the crudity of a nouveau riche, in his slightly better-bred fashion relying upon weight of money to reinforce his technique—and except to those of exact discrimination this to the last degree expert. Apart from that artistry, his chief danger to others, she thought, would be in his pertinacity and a certain self-assured lack of scruple. She did not linger long with Sir Adrian; for some reason she preferred not to think about him very much.

Lastly—Toby. It might be necessary to revise the estimate that, before the incident of the letter and his reaction to it, she had regarded as fairly well stabilised. Even in that short acquaintance she had acquired considerable respect for her cousin's opinion, and she knew that her unusually warm approval of Toby would not have been lightly formed.

Only—why his change of attitude, as subtle as, to her, it had been unmistakable? Could it be that his interest in her had flagged?

Yet, right up to the drive to Albermarle Street, he'd been as alert in exchange as at the day's zenith and superimposed upon that vividness all the old assumption of their common interests. So that she felt she had legitimate excuse for having taken for granted he would make his usual suggestion for a further meeting. . . . And then he'd let her drive away without a word.

#### CHAPTER 11.

THOUGH in the next two days they heard nothing of Toby, at about half-past ten on the morning of the third day Sir Adrian arrived with the Rolls.

"Now that you've seen something of London," he said when, entering the morning-room, Evadne found him chatting with Mrs. Maulden, "I was wondering if I might show you something of the English countryside."

He looked essentially distinguished, she thought, standing so self-sufficiently on the hearth rug; if a shade over-valeted and well preserved.

For a moment she wondered if the invitation appealed to her, but on the whole decided that it did. Busy with affairs concerning the house, Mrs. Maulden and Beth were staying in that morning; in the afternoon were making a call upon Beth's old nurse, who was ill, at Hammer-smith. For the time of year the day was sunny, crisp, and sparkling, and even more than she was afraid of this predatory man she was afraid of her own fear of him. If she was to justify the principles upon which her emotional life was founded, here was a challenge that had to be met. With characteristic frankness she had to admit also to a certain fascination in the wiles of this expert.

"What do you say, Aunt Frances?" she said; but Mrs. Maulden shook her head. Evadne had the impression that while the elder woman refused to be drawn she awaited the outcome with interest.

A moment, and Evadne's mind was made up.

"Very well," she said. "But I must be back here by seven at the latest."

A wooden-faced chauffeur showed them into the car. After they were settled in their seats Evadne asked: "Where do you intend to take me?"

The reply came promptly: "As far as possible from the petrol pumps and pink bungalows," he told her.

Thus it was that as the big car rolled down Victoria Street, turned left over Vauxhall Bridge, and from thence south to Croydon, she discovered a hitherto unsuspected facet to the character of the man at her side. Reverting from the attitude that, the first time she had met him, had led him to suggest a clandestine visit to some dubious haunt of his own selection, to-day he made it clear she was a guest it was his special privilege to honor. She had not the experience to recognise this as an example less of consideration than of technique.

After they had passed through the bustling suburbanism of Croydon, deserting the main roads, they took the lesser one through Wardingham and Limsfield, and from there the main road to Westerham,



At a patch of green in the centre of this comparatively unspoiled little town, Sir Adrian ordered the chauffeur to draw up, and pointed to the figure who, with drawn, slender sword, so strangely dominates the prospect.

"As a Canadian, that should interest you," he said.

By leaning forward she was able to read the name on the statue's base. It was that of the man who, at the cost of his life, won for Britain the land that if she but follows her star is destined before many years to become the world's most powerful influence.

"Wofel!" she exclaimed, and got out of the car.

In common with the majority of Canadians, she was intensely interested in the early history of her country, and to the young soldier who embarked upon as incredibly a forlorn hope as any in British history, was able to school mind and heart in the contemplation of Gray's Elegy, always she had paid special tribute.

"One of the most heroic figures in our history," Sir Adrian said, oddly echoing her own thoughts. "In command of an army at thirty—yet like so many men of military genius, essentially a dreamer."

"I expect, as much as anything, it's the capacity for imagination that makes a good soldier," Evadne suggested.

"Another circumstance that would be incomprehensible to any nation but our own," Sir Adrian pointed out, "is that it was only thirteen years after he fought the Scots at Culloden that he sent the Highlanders into action at Quebec. Almost precisely the same period, incidentally, as that between General Smuts, fighting us in South Africa, and commanding the British Expeditionary Force in German East."

"If those facts alone aren't the most convincing proof of the ultimate futility of war, then I'd like to know of something better," Evadne said slowly, her thoughts on those Legions of the Dead.

From Westerham they left the main road, to rejoin it at Tunbridge Wells; from thence, by by-road again, through Puddock Wood to Waterbury and Maidstone.

It was as they travelled these harshly macadamised main roads that, as she had been on the ride from Southampton, Evadne was overcome by the pity of despoliation; the blasphemy of pylons stretching to robot infinitude across green smiling pastures; of hedgerows savagely hacked and ravaged—presumably that the scent of flowers that otherwise would have blossomed there might not enervate upon the reek of oil and petrol; of the rows of hideously flashing petrol pumps on their fore-shores of concrete; the pink and stucco of bungalows with their waving pennons of "Teas"; of grey age-old bridges either destroyed or widened beyond recognition; of so much that was lovely and sylvan and irreplaceable commercialised as sacrifice to the new false god of speed. Only on the by-roads the loveliness of the old England remained comparatively inviolate.

She voiced something of her thoughts to her companion, whose response was accompanied by a shrug of the shoulders.

"A pity, of course, and all that," he said carelessly. "But you can't hold back the tide of progress."

Involuntarily Evadne's thoughts turned to Toby. If in their brief association one facet of that perplexing person's make-up had stood out clear-cut and unmistakable, it was his love for beauty; in similar circumstances his response would have been very different from this. Her eyes were harder as she said, shortly:

"Has it never occurred to you that progress—that after all is only a relative term—may be bought at too big a price?"

At something in her voice he glanced at her sharply.

"I thought you Canadians prided yourselves on being go-getters," he said, with a suggestion of amusement she found herself resenting. Perhaps it was for the same unformulated reason she had not men-

tioned that, actually, they were skirting land that for centuries her forbears had owned and nurtured; why, now, she was silent upon her pride in the English tradition.

"I don't see why being a go-getter necessarily precludes a reverence for the heart and soul of England," she said, and gestured towards the garage that, by crooked planks stuck obliquely across its stuccoed facade, haunted a hideous hastyard Tudor. "To me, for instance, that's like a wanderer coming home to discover the mother he'd pictured in print and sun-bonnet, dolled-up in beach pyjamas about the odds on a dirt-track."

"If," Sir Adrian put in, "instead of feeding him on cold boiled bacon and tea, she dines him at the Ritz, with a cheery evening at a dance-club to follow, then good luck to the old lady's enterprise, sez I."

To Evadne, there was something of fundamental vulgarity in this that accorded only harshly with her mood. Now that she herself might be included in the moneyed class, she determined at all costs not to lose contact with the old ideas.

"You think cold cash is able to compensate for the irreplaceable loss of beauty?" she said levelly.

Her companion's expression did not soften.

"It's my experience that money can compensate for the loss of anything on earth," he replied deliberately, and in view of his reputation, Evadne checked herself from speculating as to how far that maxim had extended to his relations with her sex.

"An old Yorkshire prospector I met once, said to me that if it wasn't that with gold he'd be able to buy all the flowers he wanted, he'd rather find an English violet than the richest claim in history," she said slowly. "He was right, too, I guess—to an extent. And one of the things no amount of gold can buy is what's once been destroyed. At the present rate of vandalism, in a few years the English countryside will have gone, and all the speed-kings' cars and all the speed-kings' records won't be able to restore it."

Sir Adrian smiled the smile he kept especially to cope with opposition. Like the majority of the rich and self-indulgent, he was so accustomed to the "yes men" and the "noddies," as to have lost the habit of questioning his own infallibility. It was a mental attitude Evadne did not find particularly attractive.

Over lunch she observed that his customary self-complacency seemed temporarily to have deserted him, so that for a little while she suspected him of sulking. As the meal progressed, however, it came to her that this new attitude was caused, not by pique, but, surprisingly, by nervousness; his responses to her conversational gambits were jerky and inadequate; his eyes, set in a meshwork of tiny lines not all the masseurs in Bond Street had found it possible to eradicate, held a light that, coming so unexpectedly, provided its own warning.

Nevertheless his move, when it came, found her so entirely off-guard as, for a moment, to leave her without capacity for reply.

She saw his swift glance about the room; they were a little late, so that by now most of the tables had been vacated. Then his hand, so white and smooth and well-laundered, crept over the table to cover both her own.

"Evadne," he said deliberately, his eyes, challenging, avid, fixed directly upon her own, "will you marry me?"

## CHAPTER 12

TAKEN completely off her balance, Evadne looked at him for a moment in silence. Then her lips set decisively.

"Is that your idea of humor?" she said coolly, but, his eyes still upon hers, he shook his head.

"I never was more serious," he said, and with, she observed, a queer break in his voice.

This time her answer came promptly. "I'm sorry, but my answer's 'no,'" she said levelly.

If, momentarily, his eyes narrowed, she had the idea this was less from surprise than chagrin that her decision had come so unhesitatingly.

"Why?" he said, and because his tone was one almost of cross-examination, she shrugged her shoulders.

"Why does a girl decline to marry a man?" she said.

Now, when after reaching for a cigarette, and sliding the case across to her, he leaned back in his chair, there was something in the action Evadne found vaguely disquieting. For while it was evident he had been prepared for defeat, it was equally obvious he had determined not to accept it.

"For a variety of reasons," he said, and his arbitrary tone did not contribute to tranquillity. "Chiefly, either because he hasn't enough money; that she's in love with someone else; that she finds him physically unattractive, or—and I'd like to lay rather especial emphasis on this, as of all it's the most usual—because she doesn't really know him."

"Yet you ask me to be your wife—after a total association of possibly twenty-four hours?" Evadne said.

"I made up my mind to marry you in the car driving from the Golden Hoof," Sir Adrian said coolly.

For her liking, there was a little too much of the "dominant male" about this. Her mouth set dangerous.

"That was after I'd refused to sneak off with you to some night haunt or other?" she demanded, her voice level.

He nodded. "That determined me, anyway," he admitted with the same infuriating self-assurance as before. "I fell in love with you the moment I saw you. For your information, also, I may say that it was for the first time. Probably that sounds baroque, but at least it has the merit of truth."

In view of his reputation and her own code and upbringing, he could not have advanced a plea more calculated to anger her. Even if she possessed a certain sympathy for those who, because of an overwhelming love for their partner, fling their hate over the windmill, she had no use whatever for backsliders through any other cause.

"I guess we won't go into that," she said, and found it difficult to keep her voice under control. "I'm sorry, but I've given you my answer, and that answer goes. Now we'll talk about something else."

"In a moment." There was a flush on the smoothly shaven face; the strangely youthful eyes were hard. "Following such an airy refusal, doesn't it occur to you I'm entitled to hear your reason?"

"I've more than one reason," Evadne said. "I've three. And each one insurmountable."

"I'd be interested," he said, "to hear them."

"Very well," she said. "In the first place, you're not my type."

She paused.

"And the second?" he said, and now the deep hard lines of his mouth were ugly.

"If you will have it, we're of a different generation," she said.

She could see that that hurt. "You mean I'm too old?" he demanded in a flat, cold voice.

"Why labour it?" Evadne said.

He refused to accept this.

"Thirty years ago," he said, "saw the last of the generations who still suffered for the sins of their Georgian and Early Victorian fathers. Until then, men of forty-five were middle-aged, gouty, obese—and worse. But now those old farts have died, and we've learnt to look after our bodies in addition, the man of forty-five is in his prime. Personally, I'm as fit as I was in the twenties."

Having nothing to say, she remained silent.



"And your third reason?" he asked, and was not to know how disturbing she found the question. Of that trinity of objections, this was the one of which she shrank, not only discussion, but her own contemplation. Ridiculous to imagine that a brief time spent with a purposeless dilettante—the type above all others for whom the hard life of the North had taught the profound contempt—could mean anything more than any other day's sightseeing, she told herself. Yet, when she replied, her voice was resolute.

"I'm sorry," she said briefly, "but I prefer not to go into that. If I've seemed ungrateful, I'm sorry; you took me so by surprise I expect I hadn't time to collect myself. Actually, I'm tremendously appreciative of the compliment."

He slightly spread his hands in a gesture that was one less of recognition than of dismissal.

"Then that, for the moment, is that," he said.

"Not for the moment, permanently!" Evadne said determined to have this settled for good. But only, at what she read in his face, rather to wish she hadn't.

"As you point out, you know me very little," Sir Adrian said, with a return to arrogance that cancelled whatever sympathy she may have been inclined to feel for him. "On further acquaintance probably you'll discover that what I set out for, that I make a point of getting."

"You won't get me, anyway," she said decisively, met his eyes very directly, held them for a moment, and stood up. "We'll move along, shall we?"

The return drive was less uncomfortable than might have been expected; if it pleased him to exercise it, Sir Adrian's savor faire was admirable. And when, the house reached, he came in for a cocktail, and there was Clare, and Toby who struck her as looking rather tired she perceived that, since she had last seen them together, in some subtle fashion the antagonism between the two men had increased. It was as, having distributed to the others, Toby handed a cocktail to Sir Adrian, that she received something of a shock.

"I understand," the elder man said as he took the glass, "that you've sub-let your chambers."

Faintly, Toby flushed.

"Your information is accurate," he said, "to Jerry Fernandez, of the Daily Courier."

"Started, Mrs. Maulden looked up.

"But, Toby, for goodness' sake, why?" she exclaimed. "After you've spent so much time and trouble on those rooms of yours!"

"You're not going away, or anything funny like that?" Beth broke in to ask before Toby could reply.

From somewhere—and Evadne judged it to be sufficiently remote—Toby contrived a grin.

"I've gone a piece of the way already," he said. "Quite the little explorer, me."

Instinct that here was more than appeared on the surface, Evadne shot a quick glance at Clare, only to read from her something approaching consternation.

It was, however, Sir Adrian who put the direct question.

"And you're living?" he inquired.

"At Shepherd's Bush," said Toby.

As a stranger to London the district conveyed nothing to Evadne, but just for a moment she saw flash into their faces an expression of dismay. It was with the air of one who, having something unpleasant to face, is determined to get it over and done with, that Toby went on:

"You may as well know now as later," he said quietly, "that I've had my losses. Pretty serious ones, too, let me tell you. Securities gone down to boot-sole level, and half the foreign nations putting an embargo on money leaving the country. All that sort of thing."

Clare, palpably startled, looked as if she was about to say something in protest. Even if, thinking better of it, she checked

herself, her eyes were speculative and, it occurred to Evadne, rather frightened.

"Hard luck, old son," heartily exclaimed Sir Adrian, breaking into the silence. Too heartily, it occurred to Evadne, to be altogether genuine.

Mrs. Maulden said—and here was sincerity to the ultimate:

"Don't think we're inquisitive, Toby, or anything horrid like that; it's that you're so very much one of the family. Just exactly what do your losses mean to you?"

"Actually," Toby said, facing the issue with the frankness that was one of the things Evadne liked in him, "my income's reduced by about 60 per cent. However, I've quite comfortable quarters at 'The Bush'—even if my landlady does call me 'lur'. I like it, as a matter of fact, because she's rather a low herself. Yorkshire she is, Mrs. Bailey, she knows, and a real good 'un at that."

But though to outward appearance he was the least concerned of them all, the change in him that had followed so closely upon the heels of the Albermarle Street letter remained still evident. Observing him more closely than she knew, it came to Evadne that this had not material loss as its origin. It was something, she suspected, inherent in himself that had driven the wound more deeply than, to one of his temperament, could have been caused merely by financial loss. Though always she had been able to perceive that the War, with its horrible concomitant of spiritual destruction, had left scars of disillusion that nothing would be able wholly to eradicate, where, before, his gaiety had seemed to well unbidden as a natural spring, now, except at rare intervals, it had to be summoned, and thus had lost its spontaneity. In these last few days, too, he had grown perceptibly older. Not only in spirit, but in appearance, with the lines of his face accentuated.

Clare, gallantly but not quite successfully hiding preoccupation, would not stay for dinner. After she and Toby had left with Sir Adrian, Evadne dined alone with her aunt and Beth.

"There's more," the latter remarked, when the parlourmaid had left the room, "in that removal of Toby's than meets the eye. If you were to ask me, I'd say that about those losses there's a good deal of apple sauce."

"I shouldn't be in the least surprised," Mrs. Maulden agreed. "Only it happens to be Toby's affair exclusively, and quite obviously he's told us all he wants us to know. Of one thing, however, I'm convinced—whatever it is, is nothing to his discredit. Apart from that, it would be impertinent to probe any further."

"It isn't that I want to probe," Beth explained. "I have my faults, but Mike knows I'm no Miss Bittinski. What I want is to help."

Her mother shook her head. "If I know Toby, he doesn't need any," she said. "If there's a way out, you can trust him to find it. If there isn't, all he'll want is to be left alone."

"Toby always has been one to do his own lying awake at nights," Beth agreed. "That's one of the reasons he's so difficult to help. Whatever may be his trouble, you can take it from me it isn't one of the usual trinity. I don't suppose he's ever been really whistled since he left Cambridge, and if there's any female entanglement he must have kept her in an airtight compartment or somewhere, for certainly we've never seen hint or sign of it. And he always says that habitual gambling is the last resort of the mentally insufficient. In fact, the only vice I can trace to him is his incurable habit of writing plays that no one ever wants to produce. So whatever kind of hole he's in, simply isn't of his own digging. And I don't mind telling you I'm just worried stiff about him." With one of her sudden changes of subject she looked across at Evadne.

"Like to come to a party to-night—thrown by one of the far-famed Intelligentsia? Not in Bloomsbury, but, oddly enough, in Shepherd's Bush."

#### CHAPTER 13.

EYES twinkling, Mrs. Maulden looked up. Later Evadne learned how perpetual was her amusement at Beth's catholicism of acquaintance.

"Who is it this time?" she inquired, interested. "That long-haired Communist with the shop-soiled fingernails who ate all the caviare sandwiches before anyone else could get near the table? I remember she insisted upon calling me a 'boogie-war.' Sounded perfectly dreadful until I gathered what he really meant."

"Stan Collingham?" Beth's fine eyebrows shot up. "Surely you remember that about a week later he ran into a spot of bother hitting a fishmonger's assistant over the head with a bottle?"

"I'm afraid my acquaintance with people who club other people with bottles is rather limited," Mrs. Maulden pointed out equally. "And why a fishmonger's assistant in particular?"

"And that," Beth said, "is where you've put your finger on the one weak spot. Because poor Stan's twin arguments that he thought he was hitting a detective and that it was an empty bottle anyway, didn't seem to get across. However, he went down to the cells singing the 'Red Flag.'"

"That ought to earn 'em to send him to prison," Mrs. Maulden murmured appreciatively.

"And so," Beth went on, "in order to show Evadne the art that so successfully conceals art, I've had to fall back on Lois Honigbaum."

"My sympathies," Mrs. Maulden observed with obvious sincerity, "are entirely with my niece."

Evadne looked up.

"Exactly why are they?" she inquired interestedly.

"Do you intend to go?" her aunt asked, still with the glint of humor in her as yet unclouded eyes.

"I don't see why not?" Evadne replied. "After all, it might tend to broaden my mind."

"Far more likely permanently to unbalance it," Mrs. Maulden rejoined good-humoredly.

As much as anything it was Sir Adrian's reaction to Toby's announcement of Shepherd's Bush as his new address that inspired Evadne's eagerness for this introduction to the intelligentsia.

The taxi turned down a short, narrow street between high, new buildings, at the end swung round to a narrow cul-de-sac where, on one side, a row of new, narrow, red-brick houses faced a high, blank wall.

Dismissing the taxi, Beth passed up the narrow path to a passage that, running between that house and the next, opened to a yard. From the far side of this shone the illuminated roof lights of a long, narrow building that, occupying the full breadth of the yard, appeared as though built originally for stables. The door, in the centre, was painted a dark and shining green; above the letter slit was a large, brightly-polished brass knocker. From within came the strains of a gramophone.

Beth pounded the knocker. There was an interval, and then the door was opened by a large rather shabby man with a shock of grey hair and a big, lined face relieved from stolidity by a pair of very shrewd and kindly eyes that, as they rested upon Beth, lighted to welcome.

"Come right in," he said with a pronounced Scottish accent. He glanced, not less genially, at Evadne.

"Uncle 'Cully' Muir," Beth said, introducing them. "Short for Caledonian, because even if he looks stern he's rather inclined to go all wild—my Canadian cousin Evadne Ransome."



Shaking her hand with one that for so large a man was surprisingly slender and long fingered, the Scot shepherd them to a room that, long, narrow, and brightly lighted, had the near end partitioned off with screens.

Evadne's first impression was of having plunged into the ante-room of a fancy-dress ball in the village mission hall. For, with its cross-pieces from wall to wall and from centre of these to the angle of the roof, its hanging lights, and its platform, had it not been for the character of the unframed pictures in water color, oil, crayon, and charcoal, with which the walls were bedizenized, and the ecstasies of chintz-covered cushions and lounges, the room would have been essentially parochial.

There must have been twenty or more people there, either seated cross-legged on the hearthrug before the wide, open fireplace or sprawling on cushions and tuffets, with women slightly in the majority. Everybody was talking at once, for the most part in high shrill voices, and making no pretence of listening to anyone else. To her surprise Evadne saw that the costumes were not fancy dress but, incredibly, an expression of the taste of those who wore them.

Of them all, the woman who, jerking not ungracefully to her face from where, chin and elbows on a tuft of flaming orange silk, she had been lying full length before the fire, struck the most individual note. A woman tall and rather gaunt, with a face that, except for the startlingly vermilion lips, bore the appearance of having been dipped in flour. This effect was enhanced by a pair of the most brilliant, as they were the blackest, eyes Evadne had ever seen. Tenacious and burning, surmounted with the thinnest possible line of brows, they looked as if they laughed only under protest. Her hair, that was black and straight, hung like that of a medieval page.

At her figure Evadne was able only to guess, for she was not so much clad as enveloped in a garment that sagging where it should have fitted closely and skin-tight in places that demanded freedom, conveyed the impression of having been hacked from an old pink and green bedspread. On her stockings and not on substantial feet were silver sandals.

She advanced with both hands outstretched—long, brown, and surprisingly capable looking, the fingers laboring under the burden of enormous rings of jade and cornelian and lapis-lazuli.

"Ah!" she said in a hoarse and vibrant voice. "A petite Beth! I need not say 'ow welcome you are to me, for, as you know—an' of which you take so much advantage—I lov' you ver' much."

She kissed noisily, leaving so much powder on Beth's cheeks as to render her own, that nature had painted a dim but not unattractive saffron, looking rather mottled. "An' your so welcome friend?" she demanded, bearing down upon Evadne.

Cally thrust good-humoredly into the breach. The lady of the bedspread, it appeared, was his wife, Madame Lola Homisbaum, who, for some reason Evadne was not able to gather, preferred to retain the name of her first husband, a Red officer who had fallen in a skirmish with the White Army.

"At my parties," she explained to Evadne, waving her hands vaguely, "we do not introduce. We just talk to 'oever we may be near—or with those we may feel in rapport."

She hooked her arm through Beth's and wandered off, leaving Evadne with Uncle Cally. Shrewd eyes twinkling, the Scotsman looked down on her. He, too, waved his hand to indicate the company.

"Run lot, aren't they?" he said, surprisingly, and with a certain amused tolerance. Rather like, it occurred to her, an experimental alienist coping with a class of defectives.

"But aren't they your friends?" she said.

Suppressed amusement still evident, he shook his head.

"Only so far as my wife's friends are mine," he qualified. "Apart from that—not my line of country."

"Any one of 'em make any sort of appeal to you?" Cally inquired hospitably. "If so, I'll have 'em across. Only don't be afraid of hurting my feelings; I'm under no illusion about 'em. As I've said, this is the sort of thing that appeals to She Who Must Be Obeyed, and, after all, they're comparatively harmless."

Instead of replying directly:

"What are they, exactly?" Evadne said. "What I mean is, do they work or anything? That boy in the high-necked sweater, for instance?"

This time the Scot's chuckle was audible.

"You mean our Claude?" he said appreciatively. "How you can pick 'em out, can't you? Claude, let me tell you, is our interior decorator."

"If he decorates his interiors anything like he decorates himself, I'd just hate to live in one of his rooms," Evadne said involuntarily, for the one of whom she spoke combined in his person every masculine embellishment she most disliked.

## CHAPTER 14.

As if aware of being under discussion, Claude looked up from an authoritative exchange with a squat slab-faced girl dressed in what bore the appearance of a discarded armchair-cover—one of the oddest things about these women, it seemed to Evadne, was that almost without exception they looked as if they were dressed less from the wardrobe than the store cupboard.

"Let me get you something," he said peremptorily, completely ignoring Cally. "Whisky? Beer? Gin? Vermouth? Or even lemonade?"

"Not even," Evadne said, "lemonade."

"Oh," he said, not very certainly, for her tone had not been too cordial. He broke off to glance with appreciation at a girl with a mop of dishevelled pale yellow hair, a discontented, slightly vicious mouth, and a pink dress of some peepulous imitation satin material that shot out in a straight angle from just below her throat to immediately above entirely shapeless ankles, so that she carried a strong family resemblance to a candle-extinguisher.

He turned to Evadne again.

"Listen to Stella! Isn't she in priceless form?"

Evadne listened.

"Now the master is dead," Stella was shrilling with a kind of savage vehemence, "there is left only Aldous Huxley and James Joyce to bear the torch. . . . The thin mouth twisted to bitterness. "These others," from her intonation she might have been speaking of drains—"your surprising Barrie and your brittle artificial Maughams and that literary huxter, Priestley"—these, incontinently, she dismissed with a wave of a bony hand. "As for that mouthing militant, Kipling, with his flag-flapping and jackboot—"

"I think" only the knife-edge quality of that extraordinary accent could have penetrated above the battle-cry of the Candle Extinguisher, "that to be Great Literature, the message must be authentic. So many think they live a message and succeed in writing reams of garbage that appeals only to howlers of wood and drawers of wharrier. But because the message of such great maind as the Master is to the least degree authentic, and because their appeal goes deep into the very heart of we Advanced Thinkers, their brave new gospel will be a living lovely thing when Kiplings and Hardy's, your Gels-worthys and Moores, to say nothing of such rear renkers as Priestly and Britt Young, and others of the like, ere relegated to deserved oblivion!"

Claude, who had been gazing rapturously at the speaker, swung round to Evadne.

"But how right he is!" he said fervently. "Did you say 'right' or 'light'?" said Evadne, and heard Cally's chuckle.

Staring at her for a moment distastefully, Claude decided to waive this irrelevancy, which he did with a wide gesture. His wrist, she noticed, was red and nobby.

"Have you no reverence for the Master?" he said coldly.

"Which Master?" said Evadne. "And of what?"

Claude looked at her as, years ago, counsel must have regarded the judge who inquired as to the identity of Connie Gilchrist.

"The Great Master of the Universal Tongue," he said in a vibrant voice full of capital letters. "The writer who, disdaining the old outworn shibboleths of cant and artificiality, threw himself into the fight for moral and intellectual freedom."

He paused, breathing heavily through his nose.

"But you still haven't told me who is—or was," Evadne pointed out.

He looked at her with too luminous eyes. "Who but D. H. Lawrence?" he said reverently. "He, who with his disciples, Huxley and Joyce, Russell and Gertrude Stein, are the Advance Guard of the New Movement. . . . You think so?"

"I think their gospel to the last extent abominable, and their outlook to the ultimate degree revolting," she said.

He looked at her as an inspector of the S.P.O.C. might regard one convicted of arson on an orphanage for cripples.

"And who, may I ask, represent your own ideals in literature?" he demanded, his lips downturned in a sneer.

With special emphasis upon Mr. Kipling, she mentioned some of those who, a few moments previously, had been cited as horrible examples by Stella.

This, it was apparent, was the last stroke. "My dear," he gasped, "you're positively archaic."

"I may be archaic, but I'm certainly not your dear," Evadne said with emphasis, and turned as, his eyes alive with amusement, Cally left them in response to a knock at the door.

To her surprise, it was Toby and Lord Elsinore, and in that cheaply erotic setting these normal physically well-groomed newcomers were like a breath of fresh, clean air. Toby came straight across to her.

Toby, from whose face a little of the strain seemed to have gone, nodded unenthusiastically to Claude, who, returning the greeting with petulance, drifted away to join a group who were discussing flatteringly upon the Five Years' Plan. By this, too, Cally was talking to Beth and Elsinore, so that for a moment Toby had her to himself.

"What are you doing in this gallery, anyway?" she demanded.

"I knew you were here," he said quietly, and, her eyes twinkling, she returned him a half-courtesy.

"That was really matey of you. You know the Muirs pretty well?" she said, and saw his eyes wander distastefully from group to dishevelled group about the room.

"I know Cally quite well," he said. "And like him. A bit out of his element, 'praps, among all this, but that's only his good nature. One of the best, Cally."

"And—Mrs. Muir?" Evadne inquired.

Toby hesitated only for a moment.

"Nothing the matter with her, either, except that she's something of a born ass," he said. "Can't forget she was on the stage."

"An actress?" Evadne said, surprised, for her conception of the female members of the profession in private life had been derived from the illustrated magazines.

"On the stage, anyway," Toby conceded. "She was in a repertory company—playing foreign vamp parts when Cally met her—he designs scenery and costumes. Married her—and she contracted this intelligentia



bug. Cally sticks it, partly because of his sense of humor, and partly because he's fond of her. He knows it won't last, anyway, and as soon as the phase passes he'll send all these spotty little people shooting out on their ears."

Beth drifted over, looking apologetic. "Bill's scrounged two seats for that Mid-night Charity performance at the Hippodrome, and wants me to go along with him," she announced.

"Good for him!" Toby said with enthusiasm. "I'll be a great show, probably. Carry on." He turned to Evadne. "You'll be all right with me? What I mean is, I shan't bore you to the point where mortification sets in or anything like that?"

To her annoyance Evadne discovered her heart to have quickened a little.

"I shouldn't think so," she said, with a reassuring smile at Beth. "Nevertheless, without your support, I don't think I'd like to stay here. The sheer weight of culture would simply flatten me."

"Why not?" Toby suggested. "Come for a ride? It's a lovely night, anyway, and it's the last chance I'll be able to make for some time."

"How's that?" Beth's question came quickly, with her eyes full upon him.

"Because, to-morrow, I'm delivering the car to the man who's bought it," Toby replied.

To the regret of their host and the contempt of their fellow guests, these philistines said out, Beth and Lord Elsinore to board a taxi for Cranbourne Street.

"And where do you propose taking me?" Evadne inquired of Toby.

"There's a place about half an hour from here that might interest you," he said. "Quite good food, and we can dance. Can do!"

There was something in the night, fine and keen and star-laden, that seemed to get into Evadne's blood. And as they drove slowly to Hammersmith, from where they crossed the bridge to the Kingston By-pass, she wanted keenly to discover to what degree his withdrawal from her had passed. It did not take her long to decide that, though to an extent it was there, he was having to put up a hard fight to maintain it.

She settled herself further into the seat beside him.

"I'm not sorry to get out of that room," she said.

He did not turn his head to look at her. "Why should you be, anyway?" he replied, his tone so definite as slightly to startle her.

"And what, exactly," she said, "do you mean by that?"

"That it's the very last setting to which I can reconcile you," he said.

This seemed to require a little thinking out.

"What sort of setting can you best see me in?" she said at last, and, glancing up, saw the muscles of his jaw tense.

"A home one," he said.

From what impulse her next words came she could not afterwards understand; they seemed to be inspired from outside her own volition.

"Whose home?" she said, and his reply came so quickly that it, too, must have been involuntary.

"Ours," he said quietly.

#### CHAPTER 15.

THE car had covered a further half-mile before Evadne spoke; it took all that space to recover from the sheer amazement of it. And as it did not appear as if Toby had anything more to contribute, it seemed to her either that he'd said too much, or too little.

"Do you know," she said, "that remark strikes me as a shade ambiguous."

His reply, when it came, was of that practical order that told her she was required to face something that might well be crisis. Shutting off his engine, he drew to the side of the road; there, turned directly to her,

"I shouldn't have said that," he said slowly. And, as she did not reply. "Should I?"

"That," she said, "depends upon what was behind it."

His lips widened to a smile, but, to her, rather a sad one.

"You know perfectly well what was behind it," he said. "Indeed, I think you must have known all along—from the very first."

"Know what?" she said.

"That I love you," he replied.

That pounding heart preventing her from speaking, for a long moment there was silence. Then:

"And why not?" she said, and again the words came from somewhere outside herself.

She would not have believed that, without any perceptible movement, the human countenance was capable of so overwhelming a change as that which, at her words, came to Toby's. For an instant it was as though his face was illuminated with an inward light that had the power to smooth it to the old youthfulness, ardent and eager. Then, even in that first fleet glance, the light died away, giving place to the old duress.

"And that," he said, "is where you make me feel like a poisoned pup. Because the last thing I'm able to ask you is to marry me."

"What's the obstacle?" she said. "Money?"—but even as she spoke realised there was more behind it than that. His reply, too, came with uncanny hesitancy.

"After my recent losses," he said. "I've hardly a bean left. Just enough, in fact, to scrape three meals a day."

"I've plenty for two," Evadne said, levelly.

As, impulsively, he took her hands in his, it came to her that, apart from when they had danced together, this was the first physical contact between them.

"No," he said decisively. "With the best good faith on either side, that's an insurmountable barrier to happiness. When a woman contributes a disproportionate share of the doin's, the man loses caste with himself. And as soon as whatever children there are come to realise the position, either they'll use no tact at all, or they'll draw on it so prodigiously he'll wish himself dead. And that's going to make his wife wish she was, too."

She was sufficiently transatlantic in outlook to appreciate the justice of this. Where she came from, women neither kept their husbands nor contributed the major portion of the household upkeep.

Yet, though so overwhelmingly, now, it had come to her that she loved him, and that whatever he was, or did, unchangeably she would go on loving him to the end, she was conscious of a certain irritation. The lives of those with whom she had come into contact hitherto were wholly ingenuous, with nothing subtle or withheld concerning their circumstances, their loves, or their hatreds, so that knowing them almost as you knew yourself, you knew, too, where you had them.

But more definitely even than those other English people she had met, Toby seemed to live behind a kind of veil. Charming, courteous, hospitable, and essentially kindly, the last subject they appeared willing to discuss was themselves, so that you could reach them, the inner essential "them," only after prolonged and intimate association.

It was an attitude, she thought, that was compounded in equal proportions of pride and diffidence; pride in their own spiritual self-sufficiency, diffidence in that they could not imagine their private affairs of any interest to others. Wrongly, as afterwards she came to decide, she was of the opinion that, if the average Englishman would come more into the open, it would make for national strength.

"Then," she said, "what do you propose to do about it?"

He looked at her dubiously.

"Sorry, but I don't quite get you," he said.

She made a gesture of exasperation.

"And, believe me, I don't get you," she said, her mouth set rather ominously. "You say you love me?"

As she paused for his reply, the clasp on her hands tightened. With that light in his eyes, she had never seen his face so earnest—or so infinitely appealing.

"God knows I do!" he said.

"Very well," she said, striving not to weaken. "I take it, too, that you want to marry me, but feel you can't because you've lost practically all your money, and refuse to live on me? I hate putting it so crudely, but I must know exactly where we stand."

This, she could see, brought him up with something of a jerk. Those direct eyes of his narrowed.

"Tell me," he said. "Do you love me?" With some little violence she withdrew one of her hands in a gesture almost of desperation.

"If for some fool reason I wasn't crazy about you, you mudd," she cried, "do you think I'd be—be probing at your secret places like this?"

Incredulously, she saw his eyes lightening to something like amusement.

"Thank you," he said, and leaning forward, kissed her full on the lips. And as, except in friendship, it was the first time in her life she had been kissed by a man, the contact left her momentarily dazed. Not the less so, indeed, because of that something outside herself, urgent and ardent, that led her to return it. Only, instantly, to draw back.

There was a pause in which the world stood still.

"And that," she said at last, and not quite steadily, "was rather rotten of you."

He was all contrition.

"I'm desperately sorry," he said. "Only—if, as you say, you love me—just why was it rotten?"

"We won't go into it," she said. "Only—I'd so much sooner you hadn't—and didn't. What I want you to realise is that I'm utterly inexperienced; that all I know of life, really, I've learnt in a lakeside shack between four and five hundred miles from the nearest settlement; what my father taught me; and what I've got out of books. So if I make some awful gaffe, you must understand it's only because of my ignorance."

He said, quickly, and with sincerity: "So far as I'm concerned, you can't speak too plainly."

"Very well." Her voice was level. "You say you want to marry me?"

"More," his voice, on the contrary, was uneven; she heard the breath catch in his throat; saw the little pulse that throbbed in his forehead—"than I thought ever to want anything in life."

"And," she went on calmly, "you can't ask me, because you've no money?"

"That," he said, "is the only reason I don't apply for a license to-morrow as ever is."

"Doesn't it," she said, "occur to you to set to work and earn some?" After all, it's only what most men do."

She had been prepared for this to hurt, and now, again, she saw his eyes narrow.

"Men," he said, "who have some sort of training. I, however, left Oxford knowing nothing, and the army only with a knowledge of various forms of assassination. As I've mentioned before, it seemed hardly fair to grab a job from which some poor bloke could keep a wife and family. And now that I'm all but an applicant for parish relief myself, the labor market's in such a state that to ask for a job would be just To-day's Big Laugh."

"Then," she said, when she had regained command of her voice, "there's no more to be said."



## CHAPTER 16.

SHE had wanted him to let in the clutch and move off, but he did not do so. Instead, and without changing his position, he said:

"By me, anyway, too much has been said already. For if ever I was determined on anything, it was that I'd keep my feelings to myself. That was why I tried to stay away from you. Only I just couldn't—not permanently. Even when I knew you'd be at that show to-night, I tried to keep away—and fell down on it. . . . More than anything, I intended never, in any circumstances, to let you know."

Evadne interrupted.

"I've known from the beginning," she said.

By now, her head, if not her body, was turned to him again. She saw, then, how his face cleared.

"Then I haven't done the harm I feared," he said. "Nevertheless, I was weak—weak right through and out at the other side. And the worst of it is I'm so dead certain that, in similar circumstances, I'd be just as weak again. . . . And now I think we'd better get on."

They drove in silence until they came to a large glass-fronted building that displayed in colored electric lights above the entrance the sign of "The Good Companions"—one of those food-houses the modern passion for night-motoring has rendered both possible and profitable. As they drove up they could see the lines of occupied supper tables along the facade; from somewhere above, the drone of a dance-band came out to them.

It came to her at once that she liked the Good Companions better than she had liked the Golden Hoof. Not so much glitter here, a lesser intermingling of white shirt fronts among the plus-fours and tweeds, but smart enough, and a more genuine cheeriness; where in London the good spirits had seemed rather metallic, here was camaraderie with a more universal appeal—the laughter was more spontaneous and the general attitude less self-conscious.

"What are all these people, anyway?" she asked Toby.

"Quite a number of stage folk, driven here after the show," he said, and named one or two of them. "An odd journalist. The rest just business men and women out for a cheery time."

Over the meal it was apparent he was laying himself out to put aside both his own preoccupation and what, so short a while before, had passed between them, so that he was more of his inconsequent self than at any time since that night at his sister's flat where the letter had awaited him. Once more it was impressed upon her, also, the number of people he knew; and how glad they were to see him.

When they had finished their cigarettes, Toby looked up:

"Dance?" he said.

The upstairs room was large, with a good floor, and a band easy to follow. For the moment there were only about a dozen couples dancing.

They danced in silence. In spite of Toby's slightly stiffened leg, his step fitted her own with an effortless perfection she had experienced with no other partner. Putting all her perplexities aside, she gave herself to the joy of having him so near. For, irrevocably, implanted by that exchange in the car, was her knowledge that, whatever might transpire in the future, whether the twin barriers of poverty and that other hidden prohibition continued to forbid a closer relationship, there never would be anyone to usurp the sacred place in her heart that now he had come to occupy.

It was during their third dance that, from somewhere outside herself, Evadne was aware of a vague disquietude; that no longer was she in tune with her surroundings.

But it was not until, impelled by an untraceable impulse, she glanced over and beyond Toby's shoulder, that she saw the woman who was looking so intently, first at herself, and then, and with so oddly subtle a meaning, at Toby.

Though not as lovely as it was apparent she had been, whatever the years had withdrawn was so admirably replaced that she might still be accounted as beautiful; a tall woman with a figure as yet untroubled with the threat of undue abundance. The face, broad and well-shaped, the hair a dull but livid black, eyes large and exceptionally brilliant, with a mouth of quite uncustomary mobility, the lips opening eagerly to display teeth startlingly white. What, especially, Evadne noticed was how oddly, when she smiled, and that was very frequently indeed, the lips quivered, and the rarity of any response from those brightly-shining eyes. She was elaborately and expensively gowned.

To Evadne, there was something puzzling in her concentration upon Toby. Certainly those glances were not inspired by attraction; whatever of direct interest she had to dispense was lavished upon her partner, a tall, too-well tailored, tight-waisted man of retarded middle-age, with a weak and vicious mouth. The fashion in which from time to time she would look up into his face, the manner in which her predatory-fingered hands clung to him. . . . But always, following upon one of those gestures, her eyes came back to Toby.

"Who?" Evadne enquired of him at last. "Is your girl friend in the flame-colored frock?"

Looking down upon her with his queerly direct glance, Toby said, easily:

"The only girl friend I have here is yourself. Whom do you mean, anyway?"

Evadne stole a quick surreptitious look to find that for the moment the strange woman's attention was concentrated upon her partner.

"Near the pillar there, on our right," she explained. "Just behind the fat man with the monocle."

As Toby turned, she felt his arm contract; for a half-instant his step faltered. It so happened, also, that, as if aware she was under inspection, the woman caught the look Toby threw her. Instantaneously the wide mouth curled to that wide quivering smile; the hand, long and white and encased in milled, that rested against her partner's shoulder, was raised a trifle to wave to him. It seemed to Evadne that both smile and gesture had in them something of derision.

When she looked into Toby's face again she was startled at the change in him; it had grown haggard and a little grey. And when, palpably pulling himself together, he looked down upon her, his smile was bleakly unsuccessful.

It was characteristic of Evadne that she did not ask any questions. Anything he wanted her to know of that woman with the curved and enigmatic smile he would tell her.

He said nothing at all; remained, in fact, so long silent she was able to sense the strain that gripped him. Meanwhile her own thoughts were chaotic.

What was that woman to Toby—or he to her? It was not only the quality of that smile which convinced her there was, or had been, something between them; the knowledge was conveyed by Toby himself. It was then that all her deeply ingrained puritanism rose in revolt. Come what might, the man who now, as if in protest at this intrusion, held her so tightly, could be nothing to her until he had come into the open.

They did not remain for long after that; the glamor had drained away, leaving the occasion lifeless and without profit. Ultimately it was Toby who suggested leaving, with Evadne only too relieved to have done with what had ceased to yield enjoyment.

With that wide-mouthed woman still engaged in trying to catch Toby's eye, and because of failure to do so, with faintly mocking curiosity transferring her glance to Evadne herself, the place had become actively repugnant.

The ride back to London, swiftly accomplished on account of the absence of the day-time traffic, was made almost in silence. All and more of that sense of strain had come back to Toby; seek to control it as he might, his face, as in passing the street lamps she caught a glimpse of it, was to the last degree unhappy.

They drew up at the Westminster house at last. As his hand striking cold through her glove, Toby helped her out, he looked at her intently—hungrily.

"Good-night, my very dear," he said at last, and without a word climbed back to the driving-seat. When, however, she had opened the house door, he had not let in the clutch.

Impulsively, with the key still in her hand, she turned.

"Is that all you have to say?" she asked, and it seemed an unconscionable time before he answered.

"Really it should have been 'good-bye,'" he said.

There was the grind of gears. Slowly the two-seater moved off.

## CHAPTER 17.

BETH had not come in, and with her aunt already in bed, Evadne, welcoming the opportunity for undisturbed thought, went straight to her room.

Now that all doubts concerning her feeling towards Toby were settled, it was only to discover herself in a state of greater uncertainty than before. For though he had told her he loved her, equally he had made it clear there could be no closer relationship.

It was an attitude that, even during those few pulsating minutes on the Kingston By-pass, she had been unable to understand. Poverty or not, no man who had anything about him would be content to allow the woman he loved to drift out of his life without putting up some kind of a fight. Obviously there was something in the background he had not wanted to disclose.

Insistent as a burr in all her mental turmoil was the memory of that exotic woman on the dance floor of "The Good Companions"—of the unremitting attention she had given to them, of the not wholly concealed triumph in those unduly-bright eyes as they rested upon Toby; more urgent still, that sudden stiffening of his frame at the instant he first saw her, the subsequent dampening of his spirits, and the intolerable ageing of his face. And though at the thought of some previous relationship between them she felt something cold force her heart into her throat, so that she had difficulty in breathing, she was yet convinced that his withdrawal from her was by no wish of his own.

After, for a full hour, she had lain staring into the darkness, she heard a taxi draw up outside; the quiet entrance of Beth and Lord Elsmore—the latter invited in probably for "one for the road" before driving on to his flat in Half Moon Street. Ten minutes, perhaps, and she heard their subdued "good-night" at the door's threshold. Then Beth stealing quietly upstairs, with a pause outside the door, but, discovering no light from inside, passing on to her own room. A relief this, to Evadne; until the entanglement of her mind had become a little straightened the last thing she wanted was a confidential talk with anyone at all. Yet it was a full two hours after that before she fell asleep, and then only to an uneasy one.

She awakened, late, to discover Beth in her room, together with a maid and breakfast-tray.



"I looked in an hour or so ago, but you were so dead asleep I hadn't the heart to disturb you." Beth explained, looking at her, it occurred to Evadne, rather critically. "Even now the schoolgirl complexion's not quite so much in evidence as usual."

In the moment before Evadne replied the events of the previous night, drowned until then in the mists of sleep, came crowding back. Apart from depression, she was tired, physically and mentally.

"I'm not used to these London hours," she explained. Then, rather hastily by reason of Beth's still speculative glance: "How did the show go?"

Beth seated herself in her favorite cross-legged position on the side of the bed, produced the elongated cigarette holder, fitted it with a cigarette, and inhaled contemplatively.

"Your boy friend telephoned about half an hour ago," she announced. "As you were asleep I didn't put the call through."

In the act of raising her teacup, Evadne allowed a little of the contents to overflow. Slowly she replaced the cup on the tray.

"Which one?" she inquired, her voice not wholly steady.

"The one," Beth said slowly, "who's not quite so much of a boy as he was a quarter of a century or so ago."

Evadne's heart, beating jig-time, subsided to lethargy.

"And what might the enterprising Bart be requiring?" she said indifferently.

"He says," Beth told her, removing the ash from her cigarette into the ashtray on the bedside table, "that he wants you to help him choose Christmas presents. If you don't ring him up to give him the air he'll be here with the Rolls at eleven."

More alert now, Evadne regarded her blankly.

"But for the love of Pete, why me?" she exclaimed.

"It does sound a bit domestic, doesn't it?" Beth agreed, without looking up.

"A whole lot too much so for my liking," Evadne said with emphasis. With her new great preoccupation, the contrast between Sir Adrian, his wealth and self-assurance, and Toby's half-shy, half-deprecatory outlook, she felt that a morning in that particular company was about the last thing she could endure.

This time Beth's glance was direct.

"What are you going to do about him?" she said.

"How do you mean, 'do about him?'" Evadne demanded quickly.

Beth's face was contemplative as she said:

"As I've known that hard-boiled explorer of possibilities since I was an innocent, curly-headed child, I'm able, as you might say, to recognise his technique. And looking back down the years, I've never known him take such a toes over a female girl as he's taken over you. Seems as if you're in his system—like malaria or something. And, as I've pointed out before, you'll have to watch your step. He may buy his corsets in Bond Street, but you can take it from me that's the only thing feminine about him."

"I hope I'll have a ringside seat when his dismissal happens," she added. "What about to-day? Are you going with him?"

Evadne put aside the breakfast-tray. "The only present buying that appeals to me at the moment is my own. And I don't want anyone to help me choose them, except yourself and/or Aunt Frances," she said.

"I make a point of never turning down the chance of watching other people spend money," Beth said. "Why not let's make a day of it. Just we two girls together. Shop this morning, lunch on the garbage men always accuse us of doing when we get the shopping bag—cup of cocoa and a couple of meringues sort of thing. This afternoon, if you've bought all you want and we've enough money left, we can go to a matinee or a picture or something."

"Right!" she said. "And we'll be out of here before the Bart shows up, shall we?"

As it turned out, however, they were not able to manage this. There was a charity in which Mrs. Mauiden was interested that had to do with a girls' club in Rotherhithe. Another, and equally enthusiastic patron of that institution was a Miss Culver, a tiny rather rusty little spinster who, because of her outsize in contributions, was more popular with the committee than with its members. And at about half-past ten, just as the two girls were on the point of setting out, Miss Culver appeared, full of grievances and interrogations, so that in sheer self-defence Mrs. Mauiden was obliged to enlist Beth in the conference.

"Grant me patience!" Beth cried to Evadne when Fiddian came to summon her. "If that woman's family crest isn't an anchor it's a limpet stuck to a glue-bottle. Sound the fire alarm if I'm not out in a quarter of an hour!"

She was not out in a quarter of an hour, and in the interval Sir Adrian, alert and forceful, was shown into the morning-room where Evadne waited. Before she was able to guess his intention he had raised her hands to his lips.

Annoyed, she withdrew it hastily. "Don't do that!" she cried irritably.

Stepping back, he looked at her through half-closed, undisguisably-experienced eyes. To her surprise, however, beyond a shrug of his shoulders, he made no direct comment on the protest. Instead:

"At least may I be permitted to congratulate you on your admirable punctuality," he said.

"Punctuality for what?" Evadne questioned, for in contrast with the freckled wholesomeness of Toby Conquest, and all that now he had come to mean, there was something in the careful preservation of this opulent man that aroused her antagonism.

"To help me choose presents for a horde of ravishing relatives and so-called friends," Sir Adrian reminded her.

"I'm sorry, but there's nothing doing. I'm waiting for Beth, who's busy with a visitor in the drawing-room. We're going out for the day," she said, and watched his face harden.

"You had my message?" he said sharply. "Sure, I had your message," Evadne admitted readily. "But it just happens there are things Beth and I want to do—just by our two selves. I'm sorry, but there it is."

"Would it interest you to know," he said with intense deliberation, "that in all my life you're the only woman I would allow to treat me like this?"

There was in this an arrogance that went only to increase her resentment.

"Just what would you have done to prevent it, anyway?" she said, and not for the first time discovered the effectiveness of direct methods on those who pride themselves upon subtlety. Not only did he seem disconcerted, but when he spoke it was on a less assured note.

"Do you think," he said, "that Beth would raise any strenuous objection if I came along with you to—wherever it is you're going?"

This, she decided, was sheerly crude; with every moment, too, she felt less able to endure a day in this opulent company.

"I don't know about Beth, of course," she said, "but I know I should. A man shopping with two women is just so much excess baggage."

She hated the way, then, he looked at her; one of those inspections, she told herself with an inward shiver, that makes a woman feel all undressed. Then, slowly, he levered himself from the mantel.

"Very good," he said. "Then I'll leave you—for the moment."

It was part of Evadne's strength, as it was part of her heritage, never to evade a challenge, and she was true to that tradition now.

"How do you mean, 'for the moment?'"

she demanded, as he made an elaborately leisurely progress to the door. The handle in his hand, he paused; his glance searching into her face.

"I mean," he said, "I intend to make it my business to see that your attitude towards me undergoes a very considerable change."

Evadne returned his look with one more steady than his own.

"If that's to be your only business," she said, "you're heading for bankruptcy."

#### CHAPTER 18

THE interview had a greater effect upon Evadne than its importance warranted; she felt limp and yet strung-up. Beth, coming into the room ten minutes or so later, and observing this, as she observed most things of any significance, said drily:

"The Hart's been, I gather."

"He sure has," Evadne replied feelingly.

"Like that, was he?" Beth said shortly, and the Canadian girl shrugged her shoulders.

"Guess someone'd been feeding him meat, or something," she said, as indifferently as she could contrive.

They taxied to Bond Street, and in that half mile of allurements she was able partly to dismiss her perplexities. For Red McDowell she bought a case of pipes, a pouch and lighter, and a jack-knife that had as accessories just those implements experience taught her would be most useful, a pocket-flask and a collected edition of Burns' poems; for Pete, pipe, pouch, lighter and knife, together with a Fair Isle pull-over and a dressing-gown; for T-bone Neplasing a couple of pounds of the plug tobacco his heart loved; a gaudy-hafted jack-knife of innumerable gadgets; and, from Fortnum and Masons, for the shack as a whole, a hamper of gargantuan proportions and of unbelievable luxury.

That day—that apart from those occasions when her cousin had drifted into her bedroom, was the first opportunity the two had obtained for any real exchange of confidences, was to prove the beginning of a lasting friendship. While superficially, by reason of her fleet brain and a rather cynical curiosity concerning other people, Beth was by far the quicker to find common ground with strangers than the more reserved and less experienced Evadne, actually in those casual encounters she had shown little of her real self.

But in the long chat over the tea-cups, and that due to their mutual absorption was prolonged until long after cocktail time, Evadne came to recognise how very much on the surface was her cousin's sophistication, that however much of her world Beth was, how little, in essentials, she was with it; that concealed beneath that self-defensive mask of cynicism, lay a deep well of sentiment, clear-visioned, honest, and unmarred by sentimentality; that in common with many of her generation it was the simple things of life that were of the greatest appeal, and that, when it would please her to decide that flamboyancy had nothing more to teach or to attract, it was to the simple things she had every intention of returning. In addition, she made it clear it was Evadne's uncomplicated outlook upon life and her fellows that, originally, had attracted her.

"I've come to the conclusion," she said at one stage of the conversation, "that, fight against them as savagely as you like, wave the red flag as fanatically as you may, there are certain fundamentals of human conduct that, if you don't want to be sunk with all hands, you've just got to obey. Now that the whole universe seems to've gone cuckoo, our generation's comeback is to tell the world that anything accepted by those they accuse of putting the sand in the machinery—and that means every other generation alive or dead—is just so much apple sauce. But, sooner or later, either they fall into line with the old rules, or—they pass out."



"Pass out to where?" Evadne demanded, and it was a moment before Beth replied. Then:

"To the workhouse or its equivalent; to a nursing-home and its sequel. Falling these, if or when they team up with some undesirable or other, they're amazed to discover that those who have been the loudest in advocating the total abolition of all law and morality are the first to hand 'em their hats."

As Mrs. Maulden was dining out, the two ate a chop at Simpson's, and put in the evening at the pictures. In Regent Street, when, coming out of the cinema, they ran into Lord Elainore, the elongated solemnity of his face lighted.

"I've been trying to get into touch with you all the evening," he announced to Beth. "Just for what, exactly?" she inquired.

"Jimmy Bissell's giving supper at Rules' to some of the people who played at the midnight matinee," Elainore explained. "He rang me up especially to ask you to come along."

Her expression doubtful, Beth turned to Evadne.

"Jimmy Bissell's an actor man who's rather a friend of ours," she explained. She added, to Elainore: "What about Evadne? I'm not coming without her. Also, and incidentally, neither of us is in a party frock."

Elainore was apologetic.

"The dress doesn't matter, of course; most of the crowd are coming straight from the theatre. The trouble is that, having no idea you'd anyone staying with you, Jimmy's absolutely filled his table."

Beth's keenness to go was as self-evident as was her reluctance to leave Evadne at a loose end. But in the last half hour Evadne had been conscious of a cloud on her spirit that, traced to its source, would have been found to have Toby Conquest as its origin. More than she wanted anything, it was to be alone—to resume the squirrel-round of doubt and speculation that only her brief and troubled sleep at the tail-end of the previous night had interrupted.

"In any case I'd sooner go home," she said hastily. "I'm not saying that just for the sake of it; I really mean it."

The plea was so obviously genuine that Beth's face cleared.

"We'll put you in a taxi," she said, and Elainore hailed one.

On the way from Simpson's to the cinema Beth had pointed out one of those all-night cafes that, though larger and more ornate, was similar to Child's in Montreal. The Corner House, wasn't it called? And there it was, a little way down the street on the right.

The huge room was a phantasmagoria of hurrying black-and-white waitresses, the drone of innumerable conversations, occasional laughter, the clatter of crockery and cutlery, the movement of those arriving and leaving, and, ubiquitous above all, the swing of a quite admirable orchestra.

Because the crowd interested her, she chose a table near the wall and close to a pillar, where she would have a more or less restricted view of the room. Once installed, and her order given, she set herself to assimilate this typical phase in the myriad lives of London.

It was the sight of a couple in the far corner that swept these musings away. So unexpectedly the revelation came, indeed, that in this first instant of recognition their presence seemed impossible.

But as eyes and brain more directly concentrated, it came to her that actually it was Toby Conquest. And with him, those too bright eyes fixed so directly upon his, the wide and mobile mouth curved to that questioning ironic smile, was the woman of "The Good Companions."

## CHAPTER 19

FOR a few moments everything became uncertain—that huge and glittering room, those innumerable

chattering people, the sugary-sweet strains of the orchestra; even the flare of the myriad lights dimmed hazily, so that, hands clenched beneath the table, mouth hard and eyes half-closed, it was necessary to concentrate upon regaining self-control.

Bitterly, she accomplished it at last. Situated as she was, though there was small risk of the woman seeing her, she shrank further behind the pillar by which her table was set. Then, deliberately, she took observation.

Toby had his back to her, so that she was able only occasionally to catch a glimpse of his face, and then but in half-profile. Chin upon palm, it was as though he was as intent upon his companion as, indubitably, she was upon him, so that they had no attention to spare for any but themselves.

Further, if the signs were anything to go by, it was Toby who was pleading and the woman who resisted. Not an active or passionate resistance, but none the less effective; the wide mouth curved into that faintly-mocking smile, shining eyes hard. Only occasionally, when he waited for one, was response forthcoming; then, with a few light words Evadne could see were as a dash of cold water to his hopes. As sure as if she had overheard, she knew there was something urgent Toby wanted from her, and that cheerfully and cynically she was refusing.

Yet even when, after a shrug that had in it nothing of resignation, Toby got up from his chair, the issue remained unsettled. And when, shrinking behind the pillar, she watched them pass between the tables, so that for the first time she was able really to see his face, she read into it a strain, a suppressed and hopeless yearning, that turned her momentarily cold.

In the slight delay at the pay-desk Evadne discovered her brain to be working under forced draught. At all costs she had to know what was their exact relationship.

She waited until they had passed through the swing-door. Then, quickly, she skirted the queue at the cash-desk, and, at its head, pushed check and coin through the wicket. A moment later she was running up the stairs to the vestibule.

They were standing at the door to the street. Toby raised his hand for a taxi. Alert for one in which to follow, Evadne waited until the two had crossed the pavement. Before they had entered the cab, standing slightly to one side where she could not be seen, she was at the door. The moment the taxi drew away she was on the pavement.

Her luck held. A traffic-block delayed Toby's taxi for the few moments it took her to secure one coming from the direction of Fleet Street. With the driver a hatchet-faced, rather expressionless man, commendably quick on the up-take, she had no difficulty in pointing out the one he had to follow.

"Don't worry, lady," he reassured her, with the imperturbability of his class. "I'll tail 'em, all right."

Once the traffic-block dissolved, the chase took them through Cockspur and Regent Streets into Oxford Street. Then, north to Edgware Road and Maida Vale; thence to the left, into one of the streets that, on either side, consist of an unbroken vista of staring red-brick flats. At an entrance some half-way down on the right Toby's taxi drew up.

Again Evadne's driver showed resource. Slackening speed, he passed the standing cab, but did not stop until the two figures had disappeared into the vestibule of the block. Hurriedly, then, and handsomely, Evadne paid him; with the same detachment he had displayed throughout, the driver touched his cap and drove off. Evadne retraced her steps until she was opposite the entrance that had swallowed her quarry.

For a moment, gazing up at that unresponsive facade, she stood uncertainly. Only one or two of the windows were lighted; the rest showed blank and lifeless. Judging from the construction of the buildings, too, it was quite possible the room into which Toby had been shown was at the back. Her heart sank at the thought of the still more obvious probability that this would be a bedroom.

Almost instantaneously, however, with a relief that was not far from physical pain, her heart throbbed to new life. On the first floor the largest window of all flamed to sudden light.

Hurriedly Evadne glanced about her. The entrance to the block immediately to her back was unlighted, and the door open. In equal haste she slipped within the cover of that darkness.

Minutes passed, and there was no sign of movement from the opposite window. For any evidence to the contrary, indeed, it was not even the one behind which her interest lay; equally the light might have been occasioned by one of the other tenants having moved from one room to another.

And then, quite suddenly, from out that bright background a figure, slim, yet somehow drooping, stepped forward to the window, stretched both arms at right angles from the shoulder in a gesture that, to her supercharged imagination, was poignantly suggestive of appeal.

The hands closed in, and in the movement drew the curtains. Toby—shutting himself in—and her out, so that the impulse that all along had inspired and directed her died dully away, leaving her inert and beaten.

For how long she stood without moving she had no idea; time had ceased to be of significance.

But at last, slowly out of the mists, a new thought emerged, that with every moment became more clearly cut and resolute.

With her life's happiness at stake, there could be no question of personal pride; in any case no one but herself would know of this vigil. She had her own key, and it was one of the many admirable qualities of her hosts that they made no attempt to encroach upon either her privacy or liberty of action. Even in the unlikely event of their having any idea of the time of her return, the slightest evasion would be sufficient to stifle any casually-put inquiry.

Her fighting spirit roused, she was not yet content to acknowledge total loss. Harshly as the trend of events pointed to the opposite conclusion, there was just the chance of some acceptable explanation. So much depended upon for how long that light remained—and what followed—or failed to follow—upon its darkening.

Quietly she stepped out to the pavement, glanced up and down the long vista of flat-dwellings. In the whole length of the street was no living soul. Unless by some belated occupant of one of the flats in the block where she was concealed, or if the policeman on the beat saw fit to flash his lamp into the vestibule, the chance of discovery was negligible.

In the interminable time that followed before, in the haggard hour of dawn, she passed down the street on her way to Maida Vale, she was interrupted but once, and then by the policeman she had feared. Even then, long before there was any danger, she heard the beat of his footsteps, and as a precaution slipped behind the door, so that when he shone his lamp she was out of sight. When the sound of his footsteps had died, the light still shone between the chinks of the curtains across the way.

The clock of a nearby church tolled one, and as already the half-hour had sounded, one o'clock it was. As nearly as she was able to calculate it was for an hour and a half she had waited there.



Two o'clock sounded. Three. Still motionless, white-faced now, with the cold fire that seemed at once to sustain and consume her, Evadne waited.

And then, just as she was beginning to resign herself to a vigil that would last until dawn rendered that artificial light unnecessary, the window across the way blacked out.

Bracing herself, heart beating rat-a-pan in her throat, eyes fixed upon the entrance through which, if her dread was to prove unjustified, he would pass, Evadne waited. Two minutes; five; ten; twenty. But not until inexorably the clock rolled another half-hour, did Evadne move.

She did so with an unassailable conviction that, instead of the clean-living, simple-hearted man who, because he could not give her those things his love urged as necessary, had withdrawn his claim to her, the life of Toby Conquest, of the freckled face and clear, frank eyes, was mirrored, and, by her standards, abominable.

And for this, that he had befooled and deceived her, swindled her of the first flush-dawn of love, so that at no time now could it be aught but second-hand, she knew that, come what might, she never would be able to forgive him.

#### CHAPTER 20.

**T**HOUGH always she had recognised how profound would be her capacity for loving, never had she imagined the inextinguishable urge and pain of it. In what was left of the night she had no sleep at all.

How could he? Endlessly, achingly, the question revolved and re-revolved in her brain—how could he? Examine it from whatever angle she might, in the whole transaction she could find no redeeming feature. While still in the storm-centre of an affair with that flamboyant and ultra-experienced woman, he had made every opportunity to monopolise her—Evadne. Even if, until that few minutes on the by-pass, he had not made love to her in so many words, at least he had done so by implication.

Of all, that was the least unforgivable; greater cause for offence than the actual fact of his association with the woman of Malda Vale. As that first day she had said to Beth she was keeper of no conscience but her own, and as such was able to contemplate active subscribers to the New Morality without active disgust; it was their own funeral. But what she could not and would not excuse was that Toby, a practising disciple of the cult, had inveigled her into an admission of love.

If ever, then, she was to regain serenity, she must thrust him completely from her life and heart; as far as possible fill the empty space with other interests. And the harder the fight to accomplish it, the greater the satisfaction when, at last, her sense of loss became a little less poignant.

And though her mind was none the less resolute when the maid brought her morning tea, it was a pale, strained face that confronted her from the mirror, so that for the first time in her life she added a touch of color to her cheeks.

She thought, as she came into the room where already Mrs. Maulden and Beth were at breakfast, that both shot rather anxious glances at her, and because of that scrutiny was deliberately bright and cheerful over the meal—an ordeal she had no wish ever to have repeated.

Hence, as soon as this was over, pleading letters to write, she took refuge in the tiny room that, although an archway, communicated with the morning-room, and that was given over to correspondence.

There, over the writing-table, her head buried in her arms, she fell asleep.

To be awakened, an hour or so later, by the sound of someone shown into the morning-room.

"I'll inform Miss Ransome, sir," she heard Piddan's formal voice.

Though depression remained, physically she felt better for the rest. And even if she

had no inclination for Sir Adrian, manifestly he couldn't be allowed to stay practically in the same room as herself, and she liable to discovery at any moment. There was nothing, then, but to break cover.

He was standing on the hearthrug with his elbow on the mantleself; he turned quickly at the sound of her entrance, looked at her, first with his quick, welcoming smile, and then more keenly.

"What in the world have you been doing to yourself?" he said on a note of concern.

"How do you mean, doing with myself?" Evadne replied shortly.

"You look absolutely all-in," he pointed out.

It may have been something of genuineness in this, for quite suddenly her resentment at the slightly peremptory tone of the question died.

That was the odd thing about Sir Adrian—the little flashes of real humanity that every now and then broke through the crust of attributes less engaging; it was this, she thought, that lent him a certain fascination.

"I'm feeling like nothing on earth," she admitted, and again was aware of that quick glance of appraisal.

"And what," he said, "might be the trouble?"

That sent his stock down; the tone was far too inquisitorial. She shot him her brightest smile.

"Acute mental exhaustion following upon prolonged cross-examination," she replied.

"Whatever the cause," he said, "the result is enough to change my plans."

Her mind too blunted to find anything but additional fatigue in the exchange, she looked at him steadily, but with an infinity of weariness.

"How do your plans affect me, anyway?" she said.

"I intend to make it my business they don't," he said quietly. "What I came for was to ask you to drive down to Brighton for lunch. Now I've seen you, however, what I insist upon is that you go back to bed. Later, then, if you feel equal to it, we might dine and dance somewhere."

"All right, call for me at eight."

Levering himself from the mantelpiece to stand immediately confronting her, his face cleared.

"In the meanwhile you go to bed?" he demanded, but now with something in his voice that made her turn from him.

"I'll rest, anyway," she agreed, and saw him out with relief. Then she drew the big chest-dress to the fire, curled herself up on it, and within two minutes was sleeping as soundly as ever in her life.

Waking at last, she glanced at her wrist-watch to discover it was past four o'clock; with less surprise that she remained still desperately unhappy. It occurred to her grimly that if this was the love she'd read and heard so much about, it was an extremely overrated condition.

Beth came in, noiselessly until she saw Evadne was sitting up. Characteristically, she asked no questions.

"Good. You're out of the ether," she remarked. "Hungry, too, I shouldn't wonder. What about having something from a tray?"

"Just an extra sandwich at tea," Evadne said, and Mrs. Maulden being out, Beth rang.

"The Bart tells me you're dining with him to-night," Beth said, as she poured out.

"As well the Bart as anyone, I guess," Evadne said, and her voice was so devoid of life that on its way to the milk jug Beth's hand hesitated.

She said, levelly:

"However great a relief the Bart may present from what it pleases the newspapers to insist is the invertebrate youth of today, for any girl less hard-boiled than a gunman's decoy he's about as safe to handle as a nest of adders. I've said that before, but I make no apology for saying it again."

"So far as I'm concerned," Evadne said, "you can take it his intentions are as strictly honorable as his aspirations are hopeless."

I know I shouldn't tell you this, but I have to choose between betraying what I accept as a confidence, and allowing you to go on misjudging him."

Beth's eyes narrowed in the contemplative way she had when anything unusual was sprung upon her.

"You mean," she said, "that he proposed to you?"

"I mean," Evadne repeated, "that—his intentions are strictly honorable."

Disconcertingly, Beth made no reply. Nor, when Evadne glanced quickly into her face, was she able to decide how the assurance had been received. So that it was a few moments before the silence was broken, and then by Evadne.

"In any case," she said, "if a girl hasn't horse-sense enough to emerge clear from what I once heard called 'the clutch of the satyr,' either she's solid bone from the teeth up, or she just wants to be clutched."

Slowly Beth shook her head.

"Don't you believe it," she said. "I don't want to fill you full of platitudes, but there's a whole lot of truth in the constant dripping wearing away a stone theory. And where his fancy leads him the Bart's qualified to conduct a correspondence course for limpets. Additionally, I've never seen him so all out for results."

But Evadne was filled too achingly with that other preoccupation to have any recognition of danger. Unwittingly she allowed something of this to become evident.

"Feeling as I do right now," she said, "I'd trust myself in a railway tunnel with Henry the Eighth."

"But he didn't begin to have the Bart's technique," Beth pointed out with a quick glance at her, and seemed content to let it go at that.

And when, after dining and dancing at the Savoy, Evadne returned about one o'clock to a night that was to prove as sleepless as the previous one, she decided that, like the report of Mark Twain's death, any danger from Sir Adrian was greatly exaggerated.

That night, at least, she might have been his younger sister; and in the pother of depression and disillusion that afflicted her, Evadne was intensely grateful for the consideration. So when he suggested a further engagement for a couple of nights ahead, she agreed without hesitation.

From thenceforward those evenings became, as it were, an accepted portion of her routine, and because he was so careful not to encroach beyond the clearly-defined frontiers of frier ship, she came to doubt the justice of her original mistrust of him. So as to compensate for misjudgment, and except for anything that had to do with the one thing that counted or mattered, came, indeed, to give him something of her confidence.

Yet though neither Beth nor Mrs. Maulden made any comment upon the new relationship, Evadne realised it was one that was far from popular with them. Fortunately this did not affect her friendship with Beth; with her it was not what people did, but what they were, that counted. Additionally, Evadne had the feeling that Beth was, as it were, standing by—just in case.

Of Toby, to her relief—for until she had subdued her own turmoil of spirit she could not have trusted herself to meet him—she saw nothing; twice when he called she was out with Sir Adrian; on other occasions, warned of his advent, she kept to her room. Her fear of a chance meeting was stilled when she gathered that he was living in what amounted permanently to retirement.

"Writing hard, if he's any sense," Beth observed, and for the life of her Evadne could not keep back her question.

"Does that mean you take his writing seriously?" she said, and did not know if she was more surprised or disturbed by the reply.

"Not more seriously than, if I'm any judge, sooner or later, everyone else will," Beth replied.

Involuntarily, Evadne glanced at her aunt, who smiled the understanding smile that had in it so much of wisdom.



"It wouldn't astonish me a great deal," she said. "If the loss of his money doesn't turn out very much of a blessing in disguise."

If this well-considered opinion had come before the night of that aching vigil in Maiden Vale, Evadne would have wondered passionately why he had so easily surrendered his claim to her.

Now she knew the reason was that exotic, brilliant-eyed woman of the curved and mobile mouth.

## CHAPTER 21.

THIS went on for three months, with every week, one would have said, her friendship with Sir Adrian more firmly established. And even though more than once when she met his eyes unexpectantly it was to find in those well-sentinelled citadels something that caused her almost a physical displeasure, not once did he attempt a too intimate approach.

It was towards the end of the second month she decided bleakly that the friendship had not even begun to fulfil the purpose for which, deliberately, she had encouraged it. Instead of the association helping her to put Toby from her mind, the more she saw of this entirely faithful substitute, the more aching grew her longing for that other and so much less admirable companion.

Innumerable times since that night on the Kingston By-pass Evadne had visualised this meeting, pictured it in so many and various circumstances and surroundings; wondered exactly how it would affect her. And now that actually they were in the same room together her reaction was wholly unlike anything she had imagined.

If, in those first few moments, he had turned to look at her, she knew she would have given herself away, but they had reached the chairs Sir Adrian had selected, so that the business of sinking into the seat gave her an opportunity of camouflaging her feelings. If it was less easy to induce her heart to continue carrying on as usual, her host was too busy with the waiter to notice anything amiss.

When he had given his order, however, Sir Adrian jerked his head towards that far corner.

"See who's over there?" he demanded, the note of gladness perceptibly absent.

Evadne succeeded in steadying herself.

"Yes," she said. "Who's the man with him?"

"I seem to know his face."

Sir Adrian smiled knowledgeably.

"If you don't, you're the only person in London who doesn't," he said, and the name, Carl Henwood, she remembered as that of the impresario who had been instrumental in putting the Wistaria, where they had dined on the night she landed in England, on the gastronomic map of London.

At this moment the two under discussion got up. It was as they crossed towards the grill-room entrance that, observing her, Toby half-checked in his stride; she saw the sudden contraction of his lips, and the way some of the color drained from his face. As their glances clashed, it was as if her heart went temporarily out of business altogether, so that she prayed fervently he would pass with only a word of recognition.

Had the initiative rested with Toby, probably he would have done so. Actually, however, it was his companion who paused; apparently Sir Adrian and he were old acquaintances.

It was not without a certain self-importance that Sir Adrian presented the dapper little theatre magnate, and as he did so she could not help realising the contrast between that stranger and his guest. Notoriously one of the best dressed men in London, Henwood's brick-red face rose above a dress-suit of such supreme excellence that it might have been built on to him as a ship's timbers to its ribs; his linen as white and far more glossy than sun-lit snow. Toby, on the other hand, was in a blue serge suit that, though admirably cut

and tended, was slightly past its first freshness. Since the last time Evadne had seen him, too, the lines on his face had deepened, so that with the new look of strain she read in his eyes, it was as if the life she had such unassailable proof he lived was beginning to strike deeply into his vitality.

The other two entering at once into a brisk exchange, it was necessary for Evadne to talk to Toby, and due to the choking in her throat she did not find that easy.

"I seem to have been most frightfully unlucky lately," he said, and took the chair that faced her from the other side of the table.

"In what way, exactly?" she inquired, and was surprised at the steadiness of her voice.

"Catching you at home," Toby explained. "Every time I've called, you've been out." He paused. "Or, at any rate, unavailable," he added.

"Yes," she said, and so definitely that she saw his eyes narrow. He cast a quick look at the others, but they were talking so earnestly there was little danger of being overheard.

"Was the evasion—deliberate?" he said steadily.

Her mouth hard, Evadne shrugged her shoulders. If he wanted a show-down, who was she to deny him?

"If you like to put it that way," she replied in a voice as level as his own.

Those deep lines about his mouth became more evident; she was conscious of the quick catch of his breath.

"Why?" he said.

"Ask yourself," she replied.

As if, actually, he was putting the question, he did not immediately speak.

"Is it," he said at last, "that you regret what—what happened on the Kingston By-pass?"

So it was to be gloves off, was it? she thought, and even though he could have no idea his life had ceased to be a secret, felt cold hatred for his brazenness.

"More than I've ever regretted anything," she said steadily, and felt no compunction when he flinched.

"Then, that," he said, "is that. Nevertheless, there's something I have to say to you. If it was possible to say it here and now, I'd do so, but it isn't. And so—what time are you likely to be free to-morrow?"

Of the two warring forces within her, one was that insupportable longing to be with him, the other a savage resentment that, ignoring the squalor of his background, he should have sought her out in this taken-for-granted equality. And because she was a woman, it was the former which won. Mrs. Maulden and Beth were going to Hammersmith to-morrow on another visit to the old nurse.

"If you like to call about eleven I may be around," she said coldly.

His face neither cleared nor darkened.

"I'll be there," he said, and turned as the theatrical manager got up.

"That's all right, old boy," Mr. Henwood was saying. "Any old time. You've only to send in . . . Here," his carefully-tended hand went to his breast pocket to produce a wallet that, in turn, gave birth to a card, and upon this he scribbled with a corpulent gold-belted fountain-pen. "Give this to Waddingham any time you like. Tell you what," he said briskly, struck by another of his thoughts; "tell him to let me know you're there, so's we can meet in the interval. . . . Good-bye. . . ." He beamed quickly at Evadne. "Go-bye, Miss Er-er. . . . Honored to've met you. Don't want to hurry you, Toby old son . . . but . . ."

He put on his glossy hat, waved an abstracted hand, and strode rapidly away. Without a look or a word, Toby went with him.

Sir Adrian's glance followed them until they had passed down the shallow steps. Then, as he reached for his glass, he said: "Pity he's such a no-account sort of chap, isn't it?"

"Why? Isn't he a good manager, or some-

thing?" Evadne asked indifferently, and Sir Adrian's eyebrows shot upward.

"Henwood?" he questioned. "A broader vision than any theatrical manager in London—and the most enterprising. But, of course, it wasn't Henwood I meant."

She turned on him more swiftly than she knew.

"You meant Toby?" she said, and hated the easy tolerance of the smile.

"Well, there were only two of them," he said. "And I've just explained why it wasn't Henwood."

Though it would have been impossible for anyone to have said anything more disparaging of Toby than her own thoughts of him, at that belittlement her anger flamed to something that, only a quarter of a year ago, would have overflowed. But in those last months she had become infected with something of the English repression, so that she was able to beat back the spate. When she could command her voice:

"Is that because he's lost his money?" she said with such venom that, this time, he turned not only his head, but his whole body to her.

If the hurt to his pride was evident, she was able to read in his expression something far less innocuous. Then, gradually, that look gave place to one that was coldly blank.

"To an extent, yes," he said in a voice to match. "Not, however, as you are charitable enough to assume, because of his poverty, but that the fact of losing his money is in itself a proof of futility."

If she could have left him without giving herself away she would have done so. Afterwards she knew this as the moment when irrevocably he lost whatever small chance he may have had with her.

"But why this ardent championship of the incompetent?" he enquired. "I take it Conquest's no particular friend of yours?"

It came to her that the last thing she could endure was an analysis either of Toby's character or her own attitude, so that her reaction was less a retreat from Sir Adrian than from herself.

"I guess we'll let it go at that," she said, schooling her voice. "What's your friend Henwood producing now? A Noel Coward, isn't it?"

So that though, with a little easy laugh, he accepted the closure, the evening faded to a restraint none the less evident because so impalpable. Evadne gained the impression, as well, that Sir Adrian was putting in more thought than at any time in their acquaintance, and that his meditations were not reassuring.

However, it was not until the big Rolls drew up at the Westminster house that he said anything of what was in his mind.

She was fitting her latchkey into the lock when, with disconcerting unexpectedness, his hand, closing over hers, drew it away. Turning, she saw that his jaw was set.

"Upon what terms, exactly, are you with Conquest?" he said without preliminary.

Because that was a deliberate attempt to encroach upon territory that even to herself was terra incognita, she dealt with it as she felt it deserved.

"Suppose, just for once, you mind your own damned business," she said, jerked her hand from his, opened the door, and passed into the hall.

## CHAPTER 22.

THOUGH she slept well, the first moment of her awakening was with the subconscious knowledge that her dreams had been overshadowed by a sweetly bitter something of tremendous import.

In a rush, realisation came. At eleven she was to see Toby—who, fresh from that sordid intrigue with the Kohl-eyed wide-mouthed woman, had dared to tell her, Evadne Ransome, that she was his world. . . . Well, this morning he was going to hear something that even he



wouldn't readily forget. Real Canadian, this time, with none of your English compromise.

When she returned to her room from her bath, Beth was there, dressed for the street. For a few moments she drifted about aimlessly, talking of nothing in particular. Then she said:

"You'll be all right, I expect, with us away?"

"Sure," Evadne assured her easily, drawing a comb through her hair.

"And you're thinking of doing—what?" Beth enquired, after a little silence.

"Toby's calling about eleven," Evadne said, putting down the hairbrush. "I don't know exactly for what, though."

By this, her hand upraised to clasp the edge of the curtain, Beth was at the window, looking down into the quiet street.

"You've not seen an awful lot of that lad just lately, I gather?" she remarked, without turning her head.

"If I hadn't seen him at all, ever," Evadne said, opening a drawer for a handkerchief, "that would have been too often."

Quickly, at that, Beth swung round.

"Say that again," she said sharply.

"If I hadn't seen him at all, ever," Evadne repeated shaking the handkerchief from its creases, "that would have been too often."

She met Beth's eyes directly. "I'm sorry, but there it is."

Beth's voice was restrained as she said: "You've undergone a pretty rapid change of heart about him, haven't you, just lately?"

That same heart thudding, Evadne nodded.

"And what, exactly," her cousin enquired, still in that cool, restrained voice, "has Toby done to bring that about?"

Though she had spoken more or less upon impulse, there was purpose behind Evadne's revelation. Without some such explanation, she felt she could not continue avoiding so close a friend of the family as Toby.

"I'm sorry," she said, "but except that he's crashed rather badly in my estimation, I can't tell you a thing about it."

Strictly within her own code as the refusal was, this left Beth disarmed. It was on all fours with Evadne's estimate of her, however, her loyalty and her perennial willingness to come to the help of others, that she put up the best fight possible.

"I see," she said slowly. "To be frank, I'm more than a little surprised; I thought Toby and you were going to be just boys together. And as I've told you before, I've all kinds of use for him. He's clean."

With Evadne's poker-faced, Beth's, too, became less animated.

"One question, however, I am going to allow myself," she went on. "Probably you'll fly right off the handle, but I'm going to ask it, anyway."

Though by now ready to go downstairs, Evadne remained by the dressing-table. However impossible that anything Beth had to say could mitigate Toby's betrayal, there was just the chance something might transpire to render it less wholly base.

Anything, she decided, was better than this aching, empty feeling, as though the whole bottom had fallen out of her world.

"And that is?" she questioned.

"Is it anything the Bart has said that's put you off Toby?" Beth demanded.

Evadne did not feel in the least like flying off the handle.

"What makes you ask that?" she said non-committally.

"As I've told you before," Beth returned, "the Bart's one of those who want what they want when they want it, and at such times he's not particular to an odd bout of mud-slinging or so how he gets it. At the moment his most absorbing want is yourself, and just at first Toby and you appeared to hit it off rather unusually well."

On the whole, Evadne was prepared to accept this; it was the streak of ruth-

lessness she had been able to detect beneath Sir Adrian's so well-schooled deference that kept her always more or less on the alert.

"He's said nothing," she said. "Even if he had, and whatever it was, wouldn't have made any difference. Not without something definite in the way of proof, anyway."

Beth caught at this last.

"And you're proof of whatever it is that's put you off Toby?" she said quickly.

"The proof of my own eyes," Evadne told her.

Beth looked at her steadily.

"That, of course," she said after a long silence, "can mean only one thing. A woman, and—well, I can guess the sort you have in mind. Only it happens that so far as Toby's concerned, I don't believe it."

Then, quickly, as the color flooded Evadne's face—"No need to paw the ground. I accept that you think you saw something pretty sordid. What I quarrel with is your interpretation of it. Because I think I know Toby better than you know your eyes. . . . I suppose you don't feel like going into details?"

To imply that the audience was at an end, Evadne made slowly for the door.

"Sorry, but I'm afraid that's impossible," she said, briefly. From the threshold she turned to find Beth, still in the same position by the window, looking at her with an odd significance. Slowly Evadne felt the blood mounting to her face.

"Don't you understand," the cry came from her heart, "that I'd give my eyes and ears—everything I have—to know I was wrong? . . . The trouble is that, fool as I am in one way, I'm not fool enough to delude myself there's more than one construction to be put on what I saw."

As slowly as Evadne before her, Beth moved towards the door. There, in the first demonstration of affection that had ever passed between them, she laid her hand for a moment on her cousin's shoulder.

"If there is anything I can do," she said quietly, and led the way to where, in the hall, Mrs. Maulden was waiting.

Evadne went into the morning-room. It was a relief, that talk with Beth; she'd felt so entirely alone. In the close corporation of the Canadian shack there had been no such thing as emotional privacy, and since that night in the vestibule of the Maiden Vale flats she had missed and longed for her father more than at any time since his death.

While the clock still needed a few minutes to the hour, she heard a ring at the front door. As Fiddian's slow footsteps passed down the hall her heart set off at a pounding gallop as at the finish of a long, hard race; her fingers tightened about the arms of her chair so that her knuckles showed whitely through the tense-drawn skin.

Unobtrusively, the door opened. Fiddian said:

"Mr. Conquest, Miss."

The uncompromising daylight was harder upon him than had been the mercifully-shaded lamps of the Savoy; now those new lines on his face were even more sharply defined. As he stood on the hearth-rug, looking down upon her, his eyes, though hypocritically steady as ever, were deeply sunken.

"Well?" she said shortly, as he did not speak.

"Why this sudden change of attitude?" he said.

But that was the last subject she had any intention of discussing. Regarded in the hard light of reason she had no right either to question or to criticize.

"Is that all you've to say?" she said, furious at the sheer brazenness of his question, more so with herself for the effect his presence was having upon her.

"No; only part of it," he said. "But I want an answer to that first."

In effect, her reply was the same as, a few minutes ago, it had been to Beth.

"Then I'm afraid you'll have to go on wanting," she said.

That seemed to nonplus almost as much as, quite obviously, it hurt him. It seemed an intolerably long time before he spoke. At last, his mouth grim:

"Do you think you've been quite fair to me?" he said.

She felt the breath catch in her throat. In face of his proven baseness even now there was little that, ultimately, she would not have forgiven him. But in its complete shamelessness this brought him outside the pale.

"I fair to you!" she cried.

That, at least, got home, for he flinched as from a physical force. Uncomprehendingly, she saw bewilderment in his eyes. He seemed to be groping for words.

"That's what I said," he returned at last, speaking very slowly. "And for the life of me I can't see why you quarrel with it. . . . Or with me, either, if it comes to that."

By now anger overwhelmed any other feeling. Anger and self-contempt that she could have loved one so wholly outside the code. Before she could collect herself he added the crowning touch.

"I thought that, apart from—anything else—we were such exceptionally good friends," he said. "Really matey. Liked the same things and had a pretty similar point of view, and all that. . . ." His voice dropped. "Even when I told you—what I did tell you—it didn't seem to make a whole lot of difference. Not to our friendship; you still seemed to—to understand. . . . And then, right out of the blue, you swung completely round; treated me as less than the dust. I want to know why."

She found herself thinking heaven that, armed in advance, she was able to treat this for what it was worth; without that foreknowledge she would have fallen for the whimsicality that, like a thread of gay color through mourning, was evident even in his protest. She told herself she might even have been deluded into being sorry for him.

Slowly, from between her teeth, she said: "I don't think, if I were you, I'd be inclined to press me too hard for a reply to that."

"Why not?" he asked quickly.

"Because," she said, for the first time meeting his glance directly, "you might get the right answer."

He looked at her with a more concentrated scrutiny, even, than before.

"At the moment," he said, "there's nothing I want so much."

Always there had been circumstances capable of kindling her to an impulsiveness she found difficult to beat down, and now she had small inclination to do so. After all, why should she shy from his treachery like a coil from swirling paper? Her voice was cold as she said:

"Very well. When you leave here, where do you go?"

"After I've said what I came to say—home," he replied promptly.

Her glance fixed still immovably.

"Which home," she said. "Shepherd's Bush or—Maida Vale?"

For how long their glances held before he spoke she had no idea; that queer tense silence, in which even the mellow beat of the little silver clock on the mantelpiece became invested with an odd remorselessness, was as a hiatus between two separate phases of her experience, the one irrevocably at an end, the other still to face and endure.

Then she saw that surrounding his lips there was a tinge of grey; that from hardness those same lips had lapsed into lines that as well as harsh were pain-ridden. When he spoke the words came slowly and without life.

"What, and how, do you know of Maida Vale?" he said.

Her gesture was a weary ruling out of unessentials.



"What does it matter 'how'?" she said. "The 'what' is all that counts—and who should know the answer better than yourself? And, incidentally, I've had about all of this I'm able to stand. So, do you mind going?" Hating herself, she added: "To Shepherd's Bush or Maida Vale—just so long as you go."

There was another of those silences; longer this time even than before.

"You're asking for no explanation; no particulars?" Toby said, and if Evadne's voice had been cold, so, now, was his; cold, and infinitely bitter. It was as if in fairness to her that he added: "Not that I'm in a position to supply you with either."

"I'm asking for nothing," she said definitely, "except your absence."

But as, waiting, she continued to look unseeing into the fire, he made no move to leave.

"Have you forgotten," he said, "that I came here for a double purpose? The first was to find out why, just lately, you've been treating me as if I'd escaped from a colony of lepers." He laughed on a single note. "Well, I've got my answer to that, all right."

"And having got it, do you mind going?" Evadne said, without looking up.

His answer came promptly.

"When I've said that other thing. And, after what's passed—it isn't going to be easy."

Now, for a fleeting moment, she glanced up at him—to find that if the greyness was still evident his face was resolute.

"I'd still much prefer you went," she insisted. "But if you must, for heaven's sake cut it short."

"That," he said, "rests with you. What I want to find out is this: Has anyone told you anything of Chater's reputation?" The question came with such blank unexpectedness, brought with it such a surge of anger, as momentarily to rob her of capacity for reply. That he should be guilty of this stupendous impertinence left her almost benumbed with resentment. Before she had found her voice he went on:

"Even if I know exactly what you're thinking—and feeling," he said, "it isn't going to stop me; nor is the fact that I've forfeited any claim I might once have had on you. Whatever you think of me in any other connection, the last charge you can bring is the one that, deliberately, I'm bringing against Chater. In being so continually with him you're running full tilt into danger. And the more sure you are of yourself the greater the danger. I could tell you things..."

He broke off only because her attitude made it impossible for him to continue. For now, face and eyes blazing, she was on her feet, her finger pressing hard at the bell.

"I half expected that," Toby said quietly. "And, thinking what you do about me, I can't exactly blame you; your opinion of me must be about as high as a snake's digestive organs. But I had to say what I did, because it's so frightfully true—and important. Whatever his apparent attitude, however hard he tries to establish his good faith, just so long as you go about with Chater you're in danger; where his relations with his girl friends are concerned he's neither heart nor conscience."

With her back to him, leaning with her hand on the wall close to the bell, she did not turn round.

"I shall make it my business," she said, "to repeat to Sir Adrian everything you've said about him."

His reply was not the least of the surprises he had sprung on her.

"Unnecessary," he said. "I told him myself, and with quite a few additions only this morning—before I came here. Also I warned him that if in any way he compromises you, I'd pull him apart."

While she was still struggling to find a reply, there was the sound of Fiddian's footsteps outside.

"Good-bye," Toby said, and in the instant their eyes met she sought desperately for what would hurt him most. She wanted to strike and she wanted to wound. In a flash, inspiration came.

"It may interest you to know," she said, "that the man you've been slandering has paid me the honor of asking me to marry him."

She watched, with satisfaction, the color drain from his face.

"Well?" he said.

"Now I've heard what you've to say about him," she said, "I intend to retract my refusal."

## CHAPTER 23

TOBY'S complete ignoring of his own defection had been a deliberate and uncomprising cynicism that left Evadne with a sense almost of contamination; apart from that heart-sickness was an anger so deeply-rooted as, she knew, to be irremovable.

It was partly in protest at this disingenuousness that decided her to cancel her decision to break with Sir Adrian; it occurred to her that at least the diversion he made such a point of providing would help bridge the black time ahead. If, too, he brought a spice of danger into her life, so much the better. The busier her brain was occupied in circumventing him, the less time she'd have to think. And because, above all other fears, it was her own thoughts she most dreaded, for the remainder of that day she considered the suggestion she had flung at Toby—to rescind her refusal of the Baronet's offer of marriage.

Fortuitously, but without previous arrangement, about seven o'clock Sir Adrian called. "Just in case you happened to be at a loose end." It was in the first moment of seeing him, observing how ineffectually the carefully-tended elegance was at war with the years and his own world-weariness, it came to her that she could not go through with it; it was revealed to her that, lacking any kind of physical or mental appeal to fulfil her threat would be to sink to a lower level even than Toby himself.

"What would you like to do?" he inquired.

Quite suddenly she was seized with a desire to put London behind her—to fill her lungs with the unrestricted wind of the hills, to exchange these countless square miles of bricks and mortar for field and valley and the open road.

"I want," she said, "just to drive and drive and keep on driving."

Instantaneously the faded eyes lighted.

"You couldn't have chosen anything that would give a greater kick," he exclaimed, and when she had come down from changing into something warm, and he had helped her into the car: "Which way?" he inquired.

"Towards the sea," Evadne said quickly, and added: "Will you hate it awfully if I don't talk very much?"

One quality that, from the first, she had observed in him—his capacity for reading and conforming to her moods—came to her help now.

"This is your party," he said, and climbed into the driving-seat beside her.

The night was warm and clear, the powder-blue sky asprinkle with stars, a three-quarter moon riding high. They drove eastward through the fascinatingly deserted city; from Aldgate turned right to the Commercial Road and Bow, thence to the road through Epping Forest.

It was when they had covered a mile or so of this that, almost for the first time since leaving Westminster, Evadne broke into the silence. For there was that about this country, where on either hand the thickly-growing trees encroached almost to the road that was poignantly reminiscent of the forest land of her native north, so

that she discovered herself peering instinctively through the wood for the sheen of the so well-remembered lake. Sitting more uprightly in her seat, she inhaled deeply of the strong keen air.

"Believe me, this is good!" she said.

Slightly turning his head he answered only with a smile, and she was grateful for the silence. At that moment conversation would have been an encroachment.

They passed decorously through sleeping Epping. In motoring, as in other activities, Sir Adrian was never in too great a hurry. Open country then, flat and windswept. Fallow fields on either side, with dyke and hedgerow, but after an hour or so a thought desolate, with only occasionally the tiny yellowed light from some distant farmhouse window to break the level of blue-grey distance.

Unexpectedly the car slowed down. Glancing up from reverie Evadne saw a little ahead, and to their right, the dark mass of a building. A little further on, however, she found that, standing back a little from the road, this was fronted by a semi-circle of gravel. Only from one window at the end and at right angles to the road, was there any trace of light.

"What's this place?" she enquired, as they drew up to the door, and, because for some reason she was not able to determine this new phase was curiously at odds with her mood, spoke more sharply than she knew. Sir Adrian gave a little laugh. Somehow that, too, jarred.

"The Flying Horseman," he said. "Proprietor, Ruben Purves, Licensed for the Sale of Wines, Spirits, Beer and Tobacco. To be consumed on the Premises. And, incongruously, the best coffee out of New York—where is coffee's spiritual home."

"Not," Evadne observed, a shade doubtfully, as he helped her down, and still there was no sign of movement from within. "Exactly a wild note of welcome from mine host."

"Wait," Sir Adrian said, "until we're inside. You'll be surprised."

Glancing at the luminous dial of her wrist watch, Evadne discovered it was well past eleven o'clock. Though not in the least nervous for herself, it struck her as a queer hour for calling at a country inn. Especially one as without sign of life as The Flying Horseman.

Sir Adrian's method of approach occurred to her as equally curious. Instead of ringing the bell in the ordinary way he pressed it in a series of Morse code longs and shorts. There was the sound of footsteps on the other side of the door. The key turned.

The door opened to disclose a square hall illuminated by one small light set high in the ceiling, so that the closer to the ground one looked the more uncertain were the surroundings. As he stood in the open doorway all she was able to gather of the one who admitted them was of a man well above the average height, and thinner than that height warranted.

Her escort said, in a reassuring voice:

"It's all right, Ruben. This is Sir Adrian Chater. Any of that excellent coffee of yours on tap?"

Immediately the door swung open to its full extent.

"Come right in, sir!" the man invited with great heartiness, but in a voice that, to Evadne, was too high-pitched. She observed as well that having passed into the hall it was not until he had relocked the door that he switched on the lighting, so that she was able to take stock of her surroundings.

She was impressed more favorably by the house than by its tenant. While the hall was adequately furnished in reasonably good reproductions of old oak, with small tables dotted here and there about the rug-strewn floor, in the host's person and manner was a lack of color that struck her unfavorably. Of early middle-age instead of the healthy ruddiness that should have been the reward of an open air



country life, the phenomenally thin high cheek-boned face was of a murky, unhealthy yellow. His attitude was so disproportionately welcoming as to suggest that, given any encouragement, he'd be altogether too familiar.

"Caught us bending this time, sir!" he exclaimed in genial self-chiding, rubbing his bony hands. "Wrong time of year for transients. No one dropped in since seven o'clock, and those who're staying in the house all in bed. Different in summer. Packed out then, as you know. And what," he enquired, with a quick and too appraising glance at Evadne, "can I be ordering for you?"

By this they were installed on one of the settees near to what was left of the fire. Sir Adrian turned to her.

"Coffee and cognac?" he enquired.

"Coffee please; no cognac," Evadne corrected. "Besides, it's after hours, isn't it? Or isn't it?"

The landlord's smile took to itself an added slyness.

"Hours don't count, not between friends," he said, and with a queerly mincing gait passed through a door that stood a few feet from a service hatch in the far corner.

"Good feller, Purves," Sir Adrian remarked appreciatively to the sound of a withdrawn cork from the further side of the hatch. "Got the right idea, too. Knows how to look after his guests."

"Better, I should imagine, than he knows how to look after his licence," Evadne pointed out.

Sir Adrian's quick glance struck her with a queer impression of furtiveness; instead of the bony landlord, it might have been he himself who was under review.

"Purves knows his customers," he said, more abruptly than he had ever spoken to her.

There was a plate of sandwiches on the tray that held the coffee and brandy-decanter; as Sir Adrian had suggested, the coffee itself was the best she had had in England, where in general she had found it inconceivably bad. When her cup was empty, Sir Adrian, who, with a moderate laze of cognac had finished his, refilled her's, but not his own. Instead, he stood.

"I'll just have a word with Purvis, if you'll excuse me," he said, and at Evadne's acquiescence, passed through into the service-room, to where the landlord had returned.

It was some ten minutes before, with Purves at his heels, he was back. Evadne got up.

"What about making a move?" she said, glancing at her wrist-watch.

Sir Adrian reached for her coat; helped her into it. After the landlord had performed a similar service for Sir Adrian:

"I hope, madam, I may have the honor of seeing you again some time," Purves said, as he threw open the entrance-door; perhaps because it was the first time he had addressed her directly, his manner was less familiar than it had been.

"We'll be dropping in, all right," Sir Adrian responded easily.

Evadne did not reply. For some reason she felt no inclination at all for a return visit to the Flying Horseman.

#### CHAPTER 24.

IT was nearly 3 o'clock when Sir Adrian's car drew up at the Westminister house.

"About to-morrow?" he said, helping Evadne from the car.

Did she, Evadne asked herself, want to go out, with him again? Entertaining enough, perhaps, in his self-centred, rather egotistic fashion, and, so far as concerned material things, quite knowledgeable. But, apart from the spice of danger, did she, she wondered, get any sort of kick from his company?

Not much of a one, she decided. But—at least he provided some sort of distraction from her thoughts, and just now

thought was the one thing most to be avoided. There'd be no peace for her until, definitely, and for good, Toby was out of her mind.

All right, she said, and did not observe how his eyes narrowed at the casualness of her tone. "Call around about eleven, or three, or something."

"Eleven," he said shortly, and drove away.

Hungry again after her drive through the keen cold air, she went into the morning-room, where she was sure of finding a tray of sandwiches. To her surprise—for it was the first time such a thing had happened since her arrival in England—Mrs. Maulden, as fresh and undishevelled as if newly from the hands of her maid, was sitting up for her. She greeted Evadne with her customary smile of welcome, but was there, the girl had no difficulty in realising, for some definite purpose.

"Goeh, I'm tired!" Evadne said, biting into a sandwich, and saw Mrs. Maulden glance at the clock. "And no wonder, says you," she added penitently. "But what made you sit up, anyway?"

"I wanted to speak to you." In the tone was something that caused Evadne to cast a quick glance at her. Not anger, nor irritation, was what she read; her aunt had the most exact control of anyone she'd ever met. But—something. And that had to come out.

"Just what, exactly?" Evadne said, but with all respect for the elder woman she felt. Only—if this was a challenge, there was nothing but to face it.

Mrs. Maulden reached for a cigarette from the silver box on the table at her side; slowly lighted it. When she looked up, Evadne observed that the lurking sadness of her face was reinforced now with purpose. With every moment, indeed, she was liking the outlook less. She knew what was coming; realised, too, that she was in the wrong.

"Doesn't it occur to you," Mrs. Maulden said quietly, "that you're placing me in a somewhat invidious position?"

Yes, Evadne thought, she'd been right. Here it was, and with the first question unanswerable. She played for time, in itself a sign of weakness, for as a rule she faced difficulties four-square.

"I'm sorry," she said, her voice as cool as she could make it. "but I'm not quite sure that I understand. In what way, invidious, exactly?"

"I suppose," Mrs. Maulden said, and now almost it was as though she was speaking to herself, "that, so far as it concerns yourself, quite a lot of people might regard my position as not without responsibility. In loco parentis, if you know what I mean."

Evadne nodded.

"Because I'm young, alone in the world, and in a strange country," she confirmed. "If you don't mind me asking, how, exactly, do you look at it?"

"Not," Mrs. Maulden said, "as a responsibility. I shouldn't be so impertinent. No one should have responsibility without authority, and you're of age, and your own mistress. To me, and except that you're an especially welcome one, you're just the same as any other guest. And I don't preach to my guests—or anyone else."

"Please tell me to where all this is leading," Evadne said as Mrs. Maulden paused.

"To the fact that, as I've no responsibility, I don't think you're being quite fair to me," the older woman said unhesitatingly. "I'm sorry, but there it is. And I prefer saying it to just brooding over it."

"You mean, staying out so late?" Evadne said, making no attempt to evade the issue. Nor did her aunt.

"To an extent," she said. "But more on account of whom you're so late with. That's not scandal, incidentally, it's just common sense."

There was something frank and kindly about her aunt, sitting so easily in the big

chair; something fine and eminently fastidious that, but for the thought it was her own loyalty that was involved, would have left Evadne defenceless.

"What's wrong with Sir Adrian?" she said, "that you've all got such a down on him?"

Mrs. Maulden dropped the end of her cigarette into the fire.

"Before we go into that," she said, "I wonder if you'd answer me a question? A very personal and, I'm afraid, a rather impertinent one."

"Of course," Evadne said steadily.

"Has he asked you to marry him?"

Evadne nodded.

"Yes," she said, and saw steal into the elder woman's eyes something she could only interpret as a very definite uneasiness.

"And you intend doing so? Or don't you?" Mrs. Maulden inquired steadily.

"It's the very last thing," Evadne said practically, "that I should dream of."

The trepidation died, at that, but only to be replaced by additional purpose.

"Then I need have no hesitation," Mrs. Maulden said, "in saying what I set out to say."

"And that is?" Evadne questioned.

"That not only are you getting yourself very generally talked about, but you're playing with fire. For let me tell you that where his—susceptibilities—are concerned, Adrian Chater is the most dangerous man in London."

At the sound of Evadne's laugh, sharply-drawn, ironic, Mrs. Maulden glanced up.

"Neither Sir Adrian Chater, Bart, nor any man else is dangerous to me," Evadne declared, and her voice, too, was hard.

If Mrs. Maulden's was not, it was essentially direct.

"In any case," she said, "I shall take it as a personal favor if you don't see quite so much of him."

"As long as I'm in your house, you mean?" she said.

There was a prolonged and almost unbearable silence. Not often had Evadne difficulty in meeting the eyes of the one to whom she was speaking, but she discovered that difficulty now. Yet, having taken the step, she stood her ground obstinately.

"If you care to put it so—crudely," Mrs. Maulden said at last, she also, and with so much greater justification, maintaining her position.

Slowly, with a gesture of infinite weariness, Evadne stood up. Her aunt, however, made no move to follow the example.

"Listen, Evadne," she said. "You've no occasion to tell me that, just lately, you've been going through a pretty bad time. I don't ask why, because it strikes me—you're one of those who prefer to do their own lying awake at nights. Nor, I think, is there any need to tell you that if there's anything I can do to help, you've only to give me a hint."

"Yes, I know that," Evadne said. "And—thank you—actually, however, there isn't. Nevertheless, it's an awful big comfort to feel I've you in the background."

In the few moments of silence that followed, it was as though her aunt was wondering how to express what it was in her mind.

She said, at last:

"I don't suppose there's anyone living with less right to preach than myself, because I so abominate the practice in others. But if life has taught me anything, it is that if you want to keep your end up—and your self-respect—you won't go out of your way to fly in the face of convention. And it isn't those who laugh the loudest at the old sane rules who are most willing to back those who make a point of ignoring them; invariably they're the very ones to throw the first brick. And beyond and above everything, I should hate to see you cold-shouldered."



In its sincerity, and the weight of experience behind it, but for one circumstance this would have reached home. As it was, Evadne hardened her heart. Stabbingly it came to her who, on that first day in the Abbey, had given that same warning. "Neither a code nor a custom is necessarily a wash-out simply because it happens to be pre-war," he had said.

This hardened her; this, and that other memory of Beth eulogising the rigidity of his code at a time when all standards but those of personal courage were blown sky-high. Why should she be called upon to offer a friend in sacrifice to a standard that the one lauded as its exemplification had so unforgivably betrayed?

"I guess I'd better look out for an apartment some place?" she said, making a slow progress to the door. There, with the thought that, as acknowledgement of more than a quarter of a year's unrelenting kindness, this sounded singularly ungracious, she swung round.

"Please don't think me as ungrateful as I must seem," she pleaded swiftly. "Believe me, I'm anything else but . . . I can't begin to thank you for all you've done—and been—to me . . . But, I can't send Sir Adrian out on his ear just because I'm afraid of what folks'll say of me if I don't . . . I just can't do it."

"You must do just what you decide is for the best," she said.

So it was that when, promptly to time the next morning, Sir Adrian presented himself, Evadne had no alternative but to send him away.

"I'm most frightfully sorry if I've hampered your arrangements," she said apologetically. "But though I'd no idea of this when I said you might call, I simply have to spend the day with my aunt."

That morning, as always, there was about him the perfected finish that can be achieved only as a result of long years of valeting, and as at her approach he rose from his seat on the club fender, and stood so slim and straight to confront her, his figure was that of a man ten years his junior; apart from the criss-cross of lines into which the eyes were set, his face surprisingly to correspond. In all the time of their association she had never seen him to greater advantage.

"For any especial purpose?" he asked, without enthusiasm.

"We're spending the day," Evadne explained, "looking at flats."

"Looking at flats for whom?" he said quickly.

"Me," said Evadne. "After all, I'm not in this house on a ninety-nine years' lease."

Unconsciously, perhaps, she was watching for the effect of this. Observing it in the sudden lightening of his eyes, she found that expression disturbing.

"You shouldn't have a great deal of difficulty in getting what you want," he pointed out.

She said, this time with deliberation,

"From what my aunt tells me, it won't be finding a flat that'll be the trouble."

"As what?" he asked.

"Discovering exactly the right companion-housekeeper as my chaperon," Evadne told him.

## CHAPTER 25.

"THIS," Beth remarked, casting an eye over the spacious, pleasantly-lighted room, "looks like the real right thing."

Either by reason of her discrimination, her personality, or both, "our Mr. Ferris" from the house agency, a slim-waisted old young man with hair like patent leather, shot her a glance of commendation.

"One of the most commodious flats on our lists, madam," he said. "Only recently been brought up to date. New plumbing throughout."

As the one most concerned, he glanced, then, and with equal approval, at Evadne, who, in turn, looked inquiringly at her aunt.

"I agree that you might do worse," Mrs. Maulden said with decision.

Evadne sighed relief. This was the seventh of these places to be inspected, and with each in turn her depression had become blacker, so that now she was beginning to feel if only she could be alone, she didn't care where she lived, or how.

"I'll take it," she said, and our Mr. Ferris drew a line through one item on his list.

"Thank you, madam," he said, professionally brisk. "About the decorations, now . . ."

The flat comprised the first floor of a large, substantially-built house in Holland Park. The rooms were large, high, and airy; the neighborhood secluded and comparatively free from traffic. Evadne felt if she could find rest anywhere it would be here.

In the next fortnight or so, when with the co-operation of her aunt and cousin she was acquiring furniture and supervising decorations, she saw little of Sir Adrian; in the face of that conversation with her aunt she felt it would be a breach of hospitality to do so. But, surprisingly even to herself, there were times when, if only that he might help to drive away thought, she found herself missing him rather badly.

As well as a dealer, the proprietor of the showrooms in St. James' was by way of being an artist in his craft. Recognising the enthusiasm in Evadne, he went to considerable trouble in displaying representative specimens of each style and period. And when, for her dining-room, she selected Queen Ann mahogany, he gave benediction to the choice.

The drawing-room and bedrooms she furnished with an eye, predominantly, to comfort, but chose only such pieces as would fit in with the general scheme. If only in contrast with her thoughts, she felt that above all else she needed brightness.

Then there was the finding of a companion-housekeeper. A saddening experience interviewing those women, so great a proportion as hopeless in outlook as in future; ill-nourished in body and spirit, to Evadne the most revealing circumstance about these derelicts was the apathetic resignation with which they accepted inevitable failure.

Recourse at last was had to the advertising columns of one of the more conservative morning papers. From the deluge of replies some round down of the applicants were selected for interview. From these, and without hesitation, Evadne chose Madeline Cherry.

The widow of an Assam tea-planter killed in the war, Cherry was tall and slightly gaunt, but with more than the remnants of good looks; no one with eyes as clear and darkly grey, or whose mouth curved so entrancingly at the corners when she smiled, could have been accounted unattractive. Well travelled, and with a Roadster backing, she had a little money of her own to lend her poise, and an active but disciplined sense of humor.

All three of them took to her from the first, Evadne because her manner was neither too obsequious nor unduly familiar.

"And now," Cherry said when they had come to terms, "perhaps you'd like to tell me what you expect me to do?"

"Housekeep," Evadne said promptly.

"Hire and, if necessary, fire the maids. Arrange about the meals. And when a man calls, unless you have a hint from me to the contrary, to sit around in the same room with us. And you won't have a hint."

Cherry smiled her equable smile.

"Just so long as I know," she observed.

"And help me to move in on Tuesday," Evadne supplemented.

When the time came, Evadne intensely felt the parting from her aunt and cousin.

Lying awake—and for the first hour or two after getting into bed, that, now, was her customary state—on the night before she left Westminster, she realised that, short as comparatively her time in London had been, it yet was by far the most important of her life—a period of development, revelation, and, predominantly, of disillusion. Indeed, so remote, now, loomed those formative years among the lake and forest land of the north, and the homely uncomplex folk whose only home it was, that instead of three or four months, she might have been here since childhood.

But if she had outgrown those familiar friends, she was grateful to be able to assure herself that she had not cultivated appreciation of their bedrock soundness; it seemed to her that Pete McDowell, alone, was worth any ten men she'd met in London. It was one of her worst moments when she realised how swiftly at the beginning she would have rejected that estimate.

A week after the last of the decorations had left the flat was complete. In that time of scratch meals and hard lying, any faint doubt as to Cherry's fitness for her job was permanently routed. Not only was she a born organiser, but—a merit not common to all born organisers—she carried out Evadne's wishes without any alternative suggestions of her own. And—most priceless gift of all—never was she too much in evidence.

When everything was ready, and two maids installed, it was taken for granted that Evadne would give a house-warming.

Here she was up against a difficulty she had dreaded from the first. To avoid explanation it would be necessary to include Toby in the list of guests.

For two days and nights she debated the situation unceasingly only, eventually, to decide upon sending him an invitation and to trust that he would find an excuse for refusing.

When no reply was forthcoming, she took it for granted he would not be there, anyway, and was coldly grateful for the consideration.

The first to arrive was Clare Maulden, whom she had not seen since that night Toby had found the letter waiting for him in her flat. With so much of mutual confidence between brother and sister, Evadne wondered how much Clare knew.

They had not been together more than sixty seconds before it became evident the answer was "Nothing at all." For, after an unusually cordial greeting, Clare said, quickly and a little anxiously:

"I suppose Toby isn't here?"

Evadne shook her head.

"No," she said.

"What time do you expect him?" Clare asked, still with that suggestion of worry.

"That is, of course, if you invited him?"

"I don't know if he'll be here or not," Evadne said steadily. "He hasn't replied to my card."

Clare paused in the act of removing her wrap.

"Hasn't replied!" she repeated incredulously, and at Evadne's negative head-shake: "Amazing!" Prowning, she remained for a long moment silent. "How long is it since you've seen him?"

Evadne had not to think. She could have told to the hour.

"Some little time," she said, and again there was a silence.

Abruptly, at last, the wrap still in her hand, Clare sat down.

"Do you know," she said in a troubled voice, "I'm worried stiff about that lad?"

If it had not been so pitiful Evadne could have laughed for the blank irony of it. To be "worried" about Toby, with she like a derelict ship aground, and he the direct cause.

"For what reason, particularly?" she said, and if her tone was without warmth, Clare was too preoccupied to notice. "And again, there was a pause."



"I'm wondering how to express exactly what I mean!" Clare said slowly at last. "It's just that he's so obviously changed, and yet it's so impossible to pin down exactly in what way. One thing is certain though—it isn't the loss of his money that's got him down. It's something more inherent, if you know what I mean. Something in himself."

To gain the time her nerves needed, Evadne reached for and lighted a cigarette.

"Do you see very much of him?" she asked, and there was still that troubled note in Clare's voice as she replied.

"Just lately, hardly at all," she said. "Where he used to drop round two or three times a week now—he doesn't. The last time was about ten days ago, and, to be frank, I didn't like the look of him. He'd changed." She hesitated. "Not a change, perhaps, that anyone who doesn't know him as well as I do would have noticed. Outwardly he was just as cheery and irresponsible as ever. The trouble was it didn't ring true. And there were intervals of silence. And at the back of his eyes a look. Abstracted and—most terribly sad. If he shows up to-night you'll see for yourself."

Evadne did not know what to say. Painfully Clare had no suspicion of that new influence in her brother's life, and if the association was beginning to chafe, he was getting only what was coming to him. In any case, it was not a business with which she had any intention of becoming involved.

"Probably feeling the change of environment," she contented herself with saying. Clare, however, would not have this.

"That's not Toby!" she said decisively. "Material things have never meant a whole lot to him anyway. Whatever the trouble, it goes more deeply than that."

To Evadne's relief, interruption came by the arrival of Mrs. Maulden and Beth. A few moments later Lord Elmsford, followed closely by Agnes Forbes, the thin and startlingly white-faced girl whom that first afternoon Toby had accused of visions of pink crocodiles. With her tall and languid Gertrude Ashbourne, pink-faced and irreflexibly henneped, to whom, on the afternoon that now seemed so intently far away, he had chartered the absurd old-time musical comedy number enumerating his wars. Friends of long standing, where Agnes was in queer contrast, there Gertrude was to be found. With both apparently irrevocably convinced of the hollowness of life, where in the former disillusion had induced the complete comedy-go-day-God-send-Sunday outlook, Gertrude's pessimism was conveyed by the apotheosis of mental and physical exhaustion and an apparent lack of interest in anything at all.

Then Sir Adrian arrived, bearing gifts of flowers as exotic as they were expensive. He had not been there five minutes before contriving subtly to convey that of those present outside the claims of blood relationship to their hostess, he was the privileged guest. And, though with the art that conceals art, there was nothing in the attitude sufficiently concrete to pin down, Evadne found herself very definitely resenting it.

Half an hour later still, rotund and amiable as ever, Hector Steward arrived.

"I knew something would happen to spoil the party," Agnes complained as Evadne greeted him. "Were you invited, Hector, or are you just gate-crashing on behalf of your horrible paper? Last night I looked in for a few moments at a house-warming given by Evadne Ransome, the beautiful Canadian niece of Mrs. Victor Maulden, at her new flat in Holland Park. In the few months she has been in England Miss Ransome has established herself as one of the most popular of our younger set. Among those I noticed were Mrs. Maulden's daughter-in-law, Clare, looking lovelier than ever in a gown of mole

elephant skin. . . ? That sort of stuff."

"The only blot on what otherwise would have been a particularly successful evening, however," Steward continued comfortably, "was the presence, as uninvited as so obviously it was unwelcome, of Agnes Forbes, more generally known as the Drab of Dover Street. Not, unfortunately, uninfluenced by alcohol, her conduct was as questionable as her personal appearance is repellent. The sympathy of her guests was obviously with Miss Ransome in a situation that would have exercised the tact of one far more experienced than our charming visitor from overseas. Even if only by complaint to the police, some concerted action must be taken to curtail the activities of this brawling harrier, whose alternative title of 'The Millstone of Mayfair' has not been unjustly awarded."

It was as the ensuing battle was at its height that, above the uproar, Evadne heard the ringing of the front door bell. After the first gargantuan throb, as if to gather sufficient momentum for a second and similar effort, her heart seemed to pause altogether, and then to speed like a racing propeller. Though it was not the coding ring he used at Westminster, as certainly as her own name she knew it was Toby Conquest.

Tensely she listened; heard the parlor-maid cross the hall; the murmur of their exchange. Then the closing of the door; footsteps.

"Mr. Conquest," the maid announced, and Toby came in.

Since the day she had told him of her knowledge of his association with the woman of the Maida Vale flat the thought of their next meeting had been her ever-present dread. That it should come in a crowded room, where her position as hostess placed her to such disadvantage, was to the last degree unfortunate. If only she had had a few hours' warning so she could have prepared herself.

Well, at all costs it was necessary to keep her end up. Not by the bat of an eyelid betray the turmoil of her thoughts. Taking a strong pull on herself she watched Toby cross the floor towards her.

Not in his person, but, as Clare had said, from his eyes, was distress transmitted; a look of hopelessness, as if he had come to accept that there was no way out of the impasse into which life and his own folly had led him.

There was, however, this to be said: Whatever embarrassment he recognized in the situation he contrived very successfully to cover. He was neither brazen nor abject. It was an attitude that angered Evadne more than any he could have adopted. Probably come here straight from Maida Vale, it occurred to her.

"I felt I must see for myself how you're housed," he told her, adding to his insolence. A mean blow below the belt, too, which precluded a reply that might have satisfied her.

"Charmed!" she said, in a voice inaudible to all but themselves, and wherein was concentrated venom.

He left her to greet the others, who, with one exception went out of their way to give him an especial welcome. The exception was Sir Adrian.

"Still rustinating in—where is it?" he inquired, and, in spite of the accompanying smile, there was belittlement in the tone.

"Number seventeen Hyperion Street, Shepherd's Bush," Toby said over his shoulder, for he was engaged in some absurd exchange with Agnes. "Knock and ring. Be careful of the garbage pail on the stairs."

Sir Adrian laughed lightly.

"Is that an invitation?" he said.

Surprisingly, Evadne resented this. What- ever Toby had done, the baronet wasn't to know it, and for one so well-favored of the world the mocking at misfortune was inexcusable. She found herself mentally applauding Toby's reply.

"My dear chap," he said, coolly. "I shouldn't dream of dragging you so far from your manseurist."

There was such a general laugh at this that, conscious that popular feeling was against him, the elder man climbed down.

"Quite one of your best efforts, Conquest," he said appreciatively. "And probably no more than was coming to me. Of course, I was only trying to pull your leg."

"Always a knife and fork for you at Number Seventeen," Toby assured him easily. "Buy an 'am and see life."

Unnecessary, it occurred to Evadne, for Toby to make that or any other purchase to achieve this object. From that new look in his eyes he was seeing all and more of life either than he wanted, or was good for him.

She pulled herself up with a jerk. Much more of this and she'd find herself pitying him, and if she was to fight her way to anything like serenity that was the last emotion she could afford. In any case, in Heaven's name, why pity? What did he expect, anyway? Wasn't any harvest bitter of which the growth was rooted in dishonor?

Then quite suddenly she discovered herself racked by another and even less supportable reflection. She'd no reason for assuming Toby's unrest to be caused by any factor other than that, having lost his money, he was not able to give his flamboyant woman all those things his previous affluence and her own proclivities led him to regard as necessities. Certainly she hadn't given the impression of one content to stay at home and knit—or to go out by herself.

So it was that thrusting back the thought that what she herself didn't know about jealousy, its agony and its searing wasn't knowledge; for the rest of the evening she devoted herself almost exclusively to Sir Adrian.

#### CHAPTER 26

IT was due to Cherry's exact sense of the fitness of things that she became so unpopular with Sir Adrian. For it did not need the spoken word to tell her who it was that Evadne had in mind in instructing her always to be on hand when a man visitor appeared; from the first the most constant caller was the baronet.

"It's a pity about poor Cherry," he observed one afternoon when, for a moment, she left them together.

"Why 'poor'?" Evadne demanded coldly. "Isn't she always with us?" Sir Adrian replied, and because it was expected of her, Evadne smiled.

"And that," she informed him, "is just as it should be. As a matter of fact, even with Cherry as chaperon, I'm seeing far too much of you."

At first not so much by her own wish as from indifference, she had drifted into much the same routine as had been interrupted by her removal. Once the flat was "straight," she had so much time on her hands that, if only as distraction against that unceasing longing, she was more glad to see him than not.

It has to be said, also, that whatever advantage he took of this complaisance was so discreetly exercised that he came at last to be more necessary to her than she would have cared to realise. From childhood she had lived so exclusively with men that, even at her aunt's, she had felt herself missing the masculine atmosphere.

The one point upon which, throughout, she stood firm, was not to be left alone with him in her own flat, for that would have implied a concord she had neither the wish nor the intention of accepting. The very fact that, in the whole of their relationship, it was this aloofness she found most intimate, went only to stabilise her resolution that it should be maintained.



"Just why, exactly," he asked on this present occasion, "do you find it necessary to guard yourself like the wife of a crusader?" She shook her head.

"I don't propose to enter into any explanation," she said coolly. "I should hate to seem inhospitable, but you know the terms on which you're allowed to call, and if you don't like them, there's nothing to stop you throwing in your hand."

"Would you like me to?" he countered sharply.

"I shouldn't," she admitted readily. "To be frank, I've grown so accustomed to having you around that if you stopped coming I'd miss you quite a lot. But that isn't to say I'm running any more risk than I have to."

There was a minute's silence, in which she knew he was biting hard on one word of her reply.

"To what particular risk do you refer?" he said at last. When he chose, no one could be so wholly unreadable, and this was one of the times.

"Of misunderstanding," Evadne said without hesitation, and Cherry's step outside put a closure to the discussion. Evadne observed, however, that for the remainder of the afternoon, as if turning something over in his mind, he was a little quieter than usual.

And when he had left, so, also, it was obvious, was Cherry. Not, it occurred to Evadne, altogether an unusual occurrence, following upon Sir Adrian's departure. This time, moreover, her preoccupation was so pronounced that, after half an hour or so, Evadne tackled her.

"And what may be eating you, young feller-me-lass?" she demanded, breaking into a silence that had been more prolonged than usual.

Cherry looked up, the beautiful eyes in the gaunt face twinkling.

"If I tell you, you'll probably fire me out on my ear," she said.

Evadne drew a dampened finger across her throat.

"Ope I may die!" she promised. "Sir Adrian Chuter, Baronet," said Cherry.

Though with her knowledge of how little love was lost between them, Evadne had suspected something of this, she didn't find confirmation of that suspicion any too pleasant.

"What's the matter with him, anyway?" she said.

After a pause, Cherry grinned in the gamin fashion Evadne found so attractive.

"Make that vulgar gesture of yours again," she instructed, and for the second time Evadne's dampened forehead went to her throat.

"Do you read P. G. Wodehouse?" Cherry demanded.

"Everything of his I can lay hands on," Evadne said promptly.

"Do you remember how affected Miss Postlewaite, the erudite barmaid of the Angler's Rest, was when she read a novel in which a man had just gone off to India leaving the heroine standing tight-lipped and dry-eyed in the moonlight outside the old Manor?"

Evadne nodded.

"I know the story," she said. "What about it?"

"If I'm any judge of men—and a dozen odd years or so in the East's a post-graduate course on the subject—if you were to place end to end all the women that enterprising member of the baronetage has left in that same condition, they'd reach from here to the Court of Admiralty and Divorce," Cherry said uncompromisingly.

"Do you think his intentions are strictly dishonourable?" Evadne demanded.

"Yes," said Cherry, without hesitation.

"Then why," Evadne said, "did he ask me to marry him?"

Cherry seemed to consider this.

"From my knowledge of the type, I should imagine for one of two reasons," she said at last. "Either to establish confidence, or because he's decided he can't get you in any other way. And if you were to marry him, you'd be the unhappiest woman in London. That man could no more settle down to a normal life than you could as hostess of a dubious night club."

There was so much sound sense in this, Evadne knew she could accept it. By now, however, partly through inertia, but more because the day-to-day life of the North had rendered her something of a slave to custom, she had allowed the affair to drift—even if there were times when she suspected that behind the baronet's apparently casual friendship was a different attitude altogether. Still, she told herself, when she troubled to think of it at all, so long as he was content not to come into the open, why worry?

Following upon that conversation with Cherry, however, though at first it was so subtle as almost to be imperceptible, she detected a change in him. Nothing that, without exposing herself to a charge either of conceit or hysteria, she was able to pin down. It was more that his manner implied a mutual sympathy closer than she was prepared to accept.

Not then quite knowing how to deal with this, she made the mistake of doing nothing at all. Thus encouraged, with the cleverness that was the legacy of his experience, he began to encroach upon her prejudices as the sea eats away a cliff. Before she knew how it had happened, she found herself accepting attentions—and speech—from him, that previously she would vigorously have resented.

Upon two points, however, she remained firm. She refused definitely to send Cherry out of the room when he called, and upon the only occasion when, helping her from the car one night on their return from the theatre, he attempted to kiss her, she told him, and with unmistakable sincerity, that a repetition would see the last of him at the flat.

"And furthermore," she said bluntly, "you're not coming in now."

In the light of the street-lamp his round, young-old face showed resentful. He had put in more time over this particular quarry than ever he remembered to have occupied upon a similar quest, and the lack of result went to confirm a secret dread that in these last months had been eating into the old complacency. Your voluptuary is never so desperate for success as during those first faint suspicions that advancing age is beginning to cramp his style.

"Am I never to have any kind of reward?" he said, his voice a mixture of anger and plainiveness.

Her reply was characteristic of the lack of finesse that from the first he had deplored in her.

"Reward for what?" she enquired.

Had he voiced his secret thoughts, he would have said:

"Recompense for all the time I've occupied in an attempt to ruin you; all the money in dinners and teas and dances and theatres and petrol it has cost me; for the many hours of thought and scheming, of jealousy and longing, I've put in to that same end." As it was, the best he was able to contrive was:

"My unremitting devotion."

She looked at him very directly from eyes so true and lovely and passionless that, though she had no idea of the cause, she heard the quick intake of his breath. Both in what had gone before and in all that followed, he was closer to loving Evadne Ransome than in all his previous career and experience he had shown himself capable of loving any but himself.

"When, if ever, I allow a man to kiss me," she said, "it won't be as a 'reward' for anything."

The two glances held for a moment before he said, quickly:

"If not a reward, what?"

"A promise," she said, and, leaving him standing there, turned into the house.

And because her own words had come in the light of revelation, she decided that if this friendship was to continue whatever small advances she had come to concede would have to end.

She was not to know that as he climbed back into his car Sir Adrian was in the grip of an entirely different resolution.

## CHAPTER 27.

As it so happened, they had made no plans for the immediate future. When, however, the next day, he did not come, nor the one following, nor the one after that, she began to wonder if he had taken offence, and if so, whether she was glad or sorry.

But there was no doubt that when, about six o'clock on the evening of the fourth day, he arrived, she was uncommonly glad to see him. Winter had merged into a spring that, in the last few days, had been mild and sunny, the air clear and invigorating, and except for the ever-cheerful Cherry she had spoken to no one for forty-eight hours.

"What about seeing how the country's looking?" he suggested.

There was nothing he could have said more capable of pleasing her. For the first time since she had been in England she was missing her native North. There, by now, the ice would have broken, and with the miraculous transmutation that only a few days achieve, the long-lying winter snows have melted, the fresh green leaves forcing through the steaming earth, and the only vivid green of the year aglow among the outworn foliage of pine and fir and tamarack. There would be a tang to the air, new and life-giving; the sparkle of sun and water; trappings deserted, the trappers outside selling the winter's skins and buying supplies for the summer's prospecting. Saving, perhaps, for the glory of the Indian summer, the loveliest time of the year.

And because in these last few days, not for ten minutes had her thoughts been diverted from that lighted closely-drawn window in the staring red flats in Malda Vale, at that moment she was sick for the sight of the old brave life.

"Where?" she said, and his reply came instantly.

"Where better than Epping Forest?" he said. "Dine in Epping itself, and then strike for the open country."

"You can't make me mad with a suggestion like that," Evadne said with equal promptitude. With extraordinary clarity it had come to her with what vividness, in that ride of months ago, she had been able to visualise the land for which, now, she longed.

Evadne not being one of those who insist upon chattering through traffic, it was not until the forest border was reached it came to her that he, too, was uncustomarily silent; usually, as soon as the congested areas were left behind, he would relax, reach for his cigarette case and, more often than not, take up the conversation from the point where, before they got into the car, it had been dropped.

To-night, however, with the sun's after-glow, a background of rose and pearl to trees newly bedizened, except for the purr of their engine and the good-night song of thrush and blackbird, nothing was there to break the stillness.

It was not until she began to speak she noticed anything unusual in him. Then, though he replied readily, she saw his mind was very much elsewhere. The same abstraction continued, too, throughout dinner at the hotel in Epping.



Another point that, at the time, she remarked only subconsciously, but that later she had cause to remember, was that when they re-entered the car he neither asked her where she would like to go, nor made any suggestion of his own. It was as though, as they drove towards the open country, already their destination was decided. And now that dark had fallen, so that there was less to engage her attention, and the last thing she wanted was a return to the squirrel-cage of her own thoughts, the silence began rather to bore her.

"Why so quiet?" she said at last.

He looked at her swiftly, and as swiftly looked away. Curiously, she had an impression he found her glance disconcerting.

"Thinking," he said briefly.

"Anything," she asked, "to prevent you telling me what about?"

"No," he replied. "Many things in general, but you in particular."

She hoped devoutly he wasn't going to make love to her, but something in his tone made her suspect that not unlikely. In an attempt to head him off:

"Why not switch on to another station," she said, "I'm an unprofitable subject, anyway."

Though to her relief he did not attempt to take advantage of the slight opening presented by her question, her uneasiness remained when he began to talk of anything, apparently, that came into his head. Though he spoke with all his customary insolence of outlook, to Evadne his conversation lacked connection, and with him this was unusual.

Then, as with the disjointed sentences thrusting only into part of her mind, she began to look about her something in the flat hedge-and-ditch checkered landscape struck her with a sense of familiarity. This was not the first time she had seen this countryside. Oddly, the recognition gave her a feeling of uneasiness.

"We've been here before," she exclaimed. "That time when you showed me the forest."

He shot a quick glance at her. Nodded.

"It struck me the country rather appealed to you," he said.

She did not quite like this. Instinct told her the explanation did not cover whatever might be his motive. Particularly as it applied to the inn where they had coffee, and the furtive familiarity of that house's landlord, there had been something about that other time she'd not liked either.

"You're not thinking of calling at that Flying Horse place, I hope?" she said, and there was a perceptible pause before his reply came.

"As a matter of fact, I was," he said.

"Any objection?"

"No particular one," Evadne said. "Only the place didn't especially appeal to me."

His next words were startling.

"I'm most frightfully sorry, but as a matter of fact it's beginning to look as if we'll be uncommonly lucky to reach there," he said, and, even as he spoke, it came to her that in the last few miles the pace had tended cumulatively to slacken. Now, in Evadne, some sentinel of the subconscious sounded the alert.

"What leads you to say that?" she asked levelly.

"If I know the signs, we're going to conk out before very long," he said, his eyes unwaveringly on the road ahead.

"Then why not turn back?" she said quickly, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"Because we're nearer the Flying Horseman than to any other place where there's a chance of repairs," he said.

Probably that was so: it was some miles, now, since they had passed one of those red telephone boxes that on a previous occasion he'd explained were maintained by some automobile association or other for the convenience of motorists; still further back since they had seen a building.

"Had you a notion there was anything wrong when we set out?" she asked shortly, and saw that again he did not turn to look at her.

"Obviously not," he said, and so definitely she had the impression the question was not unexpected.

"Shortage of gas or oil—or is it mechanical?" she pressed.

"Mechanical," he said.

Evadne did not immediately speak. Nothing she could single out as essentially suspicious. The best of cars contract mechanical defects, and usually at the most unexpected and inconvenient moments. And as they were within measurable distance of an hotel, where, presumably, there was a garage, it was only common sense to make for it.

Yet, with or without reason, she was uneasy. Not for the first time she found herself regretting that Red McDowell's refusal to fit the canoe with an outboard engine had prevented her sharing the now almost universal understanding of motor car mechanism.

But now, with the engine failing, their speed was reduced to a bare twenty, and rapidly slowing down. Eventually, Sir Adrian had only just time to steer to the side of the road before the car went out of commission altogether. He got down, lifted the bonnet, and with Evadne holding the torch flinched for some moments with the engine.

"The trouble is," he said regretfully at last, "that I don't know the first thing about running repairs!"

"What do you propose doing about it?" demanded Evadne, to whom action made greater appeal than apology.

He pointed to a tiny light that glimmered from ahead.

"Unless I'm mistaken, that's the Flying Horseman," he said. "The only thing is to push on there, and send someone to tow in the car. There's sure to be a chap in the garage who'll be able to put it right."

"Let's get a move on," Evadne said purposefully, and together they began to walk down the road. Though it was so light they were able to see quite clearly a little distance ahead, he put his arm through hers. And whereas ordinarily, she would have thought nothing of this, to-night, for some reason, she found herself very definitely resenting it. Abruptly, then, she disengaged herself.

"Don't do that!" she said, and he half stopped in his stride; there were two small lines of displeasure between his eyes.

"But what in the world harm is there in it?" he protested.

"Harm or no harm," Evadne returned uncompromisingly, "I don't like it." Then, as he seemed still inclined to linger, "What concerns me is to get to that inn as soon as possible, and out of it again quicker even than that."

He said, in a voice she had an idea was not quite so casual as he tried to make it:

"Suppose by any chance they haven't a car to tow us in with?"

"We'll telephone to the nearest garage," Evadne said promptly.

"Even if we're lucky enough to find one willing to send out, it's likely to be pretty late before we're able to start back," he said. "Then there's the drive home."

With this, the inflection of his voice, the expressionless fashion in which he was looking straight to his front, her uneasiness stirred. The man wasn't like himself—at least as she'd known him, and the change was not to her liking.

"What is it you're trying to say?" she said quietly.

He smiled that new apologetic smile.

"That it would be more convenient—and comfortable—to put up at the Flying Horseman," he said.

This time it was Evadne's turn to check in her stride. If actually she couldn't see the red light, she had a very active suspicion of its presence.

"In that case, where would you sleep?" she said.

Sir Adrian, with one of those quick sideways glances at her, shrugged his shoulders.

"Where but at the Flying Horseman?" he replied. "There isn't anywhere else."

She wasn't having that. Not, in spite of that newly-aroused instinct that now with every moment was becoming more urgent, that she altogether distrusted him, she assured herself. But if the incident got about, there was only one construction that would be placed on it.

"Sorry, but that won't do!" she said decisively. "In the circumstances, no possible harm in it, of course, but I've a constitutional dislike for a position where I've either to explain or defend myself."

He laughed reassuringly.

"Why not wait and cross our bridges when we come to them?" he suggested. "Probably we'll be able to get another car in half an hour or so. Or there may be some other place where I can put up."

During the remainder of their walk, Evadne tried desperately to think of a way out if the worst came to the worst. All that was in any way constructive that came to her was a resolution that whatever happened she was not spending the night under the same roof as Sir Adrian.

#### CHAPTER 23.

THE road opened out at last to the patch whereon was the Flying Horseman, of which one of the upstairs rooms and two on the ground floor were lighted. When the yellow-faced Purves opened the door he gave a start of mingled surprise and welcome.

"Come right in, sir!" he exclaimed heartily. "Funny I didn't hear your car drive up." He turned effusively to Evadne. "I'm sure you're very welcome, madam."

"You didn't hear the car," Sir Adrian explained, ushering Evadne into the hall, that, as on their previous visit, was empty of guests, "because we broke down half a mile up the road. Have a look at it will you, and see what's wrong. If necessary we'll have to take your car to Epping, and hire from there."

Purves' distress was obvious.

"I'm sorry, sir," he said, "but I'm afraid you're on a loser. My Morris is in Epping already. Sent it in this morning for an overhaul. If I'd only known, of course—"

Sir Adrian gave an impatient exclamation.

"That means getting a car out from Epping," he said. "You can ring through to the garage if necessary."

This time the landlord's consternation was more palpable even than before.

"But the phone's on the blink, too," he exclaimed.

Evadne stood for a moment without moving. It had seemed to her somehow that about this exchange was a certain glibness, an effect, as it were, of rehearsal that aroused her subconscious sentinel to a renewed alertness. Very definitely indeed she decided she did not like this yellow-faced landlord of the Flying Horseman. Before she decided what to say, he went on.

"Service broke down yesterday morning; when I went to phone an order to the brewers, the line was dead. I wrote to the Post Office straight away, but they haven't been yet. . . . Awkward without a phone, as you can imagine, so far from everywhere as we are."

"In the meanwhile," said Sir Adrian, whose attitude suggested he was waiting for Evadne to sit down before doing so himself, "what about some coffee and sandwiches?"

This easy acceptance of what to her was an impossible situation went further to disturb her, and she had no hesitation in letting him know it.



"It doesn't happen to be food I'm concerned with at the moment," she said coldly. "What I want to know is the arrangements you intend to make for getting me back to London. Or at least away from here?"

She saw Sir Adrian's quick glance at Purves, and the tolerance, as at the incomprehensibility of feminine caprices, with which the unprepossessing landlord shrugged his shoulders. If before she had been disturbed, that gesture transformed her uneasiness to anger.

"Where," Sir Adrian enquired from the landlord, "is the nearest place from here I can find a bed?" And again she derived the impression of a question to which already he knew the answer.

"Hoskin's farm's the nearest building," Purves said slowly. "That's three miles or so away. Only just now he's not fever in the house. Not healthy to stay at, Hoskin's isn't."

Surprising, it came to Evadne, that a whole quartet of circumstances should conspire to the one end—the breakdown of a car it had always been Sir Adrian's boast had never given a moment's trouble since the day it left the works; that the hotel car should be unavailable; that a defective telephone should prevent their hiring a substitute; and that the only other lodging in the neighborhood should house infection. Or was it, with quickening heart-beat she questioned herself, all quite as coincidental as they were trying to persuade her?

She had not lived in close association with those whose day to day existence was one prolonged fight with nature without herself acquiring the combative spirit. If this was a frame-up her last intention was that they should get away with it. In that case, the first necessity was to have Sir Adrian alone—without the reinforcing presence of that smiling landlord.

"Very well. We'll have coffee now, please," she said, and it seemed to her that it was only reluctantly Purves turned away. She saw, too, how questioningly he glanced back at Sir Adrian from the door.

"What do you propose we shall do?" she demanded, and he spread his hands.

"What is there we can do—except stay where we are?" he said in a tone that was an appeal to reason.

Evadne, however, was deaf to any appeal but to the clamor of her own now very active fear.

"I told you from the beginning," she said resolutely, "that I decline to stop the night under the same roof as yourself. That still goes."

"Why?" he said.

In that one word, and for the first time, was something like challenge, so that she had the impression he was coming into the open. It was a thought that did not tend to reassure her.

"I should have thought, even to you, that would be obvious," she said.

His eyes, turned full upon hers, were hard, and behind them an accentuation of the same light she had seen on the day he asked her to marry him.

"You mean," he said, "that however innocent the circumstances, the very fact of your having done so would compromise you irremediably?"

In ordinary circumstances Evadne thought not. Even in the unlikely event of it getting about it was possible people would not jump inevitably to the worst conclusion. And, in any case, her own hands would be clean, and to her that was all that mattered. The trouble lay in that newly-acquired instinct of hers, urging her to caution; warning her of danger.

"Not necessarily," she said, eyes and voice wary.

"So far as I'm able to see," he said, pressing whatever small concession he was able to read into this, "the only alternative bed for me is the nearest haystack, and quite frankly the prospect doesn't appeal. Particularly as even by that highly ingenious solution we should be left precisely as we

were. There's no possibility of getting a room elsewhere to prove I didn't stay here, and even as a tribute to convention, to anyone with knowledge of my habits the idea of me spending a night in the open would be just to-day's big laugh."

Either she could not, or would not realise it was not so much scandal she feared as himself. On the other hand, with the thinnest of shoes, no idea of the lay of the country, and with only a slender chance of getting a lift back to town, the thought of failing to the road herself was the reverse of alluring.

Before she could come to a decision, however, Purves returned with the coffee and sandwiches. As he was putting them on the table, struck with a sudden thought:

"Does there happen to be a lady staying in this house who, if the circumstances were explained, might consent to have another bed up in her room?" she asked.

The landlord, who while she was speaking had paused in unloading his tray, now went on with it.

"No guests at all, madam, ladies or gentlemen," he said decisively. "Quite a number last week, and a good few booked for next. But just now it so happens we've nobody."

Still another coincidence, and not making for reassurance, Evadne said, and now rather desperately:

"Would it be possible for me to speak to Mrs. Purves?"

The landlord, who, with the tray unloaded, had adopted a conversational attitude that actively annoyed her, broke into a wide expostulatory grin.

"Bless your life, miss, I'm not married!" he said, with something so closely approximating a leer as to set the seal on her dislike for him.

She thought for a moment.

"I'd like to see my room, please," she said formally at last, and had the impression that, on the point of immediate agreement, Purves, catching Sir Adrian's eye, checked himself. He pressed the bellpush by the side of the fireplace.

The woman who almost immediately came through the door by the service-hatch was about thirty, opulently fair, and with prominent unwinking eyes, and gave Evadne the impression not so much of wearing the conventional cap and apron as of being dressed up in them. Nor was the glance she shot at Evadne before turning to Purves essentially one of servitude.

"What room have we available for this lady, Johnson?" Purves enquired.

In an attitude of meditation, the girl played a tattoo with two fingers on her lower lip.

"Number 5, sir," she said at last.

"All ready?" Purves enquired, and she nodded.

Evadne rose.

"I'd like to see it, please," she announced coldly.

A frown, creasing her forehead, the woman's response was not immediate. Before moving off she cast a quick glance at Purves, who, however, was not looking at her.

"This way," she said shortly to Evadne.

The room, on the first floor, was large, quite comfortably furnished, and with a fire ready for lighting in the grate. On the further side of the room was a second door.

"Where does that lead?" Evadne demanded pointing, and again from the flamboyant chambermaid came that quick, almost dubious glance.

"To another room—miss," she said.

Evadne went over, turned the handle. Though the door was locked, investigation proved the key to be on the further side.

"Anyone sleeping there?" she enquired, and for a moment their glances held.

"Empty," said the chambermaid at last.

Evadne turned back to the door through which they had entered.

"There's no key here," she said, and in the pause that followed saw that the

chambermaid was beginning to look slightly puzzled.

"I want both those keys, please, on this side of the door," Evadne said resolutely.

In the silence following upon that demand, that was the longest yet, the expression of the elder woman was both speculative and thoughtful.

"Do you mean that?" she said shortly at last, her glance still undeviatingly upon Evadne, who returned it as steadily.

"To the extent that I don't occupy this room until I have them," she replied.

In the moment of silence, in which the two continued that mutual regard, gradually into the face of the chambermaid came something of comprehension. The bold eyes warmed; the hard mouth softened. At last, without speaking there was the vibration of her footsteps in the next room; the rattle of a key.

The communicating door opened. As the chambermaid crossed the floor, Evadne saw she held, not one key, but two.

"Looks like," she said half in relief and half in admiration as she handed them over, "as if someone is in for one whole lot of disappointment." She added, after a pause, "You've no need to worry, anyway. I'll be just down the passage here, with my—husband."

"What exactly do you mean?" Evadne demanded jerkily, because of the breath catching in her throat.

For a long tense moment the woman looked at her without speaking.

Then turning she jerked her thumb to indicate the communicating door.

"Take a look into that room," she said. Quietly the door closed behind her.

## CHAPTER 29

WHEN the sound of the chambermaid's footsteps had died, purposefully Evadne crossed to the communicating door; opened it, stood for a moment. For where she had expected darkness, a bright fire was burning; by this she was able to see the switch to her left hand. In the brighter light, it was with a feeling almost of physical sickness she remained still motionless, assimilating the room's condition—and its significance.

The bedclothes were folded back; silk pyjamas laid out; on the dressing-table, brushes and bottles and razors; on a small table between the two armchairs drawn to the fire, a decanter of whisky, a syphon, glasses, a box of cigarettes, and what, perhaps, was most eloquent of all, a half-bottle of champagne. On the floor at the foot of the bed a suit-case, initialed . . .

In the few moments she remained there, the half-acknowledged fear that in the last hour had possessed her, mounted to something approaching panic. Then, slowly but cumulatively, this gave place to the greatest anger that ever in her life she had experienced.

It was no accident that had landed them here; instead, the quintet of alleged misfortunes that had seemed to indicate no other course but a night at the Flying Horseman had been as carefully staged as the concomitant speech and action had been rehearsed, or as this room arranged for the culminating scene. And she, ignoring the Cherub of Feminine Instinct who surely must hold senior rank to those who safeguard the well-being of drunken men and children, had walked into the trap with the docility of a blind mouse into one freshly baited.

Her pulse and breathing were normal, but her eyes and mouth ice-hard as, without troubling to switch on the light or close the doors behind her, she passed down the corridor and stairs.

Sir Adrian, still seated at the little table, stood up as she reached the hall; held out the chair she had used previously. When she was near enough for him to read her expression, his welcoming smile died. He watched her closely as she crossed the hall to face him.



On the table were her gloves and vanity bag. Without speaking, she picked them up.

"What," he said, "is the big idea?" Without replying, she turned to cross the hall to the front door. It was locked, and with the key difficult to turn. Before she had time to get the door open, with a bound he was at her side, the handle in his own hand.

She faced him calmly, to find his expression ugly, but, it occurred to her, not without a suggestion of apprehension.

"What," he said again, but more harshly, "is your big idea?"

"One," she answered, "as far removed from yours as one idea can be from another. You've lost out, Adrian, and badly. I'm leaving you, and I'm leaving you now." He did not attempt to refute the implication of her words.

"You're doing nothing of the kind," he said, put the key in his pocket and, striding past her, threw himself back in his chair. She glanced at the watch on her wrist.

"I'll give you just three minutes," she said, "to open that door."

His reply was to reach for a cigarette from the case on the table. Right it, slowly to expel the first deep inhalation.

"Listen, Evadne," he said, "and I'll tell you something. Some time ago I asked you to marry me."

"I remember that supreme insult," she said, as with narrowed eyes he looked up at her. With the same deliberation as he had begun to smoke, he shook his head.

"On the contrary," he said, and as if putting into words something that for a long time he had been thinking, his voice was measured. "Because for the first time in my life I'd met a woman with whom, genuinely, I was in love, it was the greatest compliment you'd ever been paid. And, surprising as it may appear, it is the measure of my sincerity that any plans I may have had to make for to-night were designed only to force your consent."

If, through her anger, Evadne was conscious of some return of fear, she tried desperately not to show it. And now that openly he was flaunting the pirate flag, studying his face, the full, slightly pouting lips, and too eloquent lines about the mouth corners, she was amazed that ever she could have placed herself so unreservedly in his hands. It came to her, as well, how never once had she heard him express a sentiment that was spontaneously generous; how invariably his views had been tinged by self-interest.

"I propose calling your eminently chivalrous bluff," she said.

Unshakably, though obviously puzzled by her coolness, he shook his head.

"On the contrary, you don't leave this place to-night," he said definitely.

"Who's going to stop me?" she demanded, fear giving place to anger again.

"I am," he replied.

"Oh! You and who else?" she challenged, and he shrugged his shoulders.

"I take it," she went on, "that you arranged there should be no other guests here to-night. In other words, you bribed that unspeakable landlord to refuse all applications for rooms. Not that, once they'd seen him, any prospective guest would be likely to clamor for accommodation."

Though, probably to keep faith with Purves, he neither admitted nor repudiated this, she knew she was not far from the truth. The position, she told herself, was positively medieval; with the landlord, like the Mohawks of eighteenth century London, she'd read about, hired by the licentious aristocrat to abduct the virtuous maiden.

She said, steadily, but with her brain working under forced duress:

"You don't imagine, do you, you're going to get away with this 'once on board the lugger' stuff?"

He lighted another cigarette; the feverishness with which he was smoking was the one sign of strain she was able to detect in him.

"I wonder if you realise," he said, "how admirably that phrase sums up the situation—and my own point of view? After all, it's only what you've been asking for all along."

More, almost, than anything he could have said, this infuriated her. It was like a blow in the face of her self-respect.

"Whether in time, attention, or cold cash," he said with the same savage frankness he had maintained throughout, "no man is prepared to continue indefinitely giving all and receiving nothing. If a woman has any sense of proportion, either she conforms to the rules or she refuses to play. But, and quite deliberately, you've been out to have it both ways. Day in, day out, for something like three solid months, I've been giving, giving, giving, and with no hint of a comeback from you." He searched her face with eyes that were intent and narrowed. "Well, to-night I'm presenting my bill."

Gradually and with humiliation it came to Evadne that, however crude and ungenerous the point of view expressed, it was not without a certain justification. With no thought of the provocation to him, but merely as distraction from her own disillusion, she had continued cynically to accept everything he had brought. And though in this one-sided transaction the last charge that with justice could be brought against her was that of gold-digging, she realised now that either she should have refused these offerings or have been prepared to tender at least some fraction of return.

If, then, he had been content to indict her only for bad sportmanship, she would have been inclined to plead guilty. It was the accompanying threat against what of her whole existence she held most precious, that was so intolerable. At that moment she thanked God for the recruitment to the forces of decency of that hard-eyed "chambermaid."

"I'll be sufficiently frank to admit," she said, "that in part of what you say there may be a certain gutter-bred justice. Certainly, from one of your type I should have had more sense than to expect anything in the nature of disinterested companionship. And that's every half-inch I have any intention of conceding. Now give me the key of that door."

The eyes lending to his face a purpose that transformed the scene to nightmare, slowly he stood up.

She ran, and he followed.

It was just as his hand closed about her shoulder that the cars drew up at the door outside.

For an instant she panicked lest, bringing one of those hands to her mouth, he would attempt both to silence and to hold her; with his advantage in position and strength that would not have been difficult. But at the sound of footsteps on the gravel, and a voice that brought her to the extreme edge of swooning, the hand fell away so suddenly that she had difficulty in keeping her balance.

Before she had time to pull herself together, he was back in his chair; at that moment, composing himself to an attitude of unconcern, he reminded her of nothing so much as a roving schoolboy scuttling back to his desk at the footsteps of his form-master.

There was a ring at the bell, long drawn-out and, somehow, peremptory.

"Sit down!" he said in a strained whisper.

Listening intently, she made no reply. Those who had rung must not be allowed to go away. If that ring was not answered, and quickly, she would let them know of her presence.

Quickly she slipped over to the door near the hatch, opened it. There was no sound of footsteps either from the rear premises

or from upstairs; Sir Adrian had the looby Purves very heavily bribed, or very well disciplined.

At the third summons a thought came. She went over to Sir Adrian.

"Give me that key," she said, confident in her recognition of his between devil and deep sea position. If he yielded he was in her hands; if he didn't, a scream would effectively attract the attention of those outside.

Resigned to the line of least resistance, he fumbled for the key; the hand that passed it over trembled like that of an old man.

Without a word she ran to the door, fitted the key, pulled the door open.

To disclose Beth, Toby Conquest, Lord Elsinore—and one at whom she stared as if her eyes would never leave him.

"Why—hello Eve," said Pete McDowell.

#### CHAPTER 30.

IF only so few moments ago, all that had seemed to count in life was security, in that large presence, the raw-boned, six-feet of cold-and-weather-beaten length and calm, clean strength of him, was safety in epitome. All else forgotten in amazement at the presence of this contributor to security, and both her small hands in his very large ones:

"How in fortune's name did you get here, Pete?" she exclaimed, and saw that he was looking past her to that other figure by the fire, and that his expression was as it had been when a quarter-breed trapper, calling in at the shack on his way to his traplines, had attempted crude love-making.

"We'll have all kinds of time to go into that later, I guess," he said, in that slow, grave way of his.

"It's a question that should come from us, anyway!"

Beth speaking, not so much to Evadne as to Sir Adrian, and with her voice un-cordial.

"Engine trouble," Sir Adrian explained, not too certainly.

"A car with the petrol cut off is not unlikely to give trouble."

Toby's voice, quiet and level, was as dangerous as that of the Canadian.

He turned, then, to Evadne; following that first quick glance when she had opened the door, she had not looked at him.

"Everything all right with you?" he said, quickly and anxiously.

"Quite," she said, a little breathlessly.

Meeting his glance, she was impressed by the extraordinary change in him since their last meeting; all sign of strain had gone, leaving him alert, clear-eyed, and with the air of one who, at the end of some wearying journey, has cast aside a load too heavy for his strength.

Until recollection quenched it, her impulse to respond to this rebirth was as natural as that of a flower to the sun—eager and joyous. Then, bleakly it came to her that in no way was it possible for renascence to wipe out his sin against the light as she understood it. Even if he had shaken himself free of his shackles, he still carried the taint of imprisonment.

Meanwhile, following upon her denial of harm to herself, the atmosphere had become slightly less electric. However strong their conviction of a trap, in face of this assurance they could do nothing. Had she admitted to any injury she knew how violent would have been the reaction of one, at least, of her supporters. A gentle soul, Pete McDowell in general, there were offences against which his protest was both immediate and unrestrained.

This dispersal of the stormclouds, too, had the effect of restoring quite a little of Sir Adrian's self-confidence; knowing him as she had come to know him, Evadne could almost read his thoughts. As, very sensibly, she had decided against a scene, the least thing he could do was to play up.



"Stupid of me—switching off the petrol without knowing it," he said, self-chidingly, to Beth, as the one least likely to cause him further embarrassment. "By the way, how did you come to find out I'd done so?"

"Because when we saw your car parked so carefully by the side of the road we looked to find out. And having switched it on again we brought it on here." Beth replied uncompromisingly, and wisely he was content to let it go at that. She turned to Evadne. "I think you'd better come home with us—in a car you can trust."

"Plenty of room in the Daimler," Lord Elsinore observed cordially, speaking for the first time. He gave a not-so-cordial glance to Sir Adrian. "For one, anyway," he added.

"I'll do," Evadne said fervently, "just that very thing."

Sir Adrian, lighting still another cigarette, said easily:

"In that case, as I'm not too keen on night motoring alone, I think I shall put up here."

Toby looked at him.

"There's one thing—you won't have any difficulty in getting a room," he said unpleasantly. "And you'll be among friends."

They left him, then, to pile into the big car. Elsinore drove, and without hesitation Beth took her place beside him. That left no alternative but for Evadne to occupy the back seat between Toby and Pete McDowell. It was an arrangement that, from the moment of Beth's suggestion to drive her home, she had been dreading.

Fortunately, it proved far less embarrassing than she had anticipated. While she knew that Pete had been at Oxford with Tom Maulden, she had had no very clear idea as to what terms he had been on with Toby, and now, as they chatted of old times, she was surprised to discover the obvious liking and respect in which the rather dour Scots-Canadian held him. There was no one living whose opinion of his fellows she valued more than Pete McDowell's.

Another thing that occurred to her, and with even greater force, was Toby's entire freedom from constraint. When he spoke to her, indeed, she received a queer impression of something, as it were, withheld, and that in his own time he would reveal.

Meanwhile, however, there were quite a number of points upon which she would have liked information.

"What good wind brings you over to this neck of the woods, Pete?" she said, breaking into their exchange at last, and there was a perceptible pause before he replied.

"In a kind of way, I guess I was sent for," he said quietly.

She had been leaning back, but at this she jerked bolt upright. Something in his tone told her that summons was not unconnected with herself.

"Sent for?" she repeated. "By whom?"

And for what purpose?"

She had raised her voice so that the words were audible above the quiet throb of the engine.

Before the Canadian could reply, Beth, eluding round in her seat, said, clearly:

"I sent for him—or as good as." She paused. "And judging from to-night, he didn't come any too soon, either."

Evadne stared at her.

"Do you mean on account of—me?" she said slowly.

Decisively, Beth shook her head.

"No," she said. "On account of Bart."

Only a couple of hours ago Evadne would have regarded this as an unpardonable infringement upon her liberty of action. But in the light of what since had transpired there was no room for any feeling but gratitude.

"There's no need to go into that now," Beth submitted, with a glance at the others. "I'll tell you all about it over the cigarettes and boudoir-caps, anyway."

Evadne was not having this. If, as quite obviously was the case, these friends had entered into a conspiracy of protection, it was up to her to acknowledge it openly; not until later did it occur to her as extra-

ordinary that she should have felt no resentment at Toby's inclusion in the rescue party.

"On the contrary," she said, "there's all the need in the world. I want to know all about everything right now—in front of you all. So which of you's going to say his piece?"

Beth laughed a little.

"Perhaps you're right," she acknowledged.

"Always the best to put your cards on the table—particularly when you've nothing to hide. In any case, one telling's enough; I guess an experience like yours needs forgetting rather than laboring."

"Carry on, sergeant!" Evadne said encouragingly, as Beth did not immediately continue.

"It was just," she said slowly at last,

"that in playing into Adrian's hands you had no idea what you were up against. When some time ago I told you he's about as safe to handle as a nest of adders, I wasn't running any risk of a libel action; from a moral point of view, actually, I'd take the snakes every time. At the worst they can only poison your body, but when the Hart gets good and going . . . You didn't take a whole lot of notice of the warnings I tried to put over, and still less of Toby's words of wisdom, that I understand were in a similar strain."

That was right, too. She hadn't, and so far as he was concerned, for a very good reason. However, they weren't to know that, and, somehow, now, that reason didn't seem to matter so much.

Then mother had a letter from Pete asking how you were getting on. Apparently he was wowed stiff about you—saw your letters hadn't been exactly bubbling with *joie de vivre*; gloom percolating between the lines, and all that. . . . If you were unhappy, he said, and there was anything he could do, for heaven's sake to let him know."

That was like Pete—the staunchness of him and the eagerness to help. With a pang of contrition it came to her how there was only one now who had power to stir her, and he the moral and financial inseparable seated so silently at her right hand.

Continuing, Beth broke in on this.

"I knew how much you went by what Pete said; that if there was anyone able to turn you from your wild and delirious course he was the lad. So I wrote and told him exactly what you were up against, thinking he'd sit down and in a few well-polished words and scholarly phrases tell you where you were likely to get off. Instead, he just downed tools and dashed here at the rate of knots."

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**I**MIMPULSIVELY Evadne's hand searched for and found Pete's. In a friendly, reassuring, but she noticed curiously, non-passionate clasp, his fingers closed about it.

"I'm not going to say I'm especially surprised at that," Evadne said. "I'm only overpoweringly grateful. . . . But about to-night. What led you to decide to shoot off to the Flying Horseman? Also, how did you know I was there? And, incidentally, how long's Pete been here?"

"Eight days," Beth said, surprisingly, in answer to this last. "And since he landed he's been putting in a bit of overtime. Believe me, soon's he really heard the story of the Hart's life he infected me with his own enthusiasm and, maybe, fifty per cent. or so of his funk. Among other things we gathered—you needn't trouble to ask just how, because I've no intention of telling you—was the closeness of the Hart's association with that no-good Purves. How that moron ever was granted a licence is one of the standing mysteries of the age; he's been in gaol twice, and for very nasty reasons at that. There's one satisfaction, however, he won't keep either his licence or The Flying Horseman much longer. In the six months or so he's had it he's made the place as well known to the police as he is himself; there's things been going on there I'd just hate to mention before the children. To-night, we decided to call round at

your flat to reintroduce you to Pete—make a last appeal to your good sense, and if you threatened to fling us out on our ears tell you a few of the less lurid details of the boy friend's more recent exploits."

It was at this moment that, for the first time, something like personal shame superimposed itself upon Evadne's very real gratitude. It was only because she had been so outstandingly a fool that these amazingly loyal people had been put to such an infinity of trouble.

When she attempted to put something of this into words, characteristically Beth brushed the contrition aside.

"But when we got there, the cupboard, as you might say, was bare," she went on.

In other words, you were out making whoopee with the villain of the piece. Inquiries from Cherry as to where you'd gone elicited the not insignificant fact that you proposed dining in Epping—that's well on the way to the Flying Horseman we'd heard all the talk about, and where Cherry told us he'd taken you once before—so nothing'd satisfy Toby but that we started straight away to collect you."

Evadne's breath caught.

"Toby?" she repeated sharply, and Beth nodded coolly.

"He was the lad who was most hot and bothered this time. Instinct, probably. Or second sight. But you can take it from me Pete backed him up all right. . . ."

In the long quiet length of the Commercial Road, Beth turned once more to her front, chatting to Elsinore. In the back there, Evadne's hand still in Pete's, the three spoke hardily at all. Not so much, perhaps, through any sense of restraint, as that reaction had come. Besides, there seemed so little to say.

It was, then, in silence that the car drew up in Holland Park. Of the four, only Pete fell in with her suggestion of coming in.

"You'll have such a lot to say to one another, we should only be in the way," Beth explained.

Of course, they had heaps to say—heaps and heaps. Perfectly splendid of them, she told herself warmly, to be so tactful.

There was nothing in the world—nothing at all—she wanted more than a talk over old times with Pete.

She said good-night to the others, watched the tail-lights of the car curving down the crescent of Holland Park.

Cherry was still up, but, for the first time disobeying orders, stayed only for a few minutes.

"Take the big chair, Pete," Evadne said, when they were alone, and indicating the one that faced the chesterfield that was her own favorite seat. And there, for a few moments of silence, she studied him. . . . She had hoped desperately that when they were free from outside distractions she would be able to recapture something of that faint tentative feeling that had come to her on the trail to Mile 82.

It did not even begin to come to her. There he was, strong and hard and clean, eyes as clear as a boy's, hard-bitten face resolute, yet infinitely kind. Worth the while of any woman, many, many times over, this tried and understanding friend of the years.

But, saving as a friend—and for that she tenderly warmed to him—he continued to stir her not at all.

They talked of the North; of Red and the messages he had sent; of T-bone Nephtsing, and of how when he heard that Pete was on his way to see her, what he had not said had been so much more eloquent than what, haltingly, he had put into words, as is the Indian way; of those old brave days when her father was alive.

All this time Pete's eyes never left her face, and when the long silence came did not leave it. Fearfully she hoped he was not going back to the old, and to her, so barren question.

He read her thoughts as, always, he had been able to read them.



"Don't worry, honey," he said in his grave voice and with his grave smile. "I'm not going to ask a question I've read the answer to already—and you hating so to turn me down."

Never had she felt a fractional part of the compassion she felt now. She would have given anything and everything she possessed to have been able to refute what, to her, was one of the two outstanding facts of her life. For the second time that night she reached out to him.

"Pete, dear," she said, "I'm desperately, desperately, sorry."

He pressed her fingers in a quick, firm grasp.

"You're playing the straight game, Eve," he said steadily, "as you've always done. For if you came to me in any spirit but the only one that counts, it'd mean lifelong misery to both of us. I'd always sooner have a gap in my jaw than nurse unending toothache, anyway."

At the sound of the bell, releasing her hand, he stood up.

"Who in the world can that be, at this time of night?" Evadne exclaimed.

"I'd better go find out," Pete said easily. She heard him open the front door.

#### CHAPTER 31

THERE was a step outside and the sound of the front door closing. Toby came in—alone.

For a long moment she looked at him without speaking, for she knew that whatever it was he had been holding back now was on the point of revelation.

Confession, and a plea for forgiveness? If so, judging from his appearance, he was a singularly impatient sinner. Her eyes travelled past him to the door—that he had closed behind him.

"Where's Pete?" she said jerkily.

"Gone," he replied.

So this had been fixed between the two of them, had it? Quite a lot remained to be revealed of what had transpired in the time Pete had been in England, it occurred to her.

"Why?" she said shortly.

"Partly to lose no time in congratulating Beth and Elaine on the news I've just given him," he said.

"And that is?" she asked quickly, but already with a shrewd suspicion as to what that news was.

"Beth's made up her mind at last," Toby told her.

And, indeed, that was good hearing. Despite his apparent suppression, Elaine was sound, clean-living, and in the best sense a sportsman. Just the influence needed, Evadne knew, to bring out all that was best in the girl for whom, by now, she had come to feel so genuine an affection.

"Good hearing as is that," she said, "you're not here only to tell me that. What's the real reason?"

"To give me an opportunity of talking to you without interruption," Toby replied promptly, and took the chair Pete had left. Evadne glanced at the clock.

"Do you usually hold your interviews at half-past three in the morning?" she said coolly. Then, at a sudden recollection, felt herself hardening. "In any place except Maida Vale, I mean, of course?"

"Do you mind if I smoke?" Toby asked, crossing his legs and settling himself more comfortably in his chair.

If she had been in any doubt as to the change in him, this last few moments would have dissolved it. This wasn't the Toby of the strained eyes and oddly reserved manner; still less the bitter, almost broken man who, a few weeks previously, she had ordered out of her aunt's morning-room.

Essentially this was the Toby of that first day at Westminster Abbey—whimsical and faintly cynical, sophisticated but unjailed, facing realities four-square, but without loss of idealism; serene in his own queer point of view.

"Smoke or chew or anything under heaven you like," she said turbulently.

"Try one yourself?" he said, and handed over his case. "Conducive to tranquillity, and all that."

Abstractedly her fingers closed about one of the cigarettes. Then, with an exclamation, she jerked her hand away.

"I prefer my own," she said shortly, and reached for the silver box on the table at her side.

Over the match with which, having waved away the one he held out, she lighted it, she met a glance that was grave and purposeful.

"You're going to tell me," he said, "how you came to know about Maida Vale?"

Because she had spied upon him, it was only fair to come into the open.

"The night after we were at that Good Companions place," she said steadily. "I went into the Strand Corridor House. You were there—with that woman. When you left, I followed—and saw you go into that block of flats together."

"Yes?" he said quietly, as she ceased speaking.

"And though I waited until daylight, you didn't come out again," she said, and to her fury watched his expression transform gradually to something of exultation. When, suddenly, the freckled face softened, she wanted nothing so much as to throw something at him.

"I'd sooner have cut off my hand than you should have spent a night like that," he said, tenderness in his voice.

She gave a short laugh.

"You mean rather than I should have found you out?" she corrected harshly, but he let this pass.

"To an extent, I accept that," he admitted, "but not for the reason you imagine. However little you may be inclined to believe it, I've nothing whatever to be ashamed of." He hesitated. "The worst I've earned from you or anyone else is a swift kick in the pants for being the world's biggest fool."

She flushed angrily.

"Of course I'm from the long grass, and with no experience, but it occurs to me that to make love to one woman at the same time you're compromised with another, is about as low down as you can get without sinking a shaft."

He said, still on that level, almost conversational tone:

"In the only way that concerns you, I was, and am, no more compromised with Julia Calender than you're married to Al Capone."

Heart throbbing like an electric drill, her face suddenly pale:

"Do you expect me to believe that—after what I saw with my own eyes?" she said incredulously, though with the realisation that by this her fight was less with Toby than against her own common sense.

"Certainly—if I give you my word it's true," he said definitely. "Which, here and now, I do give you."

So it was a case now of his word against her own eyes, and her eyes went down to defeat with hands playing and banners flying. No more could she have doubted him than she doubted her own heart. And there she was in the wrong she was not one to behave unhandsonely.

"I'm sorry, Toby," she said. "I mean that—desperately. The more desperately because I failed you at the very time you most needed support." At a sudden stalling thought that came to her, she gazed at him breathlessly. "And with the cards stacked against me just as convincingly as they were against yourself, did you hand me the Puritan's Farewell? . . . You didn't. You just sank your pride and got good and busy seeing I didn't come to any harm. . . . Why do you bother with me, Toby, letting you down as I've done?"

He smiled the boyish smile she loved.

"I don't blame you a bit," he said with sincerity. The smile faded, leaving his face grim. "As for you helping me against Julia, with all the goodwill in the world, all you could've done would've been harm. Actually I'm only too glad you weren't brought into contact with her; she's about as torrid a piece of work as you'd find between here and—Holloway."

"How did she get hold of you, Toby?" Evadne said.

"Blackmail," he replied. "That's where all my income went, and where, before so darned much longer, my capital'd followed. So far as concerns anything that makes a noise like money, compared with Julia Calender a bottomless pit's a mountain."

That staggered her a little; you weren't blackmailed unless you'd done something you didn't want to be found out. Or were you? She held on to her new-found faith—that at once he went on to justify.

"She told me she was married to Tom Maulden before he married my sister; showed me a certificate to prove it. So for Clare's sake, and the boy's, I had to buy her off. Or thought I had to anyway."

Evadne took a long, deep breath. The theft of his money apart, the satanic cruelty of trading on his realisation that, faith in the dead shattered, and the son she lived for and worshipped smirched beyond redemption, Clare would be as a plant uprooted. And because the only imaginable evil Evadne held as unpardonable was cruelty, she found herself hating the hard-eyed mobile-mouthed Julia Calender more than she had known herself capable of hatred.

An idea came to her.

"That letter you found waiting at Clare's flat was the first move in the projected frame-up?" she enquired.

He nodded.

"I'd forgotten her existence until then," he said. "It came as all the more of a bombshell because, so far as I knew, Tom had known her so slightly. When he was at Oxford I knew that on odd visits to town they'd danced once or twice at one of the less septic night clubs that sprang up after the war, but they were nothing like what you might call matey. And the next day when I saw her and she showed me the certificate the price of her silence was that I should pay her all I had or could get—and with me feeling about you as I did—and do. . . ."

"The night you saw us together I'd met her to make a last appeal to her decency. She loved that. It enhanced her enjoyment and increased her sense of power. I might as well have appealed to a starving cat with a bird in its claws. . . . And, as to get the last possible kick out of the situation, it was necessary to have an audience, she insisted I went back to her flat. She was not, I may say, living in solitude."

There it was, a completely convincing explanation. Her misjudgment as gross as her lack of faith had been unpardonable. She went cold with the very shame of it.

"You know," she said, "you're making me feel like a pocket Judas." She added, looking at him steadily: "My only shadow of excuse is that if I hadn't cared so—so infinitely, I shouldn't have let you down. . . . But why, that morning at my aunt's, when I told you what I knew—or, at any rate, what I was so darn corksured I knew—didn't you explain?"

Toby grinned, but so tenderly that she felt her eyes fill.

"It wasn't exactly my own secret. Besides, after all," he protested, "you didn't give me a whole lot of chance to, did you? What I should have done, of course was simply to have given my word that your idea was all wrong and just trusted you to accept it."

It came to her with some slight lessening of self-reproach that she would have had no reservation in doing so. No one could doubt a definite assurance from Toby.



"Are you able to tell me how you proved the whole thing a frame-up?" she said, not sorry to leave that particular phase.

Rather ruefully he shrugged his shoulders.

"To my abiding shame," he said, "I'd not a thing to do with it."

Startled, Evadne looked up.

"Who then?" she demanded quickly.

"Pete McDowell," said Toby.

## CHAPTER 32.

"Pete!" She gazed at him incredulously. "How in Sam Hill did he come into it?"

"Because I jolly well dragged him in," Toby explained grimly. "What with that daughter of the horseleech threatening more insistently every day, for, in common with all blackmailers she was satisfied with nothing short of my eyeteeth—and you treating me like something you'd found at the bottom of a pond, I felt if I couldn't find someone I could get it off my chest to I'd just crack up. So that when, quite unexpectedly, Pete blew in, I hailed him as something in the nature of an envoy from Heaven. He happened to have been a great friend of Tom's, so when he started telling me how sorry he was for my financial setback, I blurted out the whole story."

"And what was his reaction?" demanded Evadne, not so much interested as absorbed.

"Looked at me more in anger than in sorrow," Toby grinned. "I was at Oxford with Tom when he got to know her. Pete said, speaking as one who knew, 'He was a bit attracted at first, maybe, but not so much as to put him out of his stride. And in three-four weeks, when she started to read more into the friendship than ever he'd intended to write, he just handed her her hat. And you can take it from me, Tom was no more married to Julia Callender than I am.'"

"Did you tell him you'd seen the certificate?" Evadne demanded, breaking in.

Toby nodded.

"Even that didn't cut any ice with him," he said. "Asked me if I remembered the name of the church or registry office where the alleged ceremony took place."

"And did you?" Evadne asked, as Toby paused.

"Not only did I remember the place, but the date as well," he said, and mentioned a semi-moribund church in the city. "Get your hat," said Pete in that way of his, and we'll go and take a look at the register there. Naturally I was more than willing, and we piled into a taxi and off we went."

"Well?" Evadne's question came breathlessly. She felt herself thrilling at the look on Toby's face.

"It took us just about five minutes," he said, "to find out that on the only date that mattered, not only Tom wasn't married there, but that no one else was either. Or for a week or two before or after. As a matter of fact, with the resident population of the parish a thing of the past, and the congregation sunk to a few odd caretakers, a wedding or christening there was as scarce as hens' teeth. 'What's to do now?' Pete asked, when we were satisfied. 'To make assurance doubly sure,' I said, 'two things. The first is to see the vicar, and the next to pay a visit to Somerset House,' and I told him what Somerset House is and does."

"You were having quite a morning, weren't you?" Evadne said, smiling uncertainly across at him.

"We were having," Toby assured her, "the morning of my life. If you can imagine the feelings of an innocent man when on the morning fixed for the execution his cell door opens to disclose, not the hangman, but the prison governor, to say the real murderer's confessed, and what time would be like his taxi, you'll have some idea of what I felt when we saw the vicar—a serene-looking, but keen-eyed old gentleman of about seventy. When he told him what we'd come about, to my amazement—

he wasn't. Very annoyed, but not surprised. 'What, another,' he exclaimed, all hot and bothered. 'This is the fifth case of the kind I've had in the last two months.'"

"Fifth case of what?" Evadne demanded.

"Forging marriage certificates," said Toby.

"But what an extraordinary—er—enterprise!" she cried. "What I mean is, except from about one in ten million or so of the population, where possibly can be the demand for forgeries of the kind?"

Toby considered for a moment, wondering apparently exactly how he was to put it.

"There's a certain class of alien woman," he explained at last, "for whom one of those documents is essential to give her British citizenship. Quite a lot of them pay men, as unpleasant as themselves, to go through a marriage ceremony with them and leave them immediately afterwards."

The drawback to that method, however, is a certain tendency on the part of the gentlemen concerned to regard the incident as a permanent source of revenue, and to make themselves extremely unpleasant if the necessary funds are not immediately and regularly forthcoming."

"Certainly that is calculated to throw sand in the machinery," Evadne conceded.

"During the war, certain enterprising citizens of alien extraction conducted a very flourishing factory for turning out Exemption from Military Service Forms for such fellow patriots as were prepared to pay good money for not getting hurt," Toby went on to explain. "Later, to meet the demand, it occurred to one of these craftsmen to turn his attention to these marriage certificates. Until Scotland Yard put him where the dogs don't bite, one of his most profitable clients was the fair Julia."

Evadne broke in with a question.

"With you as her special objective?" she asked.

Toby nodded. "I expect so—once having decided on the scheme," he said. "Picked on me because I happen to have more money than my sister, and, with no one to support, less to do with it. I hope I'm not especially vindictive, but, coming away from Somerset House, where incidentally there was no record of her marriage to Tom, but a quite authentic one of her alliance with one George Percival Hibbert—it seemed rather up to me to protect others from the particular hell with which she'd threatened Clare."

There was nothing to ensure that next time she wouldn't go direct to the principal. Believe me, in the case of a sensitive, grief-stricken woman, I could envisage quite unpleasant possibilities as a result."

"There's no punishment," Evadne said, speaking from the heart, "too harsh for such villainess."

Toby said, reflectively:

"It wasn't so much punishment I was after, as—"

"It would have been punishment I'd have been after, I don't mind telling you," Evadne interrupted. "And all there was of it I could get her."

"As, resulting directly from our call at Scotland Yard, she now repines in a cold prison cell, I think probably you'll find what'll be handed to her fairly satisfactory," Toby said equably. "I left the Chief Inspector singing carols. It appears that for one cause or another, and none of 'em particularly savory, he'd been gunning after the lady for quite a while. The only snag is that I've been called upon to give evidence against her, but as my name'll be suppressed, there's no need for Clare ever to know anything about it. Incidentally, I can account for my sudden re-emergence to affluence by my play."

Evadne shot bolt upright.

"Your play?" she repeated.

"That was what I was discussing with Carl Henwood that night in the Savoy," Toby explained, fushing. "He's trying it out at Manchester on Wednesday of next week."

Slowly Evadne subsided against the

cushions. The swift rush of events in these last few hours had left her rather overwhelmed. . . . And of all those events the presence, here in her own room, of this red-haired, rather battered-looking man was by far the most poignant.

A thought came to her.

"Tell me, Toby," she said, speaking very quietly "how you managed to fix this up. To be here, alone with me like this, I mean—with this the first time I've seen Pete since he landed? The moment you came, he turning out, and all that. . . . From tenderness her lips set into lines of resolution. "Because whatever you and I may be to each other, I'm not having Pete hurt. . . . Not, of course, that you'd hurt him intentionally, but Pete's more sensitive than you might think."

"He couldn't be more sensitive than I know him to be," Toby said in a graver voice than he had spoken in yet. "Or a greater gentleman. A hackneyed and a badly-abused word that, but the real meaning still holds, and of that Pete's the exemplification."

"Are you able to tell me," Evadne enquired, searching his face, "what you said to Pete about me?"

He made no attempt to evade the issue. "Between you and me there's been far too much left unsaid already," he said gravely. "When I was confiding Julia's blackmailing effort, and how I could see no way out, I mentioned as well how much harder it made it because I was in love with you."

Evadne drew a quick sharp breath. After all those years of selfless devotion this must have come to Pete as a stab to the heart.

"That's where he was so fine," Toby continued in the same tone. "He was too big to allow me to carry on unburdening myself without first telling me his own attitude to you. Then at once he asked if you'd ever admitted to caring for me. When I told him you had paid me that supreme honour—he accepted it at once. Said he knew you so well that unless it had been true, as he put it, 'to the last throw out of the hat,' you were too big ever to say so."

That was Pete as always she had known him. While there was any chance of happiness for her with him he would battle to the last ditch and beyond to win her. Once assured her love lay elsewhere, self-forgetfully he would fight with equal tenacity to bring that happiness about.

"All he asked," Toby said, "was an opportunity to tell you himself that—well, that he resigned his claim. Said he knew that—that when I'd put things right you'd be worrying yourself about him, and he didn't aim there should be anything to spoil things. I take off my hat to Pete McDowell, let me tell you."

So also did Evadne. With whatever through the years had passed between them, and the memory of that last afternoon on the steel-cold snowbound trail, far more poignantly than Toby she was able to appreciate what that withdrawal had cost. Her heart went out in gratitude that at least she was giving herself to one who, in these last few months of unhappiness, had proved himself so worthy of the sacrifice.

Then irresistibly she found her eyes on Toby, and that he was meeting them. He got up from his chair and went over to her.

Of her whole life, perhaps that was the supreme moment; the moment when in full measure, pressed down and brimming over, the truth of the creed that in childhood she had been taught, and to which, in maturity, she had clung, received its justification and its reward.

For while Toby would come to her as a strong man about to run a race, with her was need for no cleansing in great waters nor bitter herbs to make her whole.

(The End).

(All characters in this novel are fictitious, and have no reference to any living person).

Printed and published by Sydney Newspapers Ltd., Macdonell House, 21 Pitt Street, Sydney.